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## UPPINGHAM.

AN ANCIENT SCHOOL WORKED ON MODERN IDEAS.



SEAL OF UPPINGHAM SCHOOL.

HITHERTO the great public schools of England have been looked upon by the people of America rather as objects of antiquarian interest than as offering a most important field of study in connection with the complex problem of education.

The adoption of the Norman castle as a type of domestic architecture in America would scarcely be regarded as a greater anachronism than an attempt to reproduce in our systems of education anything like Eton and its methods.

Reproduction, however, is one thing; the study of underlying principles, with a view to adaptation, quite another. Educational questions are not so entirely settled among us that we can afford to overlook the lessons to be learned from methods and institutions which have filled a great place in educational history; which have left their stamp strongly upon the English character; which have trained many of the ablest men of modern times; which still hold, in spite of their openness to criticism in detail, a safe place in the estimation of a most practical people; and which are now, in many cases, showing themselves capable of adaptation to the new wants and new ideas of the nineteenth century, even while clinging to some of the traditions of the fifteenth and the sixteenth. Not only are the great schools of England still strongly intrenched in the favorable opinion of the public on which they chiefly depend for support, but the system on which they are based—that of educating boys away from home—has of late years had an immense

development. Old foundations have been resuscitated, and new ones created on a large scale and in great numbers. Whole classes of English society, which a generation ago would not have thought of using them, now look to these schools as the best instruments of education within their reach. This is especially true of the mercantile class, which is usually looked upon as the most practical of all. Development of this kind rarely occurs without a sufficient cause, and where there is such vitality there must be permanent underlying principles of strength which deserve at least attentive study. This study we on this continent have not yet given to that special aspect of educational work which the English public school takes as its peculiar province.

Everywhere throughout America we find boarding-schools for boys—sometimes worked under denominational auspices; oftener, perhaps, owing their temporary existence or measure of success to the enterprise or energy of individual teachers. Few have a long history or a fixed reputation, and fewer still realize anything like an ideal completeness as instruments of education. Yet it may be affirmed that the organization of boarding-schools on an educationally scientific basis, with a view to the most complete efficiency, is a matter of national importance, because they answer to a permanent national want. This will appear from the following considerations.

In any large and highly organized community there must always be a considerable number of people whose duties or circumstances are such as to destroy the character of home as a suitable place for educational training. In Great Britain, for instance, military and naval officers, with Indian, diplomatic, and colonial

officials, cannot look forward to having their children educated under their own eyes. Men in political life, distracted by the excitements of their work, and usually migrating from country to town with the legislative seasons, are scarcely better off. The preference of the landed proprietors of England for living on their own estates involves educational isolation, and makes it necessary that boys should be sent away for training. Here we have already a very large body of people for whom the public school, with its provision for home care, as well as mental training, is practically a necessity. A larger question of expediency still remains. The sons of the wealthy very seldom get a fair chance for training in their own homes. Luxury, social distractions, the excessive environment of dependents, all militate against mental industry and moral tone. It is this consideration which leads the average Englishman of wealth to send his boy away from home to the simpler life and steadier discipline of the public school.

It will be at once admitted that like conditions widely prevail throughout America, with a distinct tendency to increase. A fair chance for training is rendered impossible in great numbers of homes from mere circumstances of occupation or location, many forms of which will readily occur to the reader. The vast increase of wealth, also, has led to a degree of domestic luxury, extending over large social areas, incompatible with healthful home training for boys. It is probably utopian even

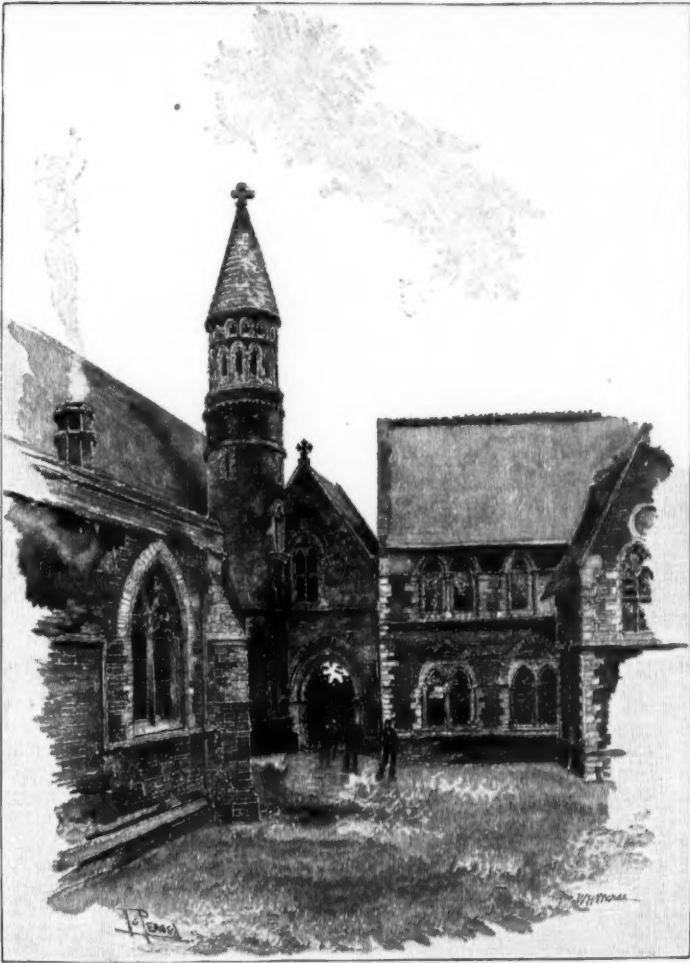
to hope that the lives and habits of the rich will be revolutionized to meet the educational necessities of their children. The thought may be carried a step farther. Without under-rating the healthful influence of a good home, it may yet be urged that able men and women, specially trained to deal with the young, devoting their thought and time through life to the theory and practice of education, in thoroughly equipped institutions where the whole daily life is kept subsidiary to the main work of training, ought to attain results not to be expected from the irregular and undisciplined superintendence of even conscientious parents. This is only to say that skill counts for as much in the training of the young as it does in any other business of life. In our day-schools the laxity of home life too often neutralizes the best efforts of the best teachers; skill ought to find its fairest opportunity where it can make the home life and the school life work hand in hand.

Without pressing this view to its ultimate conclusion, it may yet be claimed that the wealthy classes of America have never yet fully realized the duty, or faced the difficult problem, of providing for their children some sufficient corrective for the enervating influences which surround them. A representative American thinker lately said to me, that, contrasting the operation of Anglo-Saxon institutions in England with those in America, the most important result, in his opinion, with which we may credit ourselves on this continent is the



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THE CHAPEL ENTRANCE.

facility of individual movement from the bottom to the top of the social scale. This is a broad, patent fact, which underlies and largely causes that hopeful energy which permeates even the lower strata of society in America, and forms a striking contrast to the social inertia and consequent mental inactivity of the lower classes of England. I think, however, that we are bound to qualify our satisfaction on this point by the equally manifest fact that the facility of descent from the top to the bottom of the same social scale is infinitely greater in America than in England. Taking our society as a whole, there is comparatively little conservation of force and culture along family lines. The weakening influences of wealth and high

social position on the young have no adequate corrective. The ruling names in the society or politics of one generation seldom repeat themselves in the next. Each generation has to hew its best class out of rough material taken from beneath. Now success in life which fails to transmit as an inheritance force or culture or superiority of some kind has failed in that point which makes success most of all desirable. Society itself is an immense loser where the results of success end with the individual. It is a national calamity when the grand advantages given by wealth for attaining personal excellence are thrown away.

There is reason to believe that the rich Englishman finds for his children in the great pub-

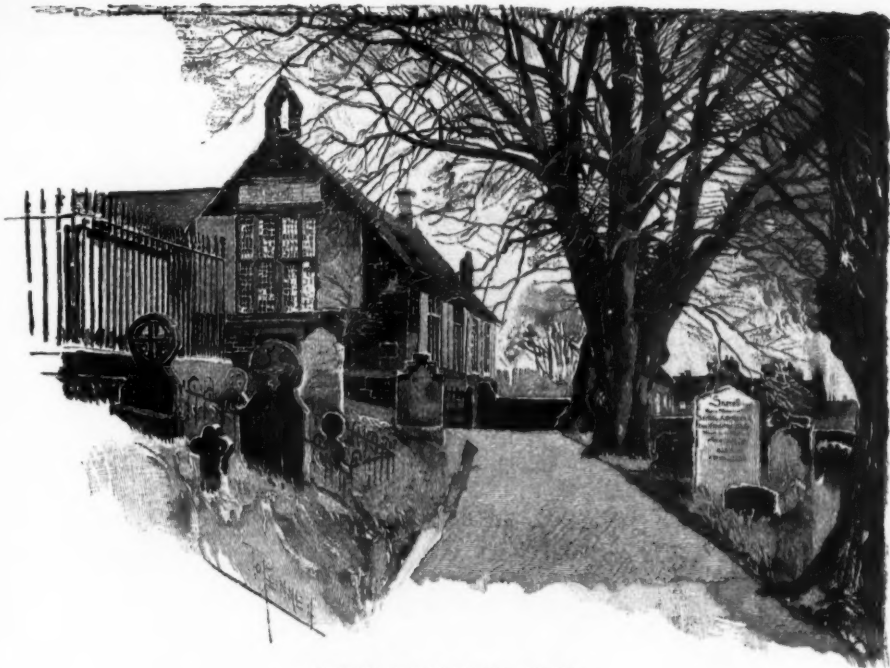
lic schools the best antidote for the enervating influences of wealth. It may be a schoolmaster's view, but I have a firm conviction that these schools have long been, and are, the real salvation of the upper classes of English society. Here a boy drops rank, wealth, luxury, and for eight or ten years, and for the greater part of each of these years, lives among his equals in an atmosphere of steady discipline, which usually compels a simple and hardy life, and in a community where the prizes and applause are divided about equally between mental energy and physical vigor. Here respect and obedience become habitual to him; he learns to regard the rights of others and to defend his own, to stand upon his feet in the most democratic of all societies—a boy republic. Above all, he escapes the mental and moral suffocation from which it is well-nigh impossible to guard boys in rich and luxurious homes.

If it be admitted that home, in a great number of cases, is not a fit place for training, then the question of providing the best possible substitute for home becomes one of the first importance. What is the best type of boarding school? For an answer we naturally turn to the great English schools, with their experience of centuries. Limitations, however, to our field of study at once present themselves, if

we keep in view the idea of adaptation to the wants of this continent. One of the most distinguished head-masters of modern England said to me a few years ago, that in the great foundation over which he ruled he saw clearly enough numbers of things which cried out for reform, but that his hands were almost completely tied by the strength of tradition and public prejudice. Few men are ready to make so frank a confession, yet there is no doubt that this one might truly be made by most of the masters of the famous schools of England, the greatness of which has been achieved in spite of great structural defects. For a type we want to find some place where tradition and prejudice have not been allowed to stand in the way of something like theoretical completeness in structure and development. It is my purpose in the following pages to describe such a school—one in which the best spirit and traditions of the old foundations have been preserved, but to which the persistent endeavors of a great educational reformer have given a structural completeness which will, I believe, bear the strict analysis of educational science. If I am criticised for asserting that the ideas on which its structure is based mark a great advance on anything that has gone before, and almost an epoch in educational practice, I would only ask that



ELIZABETH SCHOOL-HOUSE, 1584.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

criticism may be preceded by actual investigation of the facts.

The small market-town of Uppingham is situated in Rutland, one of the smaller midland counties of England. Its situation on higher ground, to which it owes its name, gives it a fresh and bracing air, which is no slight consideration in fixing upon a suitable location for a large school. Here Uppingham school was founded "by God's grace," as the first words of the old statutes say, in the year 1584, by Robert Johnson, afterwards archdeacon of Leicester. By him it was endowed as a "faire, free grammar school," with certain lands and properties. Queen Elizabeth's charter dates from 1587. The control of the school was placed in a trust, and the dignity of hereditary patron was to remain in the family of the founder. At the celebration of the tercentenary of the school in 1884, the patron's chair was taken by A. C. Johnson, Esq., the present English representative of the family. His son, the next in succession, is now a pupil in the school, and has already been dubbed "Founder" by his playmates. It may interest American readers to know that Uppingham claims, through its founder's family, some connection with early New England history. Isaac Johnson, a grandson of the archdeacon and one of the governors of the school, married Lady

Arabella Fiennes, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, and in 1630 they came with Governor Winthrop to New England, having invested a large sum of money in the scheme for founding the colony. Both husband and wife died within a few months of their arrival. From Robert Johnson, who settled in New Haven about 1636, there has been a continuous line of descent in America. From him was descended Samuel Johnson, D. D. (Oxford), the first Episcopal clergyman in Connecticut, and the first president of King's (afterwards Columbia) College, New York City, and William Samuel Johnson, LL.D. (Yale), who was a member of the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States, and was the first United States senator from Connecticut. Of this branch of the family there are many American representatives.

Interesting as they are from an antiquarian point of view, it is not my intention to speak here more particularly of the original founder and his scheme for the establishment of the school. It is enough to say that those who have built the modern Uppingham on Robert Johnson's foundation have drawn strong inspiration from the feeling that their work had its origin far back in a worthy past, and that they were only enlarging the noble design of a

generous Christian man. The annual income at present from the original endowment is about £1000. The smallness of this sum, as compared with the endowments of some of the great schools, brings out in striking relief the odds against which Uppingham has had to contend, and the sound business as well as educational principles on which the

wrote an address to the teachers of Minnesota. To those who have thus become familiar with his views on education, some record of his actual work will doubtless be doubly interesting.

Nine years as a boy at Eton, where he became head of the sixth form and captain of the school, with subsequent work as examiner at both Eton and Rugby, gave him a sufficient



HEAD-MASTER'S HOUSE.

remarkable growth of the school has taken place.

For two hundred and seventy years after its foundation the school was carried on with fortunes varying with the ability and energy of successive masters, having on its rolls many names afterwards distinguished in church and state. In 1853 Edward Thring\* was appointed to the head-mastership. This may be fixed as the date of the second founding of the school. Mr. Thring's name is already widely known in America through his two books, "Education and School" and "Theory and Practice of Teaching," the latter of which has been adopted as a text-book in at least one important normal school of the Western States. Last year, in response to an invitation, he

insight into the good and bad of public-school life. Later, in connection with clerical duties, teaching in the national schools gave him practice in dealing with the minds of children, and aroused that enthusiasm for training boys which has inspired him in his efforts after reform in school methods. When he entered upon his work at Uppingham there were in the school 25 boarders only, and these, with 5 or 6 scholars from the village, made up the material on which he had to begin. The field was small, but a man had come who had decisive views about education, and with faith, courage, and will to match the strength of his convictions. Around such a man the horizon widens. Mr. Thring's experience is unique in the school history of England. In his own

\* Mr. Thring died in October, 1887, after this article was completed. It has been considered best to let the paper appear without any change. The tributes to the greatness of Mr. Thring's work and char-

acter which have appeared in the leading journals of England and America prove that the devotion of personal friendship did not lead me to overrate the significance of his life's work.



BOYS' HALL, HEAD-MASTER'S HOUSE.

lifetime, and as the result of his thirty-two years of work, he has seen Uppingham, in open competition with foundations of enormous wealth and fame, lifted from its place as a local grammar school into the very front rank of English public schools. People call this a marvelous triumph of personal force and energy. Mr. Thring himself would repudiate such an explanation as inadequate, and claim that his success is a triumph of principle. Between these views we need not decide. Nothing but a powerful personality could have accomplished such a work, but the greater merit may have lain in breaking through the thick crust of custom, tradition, and prejudice which inwrap public-school life in England, and so finding a solid foundation of educational principle on which to build. That Mr. Thring has proved, in both theory and practice, that such a foundation exists, there can be no reasonable doubt. His work at Uppingham has centered around two or three clear and sharply defined ideas—some principles of educational conduct which may be looked upon as fundamental and universal. The first of these, and that from which everything else springs, is simple

enough. It is that every boy, stupid and clever alike, should have a fair chance and should be really trained. Mr. Thring claims that no school, however great its prestige, numbers, wealth, or its list of prize-winners, can be called a good school, or even an honest school, unless it makes this a first condition of its work. The importance of the principle cannot be overestimated. Fully accepted and acted upon it would revolutionize most of the schools of England, and probably most of those in America. No true judgment of a school's real merits can be formed from its prize-winning record. Given a school which draws some hundreds of boys from classes of society where the earlier training is fairly good, let it have wealth enough to attract a number of exceptionally able teachers, turn the teaching power of these upon even a small proportion of the cleverest pupils, and you may have a school with an overwhelming list of university and other scholastic distinctions, while the mass of the boys are almost entirely neglected. That this picture does not unfairly represent the work of some famous schools is a known fact. That the evil of giving training



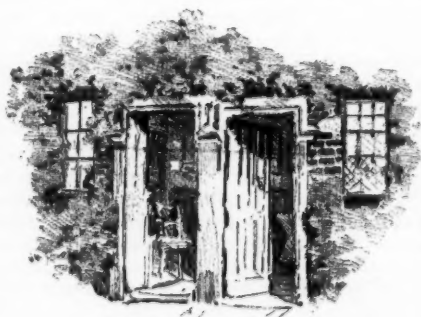


UPPINGHAM MARKET-PLACE.

to the strong at the expense of the weak, who are allowed to go to the wall, prevails in the majority of schools, small and great, will scarcely be denied.

Justice, then, which means adequate individual training for each boy, is the central idea of Uppingham, and all the arrangements and machinery of the school are directed to this end. The first step towards securing it is by putting a strict limit upon the size of each class. Mr. Thring fixes the maximum size of a class at about twenty. This is large enough to give the stimulus of numbers and competition; it is not too large, if the class is properly graded, to prevent individual attention and training. A school which in its main subjects of instruction, such as classics and mathematics, places numbers much larger than this under a single teacher, is able to pay larger salaries, but it does so at the expense of efficiency in individual training. The application of the same principle to the boarding of the boys does away at once with everything that savors of the old barrack methods, once universal and still only too common, under which numbers of boys were herded together in large buildings, with little domestic supervision, and no opportunity for seclusion. Numbers are necessary for a great school, and contact with his fellows is essential to a boy's getting the full advantage of public-school life; but unwieldy numbers make discipline difficult and training impossible, while unchecked contact with a mass of thoughtless

natures breaks some characters even though it strengthens others. At Uppingham the number of boys in a single house is restricted to thirty. This enables the master and mistress of such a house to take a personal interest in each boy, and to surround all with something of the refining and humanizing influences of home. As the houses are intended to be homes, they are not grouped together in a block or quadrangle, but are built separately, each with grounds of its own, and with such surroundings as the taste of the house-master suggests or his means allow. A visitor misses at Uppingham the imposing blocks of buildings which characterize other great schools, but in the eleven handsome villas scattered within a quarter of a mile of the main school-buildings he sees something far better adapted for the training of young lives. The advantages of this arrangement are manifold. There is less chance for large combinations for purposes of insubordination or evil of any kind. The house-master has a more independent field of work. He cannot shift the responsibility for ineffective discipline on any one else, and the credit for good results is all his own. Each house has a reputation of its own to maintain, and this leads to a healthy rivalry both in studies and in athletic games, which in turn fosters sympathy between the master and his pupils. As in the limited class, so in the separate house, justice can be done to the individual life, and the weaker are allowed a fair chance. There is a further safeguard still in the provision made for the private life of the boy, by a method simple enough in itself, but of the deepest significance as an aid to training. Each boy in Uppingham has a study of his own,—intentionally made quite small, usually about five feet by six,—which is meant to be for him a real sanctum, a little home, where he can be alone when he wishes, either for study or for



THE BOYS' STUDIES.

that retirement which boys as well as men need at intervals in order to collect anew their moral forces during the rough struggles and the temptations of daily life. These studies are entirely separate from the sleeping-apartments. For the latter, the small dormitory, holding a very limited number of boys, is adopted for sanitary and other reasons; but here, too, the idea of individual privacy is maintained by providing separate compartments for each boy. It is found that the house space required for giving each boy this separate study and sleeping-compartment is not much greater than what is needed for the ordinary bedroom arrange-

or cowed, to sensitive boys a danger among the most difficult of all to deal with in a great public school. The arrangement of these studies, which are one of the most characteristic features of the school, varies in the different houses according to architectural exigencies. In the head-master's house they surround a quadrangle, and with their overgrowing masses of ivy give a very picturesque effect. The great taste and care very commonly shown in their adornment with flowers and home pictures prove that they touch deeply in the boys the instincts of personal ownership.

A school never ought to depend for its



THE SCHOOL ENTRANCE.

ment. The advantages of the Uppingham system are great.

The disuse of the dormitories by day makes perfect ventilation possible. As the boy takes his meals in the hall, and sleeps in the dormitory, his study becomes a private sitting-room where his books, furniture, and material for work need be disturbed but little from day to day. The small size of the studies prevents the congregation of numbers, and makes strict rules upon this point easy and natural—an important fact for the masters in respect of discipline; important too for the boy, as giving him security from the bullying or persecution of a crowd by which he might be overmatched

character on the exceptional excellence or success of a few of its masters. If it does, these few reputations may become cloaks for a vast amount of poor work, and the character of the school, as a school, is a sham, without any element of fixity in it. The ordinary arrangements should have a strong tendency, at least, to insure sound work, from the lowest to the highest class. The method at Uppingham by which it is attempted to fix this tendency is of special interest. The house-master is not, necessarily, either the public or the private tutor of the boys under his domestic care. He has his own form or grade in the school, drawn, perhaps, from all the houses, while his



CARPENTER-SHOP.

boarders are, for tutorial purposes, distributed, according to their standing, among all the masters.

Thus each class-master has but one class to teach, and being private tutor as well as public teacher for his class, his responsibility for its work is absolute, and cannot be shifted to other shoulders, as under the Eton method, where the private tutor's work is distinct from the school teaching. He has also but one range of subjects to teach, in itself an important guaranty of efficiency. His success, however, must always depend on the effective teaching of each class-master below him, through whose hands his form has come, and in whose work he therefore has the deepest personal interest. Again, each house-master has the same interest in the efficiency of the class-masters who have charge of his boys. Thus the whole moral pressure of the staff inclines towards compelling good work from the top to the bottom of the school. A man as a house-master has to maintain towards the parents who form his constituency his reputation for discipline and wholesome moral influence on the boys under his charge; as a class-master, not only towards the supporters of the school, but towards the whole body of teachers of whom he is one. Thus the great school becomes a unit, its character a measurable quantity—the tendency of its structure towards effective work throughout. A school can, in my opinion, have no higher merit.

"The limits of a first-rate public school in point of numbers," says Mr. Thring, "are just as well defined, and as capable of proof, as

the limits of a first-rate class." It must be large enough to attract and permanently retain a sufficient number of able men, capable of doing high-class work, and give them adequate remuneration for making training the business of their lives. But it must not be so large as not to be able to do all its work well. A chief factor in the consideration is the period during which boys attend school. In the great English schools which mainly prepare for the universities, the ordinary limits of age are from ten to nineteen. For good class work, combined with efficient individual training, it is essential that no boy should be far in advance of his class or far behind it. To provide for proper gradation, there ought to be a class for each half-year. A school,

then, which keeps boys from 10 to 19 must have about 16 classes. As no class should number more than 20, and the upper classes tend to drop considerably below this, it follows that a school undertaking to do first-class work over this number of years should have not much more or much less than 300 boys. With smaller numbers teaching power is wasted, for the number of classes must be maintained if justice is to be done to those of every age. With larger numbers the teacher is over-weighted and the individual pupil neglected. In smaller schools a narrower limit placed on the ages of attendance, proportioned to the size of the staff, alone can secure similar efficiency. This argument seems conclusive, and is, in effect, only applying to a large boarding-school the system of grading familiar to us in our best-organized day-schools. Taking his stand on this principle, Mr. Thring has fixed about three hundred as the maximum attendance which he will permit at Uppingham. To abide steadily by such a principle has required no little resolution and self-sacrifice. When once a school has achieved a great reputation the temptation to trade on that reputation



SWIMMING-BATH.

is very strong. Greater numbers in the houses and in the classes means greater glory for the school, with larger incomes and a greater percentage of profit for the masters.

A large increase in the school means wealth in the form of capitation fees for the head-master. The example of some of the great

tellect. Our ordinary day-schools cannot hope to do this in a like degree. In the few hours during which the teacher has charge of his pupils he strives to engage their attention, train their faculties, and, if possible, reach to some extent the heart as well as the head. Then they go back to an infinite variety of



A DRAWING-CLASS.

schools is not such as to encourage resistance to such temptation. At Uppingham, however, it has been put quietly aside, because it was in conflict with the idea of justice to each boy. The head-masters and teachers of such a school may not carry away from it the wealth which is often gained from crowded houses and classes, but they will carry away the consciousness of having established a great educational principle, and the knowledge that their system is and will continue to be a standing protest against receiving pay for work which is not and can not be done.

It should be added that, outside of the conclusive reasons just given, Mr. Thring claims that three hundred boys is the limit of numbers that a head-master can know personally, and that to such only can he really be head-master. If he does not know the boys, the master who does is their head-master, and his also.

In passing on to speak of other aspects of Mr. Thring's work at Uppingham, and of his efforts to realize in actual working facts sound theories in education, it would perhaps be well to remind the American reader that the accepted function of the English public school is as much to mold character as to train in-

homes to spend far the greater part of their time, and the character of the home ordinarily is the prime influence in determining the character of the child. Strong personality in a teacher, or exceptional circumstances, may indefinitely intensify the influence of the day-school on character, but as a rule it must be comparatively superficial. It is otherwise with the English public school.

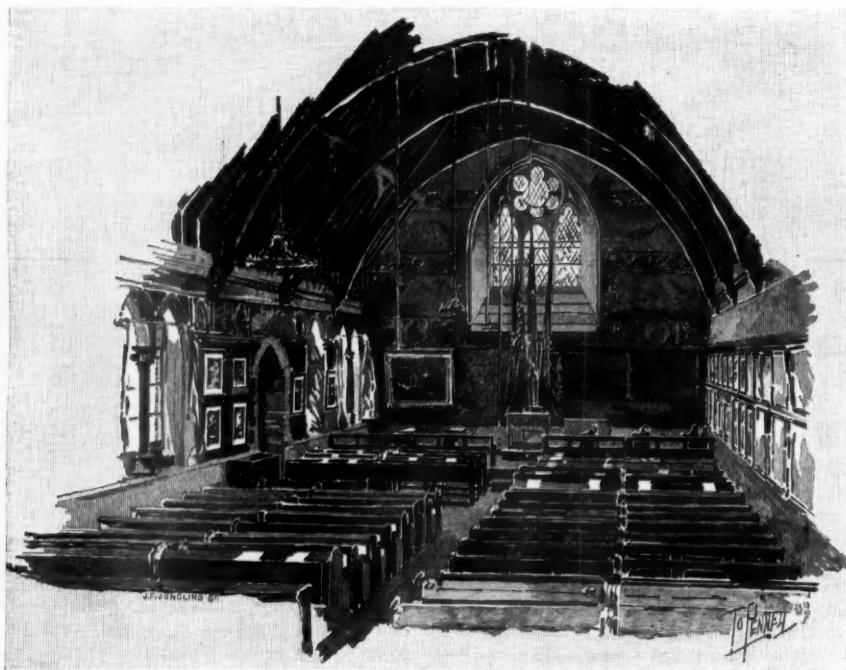
Here a boy has to pass much the greater part of his time during the most impressionable years of his life. His schoolmasters, schoolfellows, and school surroundings are the prime forces in molding his character. He is a member of a small republic, with laws, customs, institutions, ambitions of its own, and where the individual life and the general life react upon each other with singular intensity. To the school come boys from every kind of home: all are to be trained, and the failures should be as few as possible. The responsibility thrown upon the master is enormous; but, on the other hand, his work is infinitely dignified by the opportunity which it furnishes for supreme influence on character. The head-mastership of a school of this type, drawing some hundreds of boys from the better classes of society, furnishes a sufficient field



for the very highest ability, and may enable a man to exercise, in the course of a generation, a perceptible influence on national character.

But while the responsibility for character training as well as intellect training makes the demand for strong men imperative, it increases

is true. "Leisure hours are the key of life," and in a good public school they must be provided for as carefully as any others. Where a school receives some hundreds of boys, each one of whom, stupid or clever, it is intended to train, provision must be made for diversity of taste and ability. This is necessary, because,



THE GREAT SCHOOL-ROOM.

in a tenfold degree the necessity that the machinery of a great school should be as perfect as possible. Mr. Thring's work has largely lain in working out this problem of school structure in its bearing on character training. To his fundamental principle that justice should be done to each boy, he finds a natural corollary in the maxim that high-class work cannot be done over a series of years without good tools. Nothing, he claims, should be left to the ability of the master that can be accomplished by mechanical contrivance. The actual wall of brick or stone which makes discipline easy or vice difficult is a power for good. The fact that during Mr. Thring's mastership about half a million of dollars has been invested at Uppingham in perfecting the school machinery proves that he has in this respect tried to reach his own ideal.

In training the young, plenty of employment is the secret of a healthy moral life. It is not only for the hours of work that this

as every teacher knows, or ought to know, it is essential to the happy life and healthy moral development of a boy that he should always have some field in both work and play where he can maintain his self-respect among his fellows. A lad who has not the capacity to excel in the main studies of a school, or strength to distinguish himself in its harder sports, may often achieve excellence in minor subjects of study, or acquire skill in other recreative employments. A school is not a perfect training place which has to crush the weak in the process of developing the strong, either at work or at play. It is for these reasons, and in his effort to do justice to each boy, that Mr. Thring, although the staunchest of believers in the preëminent value of classics as an instrument for high intellectual training, was yet among the first to break through the tradition of Eton and the great schools generally by making large provision for other subjects. French and German, science and



mechanics, drawing, painting, and music are thus provided for. On music, especially, much attention is bestowed, for the sake of its humanizing tendency and its power of adding to the happiness of school life. The work of Herr David, the accomplished master of this department, and of his five assistants, is one of the most striking features of Uppingham training. One-third of all the boys in the school learn instrumental music. Every term school concerts are given, which are real musical treats. If any one doubts the power of music to stir the hearts of masses of boys, and lift them to higher levels of thought and work, he should see Herr David controlling the enthusiastic energy of a hundred Uppingham boys as they sing to his music the patriotic song which Mr. Thring, poet of the school as well as head-master, has composed for them, and the spirit of which may be caught from one or two stanzas:

Ho, boys, ho !  
 Gather round, together stand,  
 Raise a watchword in the land :  
 Stand, my merry craftsmen bold,  
 Brothers of the crown of gold,  
 Wrought in stirring days of old,  
 England's crown, the crown of gold.  
 Gold of hearts that know no lie,  
 Gold of work that does not die,  
 Work it new, boys, young and old.  
 Gather, gather, near and far,  
 Uppingham, hurrah, hurrah !

Ho, boys, ho !  
 Fling your banners broad, each fold  
 Rich with heirlooms that we hold :  
 Honor lent us, as a loan,  
 Fields of thought, by others sown,  
 Walls, of greatness not our own,  
 Where old Time  
 In his belfry sits and rings  
 News of far-off, holy things,  
 Memories of old, old days :  
 Sacred melodies of praise  
 Swell triumphant, as we raise  
 Watchword true in peace or war,  
 Uppingham, hurrah, hurrah !

I believe that Uppingham makes fuller provision than any other existing school to meet the necessity for diverse employment or healthy amusement outside of study hours. Until within a few years the great schools mostly contented themselves with providing facilities for cricket and foot-ball. For these ample provision is made at Uppingham in several large playing fields, and the cricketers of the school particularly have won for themselves a record so distinguished as to prove conclusively that exclusive attention to this game is not essential to great success. But Mr. Thring was perhaps the first head-master who fully realized and acted upon the fact that many a boy has not the stamina for these games of strength and skill, nor can he, by any amount of forced

exercise, be led to take pleasure in them. The gymnasium, opened in 1859 under the care of a competent gymnastic master, was the first possessed by any public school in England. For many years the school has had in operation a carpentry, where any boy, by the payment of a small fee, can secure regular and competent instruction in the working of wood and the use of carpenters' tools. In 1882 this field of useful manual occupation was enlarged by the construction of a forge and metal workshop, where skilled instruction is similarly given, and a boy can go far towards making himself a competent mechanical engineer. In the same category may be included the school gardens. These gardens, opened in 1871, cover some acres, and are laid out and planted with much taste. Here a boy may have allotted to him a small plot of ground for the cultivation of plants and flowers. In connection with the gardens is an aviary, where the lad with a taste for natural history has an opportunity to observe the life and habits of a considerable collection of birds. A pretty stone building looking out upon the gardens serves as the school sanitarium, and if beautiful surroundings conduce to health, Uppingham patients ought to recover rapidly. The want of any stream of considerable size near at hand led to the construction, a few years ago, of large swimming-baths, where the boys can perfect themselves in an art which, while it does so much to protect life, is also of great sanitary value.

It will be admitted, I think, that a boy must be of an abnormal type if he cannot in this category find the means of passing pleasantly all his leisure hours. Nor is the provision too elaborate for a great school which aims at training the character of each boy.

There remain to be mentioned two important, and in Mr. Thring's view essential, parts of the school appliances. The first of these is the great school-room, erected at a cost of £7000, and opened in 1863. Here the school can be assembled whenever it is to be dealt with as a whole, for announcements, addresses, the distribution of prizes, matters of general discipline, and for the reception of friends and visitors on great occasions. By such a place of meeting the unity and dignity of a great school are brought out as visible and impressive facts. At Uppingham it is made to serve a further purpose. In accordance with Mr. Thring's idea that the surroundings of school life should be as beautiful as possible, and such as give honor to learning, this room has been decorated with a series of elaborate paintings done under the direction of Mr. Rossiter, chiefly illustrative of the great names in ancient and modern literature. Pre-



THE CHAPEL.

siding at the celebration of Founder's Day in 1882, Earl Carnarvon said of this room: "Since the days of the Painted Porch in Athens, I doubt whether training has ever been installed more lovingly, or more truly, or in a worthier home."

Beside the school-room is the chapel, built after the designs of Mr. Street, at an expense of £8000. Such a chapel, large enough to hold the boys, the masters, and their families, is needed to make a school independent of varying local chances for religious services. The power of preaching to boys effectively is perhaps even a rarer gift than that of teaching them effectively. Mr. Thring's school sermons, of which two volumes have been published, are simple, vigorous, and, as all sermons to boys should be, short—rich in illustrated germs of thought which might well take root in a boy's mind. Bright services, fine music, short, incisive sermons—such associations could scarcely make chapel an unpleasant recollection to an Uppingham boy. But Mr. Thring is too prac-

tical and earnest a man not to feel that in training the young the teaching of Christian theory, to be most efficient, must have its complement of Christian effort. To Uppingham belongs the great honor of having been the first of the public schools to undertake home mission work in the East End of London. Since 1869 it has contributed largely to the maintenance of a missionary in one of the most neglected districts. Better than this, it has found sons of its own ready to volunteer for this work in places where the constant presence of disease and misery tests to the utmost the strength of Christian enthusiasm. Other schools have now followed this example, as well as the two universities, and the movement is one that can scarcely fail of large results. Additional interest is given to this outside work by occasionally sending detachments of the boys with their music masters to the missionary districts in London to give concerts for the benefit of the poor, thus drawing more

closely the bonds of sympathy and humanizing influence. Assuredly in these times of social upheaval no training that boys of the wealthier classes could get can be more useful than one which gives them a closer interest in the mass of poverty and paganism with which modern society has to deal in our great cities. Besides this special work, the school contributes largely to other religious and philanthropic enterprises. Such efforts, systematically carried out, seem to complete the circle of provision for the physical, intellectual, and moral training of the boys.

It must not be supposed that what has been said marks out the school as an unqualified paradise for boys of every stamp. I doubt very much if any effective school can be. My feeling is that for a boy disposed to be fairly industrious and to obey law a happier home could not be found. On the other hand, I can easily imagine that for an idle or vicious lad it might prove singularly uncomfortable, since the individual attention for which provision is

made renders the concealment of shortcomings exceptionally difficult.

Though it is no part of my purpose to write a history of Uppingham, yet one episode in its later career it would be wrong to leave untold, unique as it is in school history, and illustrating at once the energy of its masters, the adaptability of its system to new conditions, and the loyal confidence inspired by its management. The record is valuable also as showing what may be done by a school in a great emergency.

In the autumn of 1875 an outbreak of fever took place in the town and the school, and some boys died. The school was broken up, and orders were given to make the sanitary arrangements of every portion of the school premises as perfect as possible, without regard to expense. This was done under the special direction of a government engineer, who certified to the completeness of the work. The authorities of the town, however, declined to join in this attempt at perfect sanitation. When the school reassembled, after Christmas, a new outbreak of fever proved that till everything was done nothing was done. It was a critical moment. Already it had begun to "rain" telegrams from anxious parents. It was plain that in a few days the houses might be empty, the large staff of teachers left without employment or means of support, and the grand results of twenty-five years of toil swept away at once. A bold step was conceived in Mr. Thring's resolute mind. Once more the school was broken up for a three-weeks' holiday. With the boys went to their parents an

intimation that after Easter the school would reopen in some place then unknown, but which would at least be healthy. Meantime search was being made in many directions, and at length Borth, a small watering-place on the Welsh coast, was chosen as the temporary home of the school. The large summer hotel was leased, all the spare space in the village cottages taken, a temporary school-room erected, the stables turned into a carpentry, the coach-house into a gymnasium; special trains brought from Uppingham the household equipments for 30 masters, their families, and the 300 boys of the school; and on April 4, only 20 days after the site was secured, the school resumed its work on the wild Welsh coast, more than 100 miles from its forsaken home in the Midlands. The splendid faith of the masters in their own resources was rewarded by a grand tribute of confidence, when out of their whole number it was found that only three boys had failed to follow them in this great adventure. The three weeks of fierce race for life were followed by more than a year of quiet and excellent work at Borth, which thenceforth became famed far and wide as "Uppingham by the Sea"; and in April, 1877, the school returned to its now purified home in Rutland, amidst the rejoicings of the people, and with numbers greater than when it left. Among all the splendid traditions of English schools it may be doubted if there is any which tells of greater faith, courage, and loyalty of affection than does this year of adventurous exile in the records of Uppingham.

*George R. Parkin.*



## EDWARD THRING.

THIS was a leader of the sons of light,  
Of winsome cheer and strenuous command.  
Upon the veteran hordes of Bigot-land  
All day his vanguard spirit, flaming bright,  
Bore up the brunt of unavailing fight.  
Then, with the iron in his soul, one hand  
Still on the hilt, he passed from that slim band  
Out through the ranks to rearward and the night.  
The day is lost, but not the day of days,  
And ye his comrades in the losing war  
Stand once again for liberty and love!  
Close up the ranks; his deed your deeds let praise!  
Against the front of dark where gleams one star,  
Strive on to death as this great captain strove!

*Bliss Carman.*

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.\*

### THE MISSISSIPPI AND SHILOH.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

#### THE MISSISSIPPI.



As a powerful supplement to the Union victories in Tennessee, the military operations west of the Mississippi River next demand our attention. Under the vigorous promptings of Halleck we left the army of General Curtis engaged in his trying midwinter campaign in south-western Missouri. He made ready with all haste to comply with the order to "push on as rapidly as possible and end the matter with Price." His army obeyed every order with cheerful endurance. "They contend with mud, water, and snow and ice manfully," wrote Curtis under date of February 1, 1862, "and I trust they will not falter in the face of a more active foe." In the same spirit he encouraged his officers:

The roads are indeed very bad, but they are worse for the enemy than for us if he attempts to retreat. . . . The men should help the teams out of difficulty when necessary, and all must understand that the elements are to be considered serious obstacles, which we have to encounter and overcome in this campaign. . . . Constant bad roads will be the rule, and a change for the better a rare exception.

As already remarked, Price had kept his situation and numbers well concealed. He was known to be at Springfield; but rumor exaggerated his force to 30,000, and it was uncertain whether he intended to retreat or advance. Reports also came that Van Dorn was marching to his support with 10,000 men. Curtis kept the offensive, however, pushing forward his outposts. By the 13th of February Price found his position untenable and ordered a retreat from Springfield. Since McCulloch would not come to Missouri to furnish Price assistance, Price was perforce compelled to go to Arkansas, where McCulloch might furnish him protection. Curtis pursued with vigor. "We continually take cattle, prisoners, wagons, and arms, which they leave in their flight," he wrote. Near the Arkansas line Price endeavored to make a stand with his rear-guard, but without success. On February 18, in a special order announcing the recent Union victories elsewhere, Curtis was able to congratulate his own troops as follows:

You have moved in the most inclement weather, over the worst of roads, making extraordinary long marches, subsisting mainly on meat without salt, and for the past six days you have been under the fire of the fleeing enemy. You have driven him out of Missouri, restored the Union flag to the virgin soil of Arkansas, and triumphed in two contests.

The rebels were in no condition to withstand him, and he moved forward to Cross Hollow, where the enemy had hastily abandoned a large cantonment with extensive buildings, only a portion of which they stopped to burn. It was time for Curtis to pause. He was 240 miles from his railroad base at Rolla, where he had begun his laborious march. Orders soon came from Halleck not to penetrate farther into Arkansas, but to hold his position and keep the enemy south of the Boston Mountains. "Hold your position," wrote Halleck, March 7, "till I can turn the enemy." At that date Halleck expected to make a land march along what he had decided to be the central strategic line southward from Fort Donelson, turn the enemy at Memphis, and compel the Confederate forces to evacuate the whole Mississippi Valley down to that point.

There was, however, serious work yet in store for Curtis. To obviate the jealousies and bickerings among Trans-Mississippi Confederate commanders the Richmond authorities had combined the Indian Territory with portions of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri in the Trans-Mississippi District of Department No. 11, and had sent Major-General Earl Van Dorn to command the whole. His letters show that he went full of enthusiasm and brilliant anticipations. He did not dream of being kept on the defensive. He called for troops from Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas, and ordered the armies of McCulloch and McIntosh, and Pike with his Indian regiments, to join him. From these various sources he hoped to collect a force of from 30,000 to 40,000 men at Pochahontas, Arkansas. Unaware that Price was then retreating from Springfield, he wrote to that commander, under date of February 14, proposing a quick and secret march against St. Louis, which he hoped to capture by assault. Holding that city would soon secure Missouri and relieve Johnston, seriously pressed in Tennessee. He

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would not wait to prepare, but would adopt the style of frontier equipment and supply:

Flour, salt, and a little bacon in our wagons, and beef cattle driven with us, should be our commissariat. Grain-bags to contain two days' rations of corn, to be carried on our troopers' saddles, and money our paymaster's department, and sufficient ammunition our ordnance department.

But he did not have time enough to extemporize even this haversack campaign: he found his base of supplies menaced from the north-east, and information soon followed that Price was flying in confusion from the north-west. Ten days later we find him writing to Johnston:

Price and McCulloch are concentrated at Cross Hollow. . . . Whole force of enemy [Union] from 35,000 to 40,000; ours about 20,000. Should Pike be able to join, our forces will be about 26,000. I leave this evening to go to the army, and will give battle, of course, if it does not take place before I arrive. I have no doubt of the result. If I succeed, I shall push on.

Van Dorn found the Confederate forces united in the Boston Mountains, fifty-five miles south of Sugar Creek, to which point Curtis had retired for better security. He immediately advanced with his whole force, attacking the Union position on the 6th of March. On the 7th was fought the principal contest, known as the battle of Pea Ridge, or Elkhorn Tavern. As usual, rumor exaggerated the forces on both sides. By the official reports it appears that Van Dorn's available command numbered 16,000. The Union troops under Curtis numbered only about 10,500; but they had the advantage of a defensive attitude and gained a complete victory, to which the vigilance and able strategy of the Union commander effectively contributed. Generals McCulloch, McIntosh, and other prominent rebel officers were killed early in the action, and Van Dorn's right wing was shattered.

The diminished and scattered forces of Van Dorn, retreating by different routes from the battle of Pea Ridge, were not again wholly united. Pike was ordered to conduct his Indian regiments back to the Indian Territory for local duty. The main remnant of the Confederate army followed Van Dorn to the eastward in the direction of Pochontas, where he proposed to reorganize it, to resume the offensive. Halleck, cautioning Curtis to hold his position and keep well on his guard, speaks of Van Dorn as a "vigilant and energetic officer"; and Van Dorn's language certainly indicates activity, whatever may be thought of the discretion it betrays. He had hardly shaken from his feet the dust of his rout at Pea Ridge when he again began writing that he contemplated relieving the stress of

Confederate disaster in Tennessee by attempting to capture the city of St. Louis, a will-o'-the-wisp project that had by turns dazzled the eyes of all the Confederate commanders in the Mississippi Valley; or, as another scheme, perhaps a mere prelude to this, he would march eastward against Pope and raise the siege of New Madrid, on the Mississippi River. This brings us to a narrative of events at that point.

WITH the fall of Fort Donelson the rebel stronghold at Columbus had become useless. Its evacuation soon followed (March 2, 1862), and the Confederates immediately turned their attention to holding the next barrier on the Mississippi River. This was at a point less than one hundred miles below Cairo, where the Father of Waters makes two large bends, which, joined together, lie like a reversed letter S placed horizontally. At the foot of this first bend lay Island No. 10;\* from there the river flows northward to the town of New Madrid, Missouri, passing which it resumes its southward flow. The country is not only flat, as the bend indicates, but it is encompassed in almost all directions by nearly impassable swamps and bayous. Island No. 10, therefore, and its immediate neighborhood, seemed to offer unusual advantages to bar the Mississippi with warlike obstructions. As soon as the evacuation of Columbus was determined upon, all available rebel resources and skill were concentrated here. The island, the Tennessee shore of the river, and the town of New Madrid were all strongly fortified and occupied with considerable garrisons—about 3000 men at the former and some 5000 at the latter place.

General Halleck, studying the strategical conditions of the whole Mississippi Valley with tenfold interest since the victories of Grant, also had his eye on this position, and was now as eager to capture it as the rebels were to defend it. One of the quickest movements of the whole war ensued. General Pope was selected to lead the expedition, and the choice was not misplaced. On the 22d of February, six days after the surrender of Fort Donelson, Pope landed at the town of Commerce, Missouri, on the Mississippi River, with 140 men. On the 28th he was on the march at the head of 10,000, who had been sent him in the interim from St. Louis and Cairo. On the 3d of March, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, he appeared before the town of New Madrid with his whole force, to which further reinforcements were soon added, raising his army to about 20,000. It would have required but a few hours to cap-

\* See communication from John Banvard in "Open Letters" of this number of THE CENTURY.—EDITOR.



ture the place by assault; but the loss of life would have been great and the sacrifice virtually useless. It was the season of the early spring floods; the whole country was submerged, and the great river was at a very high stage between its levees. In addition to its earth-works and its garrison, New Madrid was guarded by a fleet of eight rebel gun-boats under command of Commodore George N. Hollins. The high water floated these vessels at such an elevation that their guns commanded every part of the town, and made its occupation by hostile troops impossible. Had Pope entered with his army, Hollins would have destroyed both town and troops at his leisure.

Pope therefore surrounded the place by siege-works in which he could protect his men; and sending a detachment to Point Pleasant on the river, nine miles below, secured a lodgment for batteries that closed the river to rebel transports and cut off the enemy's reinforcements and supplies. The movement proved effectual. Ten days later (March 13, 1862) the rebels evacuated New Madrid, leaving everything behind.

The Confederates now held Island No. 10 and the Tennessee shore; but their retreat was cut off by the swamps beyond and Pope's batteries below. The rebel gun-boat flotilla had retired down the river. Pope's forces held New Madrid and the Missouri shore, but they had neither transports nor gun-boats, and without these could not cross to the attack. In this dilemma Pope once more called upon Flag-Officer Foote to bring the Union fleet of gun-boats down the river, attack and silence the batteries of Island No. 10, and assist in capturing the rebel army, which his strategy had shut in a trap.

Foote, although commanding a fleet of nine Union gun-boats, objected that the difficulty and risk were too great. With all their formidable strength the gun-boats had two serious defects. Only their bows were protected by the heavier iron plating so as to be shot-proof; and their engines were not strong enough to back easily against the powerful current of the Mississippi. In their attacks on Forts Henry and Donelson they had fought up-stream; when disabled, the mere current carried them out of the enemy's reach. On the Mississippi this was reversed. Compelled to fight down-stream, they would, if disabled, be carried irresistibly directly to the enemy. A bombardment at long range from both gun and mortar boats had proved inef-

fectual to silence the rebel batteries. Pope's expedition seemed destined to prove fruitless, when a new expedient was the occasion of success.

The project of a canal to turn Island No. 10 was again revived. The floods of the Mississippi, pouring through breaks in the levees, inundated the surrounding country. Colonel Bissell of the engineer regiment, returning in a canoe with a guide from his unsuccessful visit to secure Foote's coöperation, learned that a bayou, from two and a half to three miles west of the Mississippi, ran irregularly to the south-west from the neighborhood of Island No. 8, the station of the Union gun-boat flotilla, to its junction with the river at New Madrid, a distance of twelve miles. An open corn-field and an opening in the woods, which marked the course of an old road, suggested to him the possibility of connecting the river with the bayou; but between the end of the road and the bayou lay a belt of heavy timber two miles in width.\* How could he get a fleet of vessels over the ground thickly covered by trees of every size, from a sapling to a forest veteran three feet in diameter, whose roots stood six or seven feet under water? Modern mechanical appliances are not easily baffled by natural obstacles. Six hundred skillful mechanics working with the aid of steam and machinery, and directed by American inventive ingenuity, brought the wonder to pass. In a few days Colonel Bissell had a line of four light-draught steamboats and six coal-barges† crossing the corn-field and entering the open road. Great saws, bent in the form of an arc and fastened to frames swinging on pivots, severed the tree-trunks four and a half feet under water; ropes, pulleys, and capstans hauled the encumbering débris out of the path. In eight days the amphibious fleet was in the bayou. Here were new difficulties—to clean away the dams of accumulated and entangled drift-wood. In a few days more Bissell's boats and barges were ready to emerge into the Mississippi at New Madrid, but yet kept prudently concealed. Two gun-boats were needed to protect the transports in crossing troops. The sagacious judgment of Foote and the heroism of his subordinates supplied these at the opportune moment. Captain Walke of the *Carondelet* volunteered to run the batteries at Island No. 10; and now that the risk was justified, the flag-officer consented. On the night of the 4th of April, after the moon had gone down, the gun-boat *Carondelet*, moving with as little noise as

\* See the article "Sawing Out the Channel Above Island No. 10" by J. W. Bissell in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" (N. Y.: The Century Co.), Vol. I., p. 460.

† The barges used were coal-barges, about eighty feet long and twenty wide, scow-shaped, with both ends alike. The sides were six inches thick, and of solid timber. [J. W. Bissell. *Ibid.*]

possible, swung into the stream from her moorings and started on her perilous voyage. It must have seemed an omen of success that a sudden thunder-storm with its additional gloom and noise came up to aid the attempt. The movement was unsuspected by the enemy till, by one of frequent flashes of lightning, the rebel sentries on the earth-works of Island No. 10 and the shore batteries opposite saw the huge turtle-shaped river craft stand out in vivid outline, to be in a second hidden again by the dense obscurity. Alarm cries rang out, musketry rattled, great guns resounded; the ship almost touched the shore in the drift of the crooked channel. But the Confederate guns could not be aimed amidst the swift succession of brilliant flash and total darkness. The rebel missiles flew wild, and a little after midnight the *Carondelet* lay unharmed at the New Madrid landing. Captain Walke had made the first successful experiment in a feat of daring and skill that was many times repeated after he had demonstrated its possibility.

The gun-boat *Pittsburgh*, also running past the rebel batteries at night, joined the *Carondelet* at New Madrid on the morning of April 7, and the problem of Pope's difficulties was solved. When he crossed his troops over the river by help of his gun-boats and transports, formidable attack was no longer necessary. Island No. 10 had surrendered to Flag-Officer Foote that morning, and the several rebel garrisons were using their utmost endeavors to effect a retreat southward. Pope easily intercepted their movement: on that and the following day he received the surrender of three general officers and six or seven thousand Confederate troops.

As General Pope's victory had been gained without loss or demoralization, he prepared immediately to push his operations farther south. "If transportation arrives to-morrow or next day," telegraphed Assistant-Secretary Scott, who was with him at New Madrid, "we shall have Memphis within ten days." Halleck responded with the promise of ten large steamers to carry troops, and other suggestions indicating his approval of the movement "down the river." In the same dispatch Halleck gave news of the Union victory at Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee River, and announced his intention to proceed thither, and asked Assistant-Secretary Scott to meet him at Cairo for consultation. The meeting took place on the 10th of April, by which time Halleck had become more impressed with the severity and the perils of the late battle on the Tennessee; for Scott asks the Washington authorities whether a reinforcement of 20,000 or 30,000 men cannot be sent from the East to make good the loss. This conference proba-

bly originated the idea that soon interrupted the successful river operations, by withdrawing the army under Pope. Reinforcements could not be spared from the East, and Pope's army became the next resource. For the present, however, there was a continuation of the first plan. Pope's preliminary orders for embarkation were issued on the 10th, and on the 14th the combined land and naval forces which had reduced Island No. 10 reached Fort Pillow. Its works were found to be strong and extensive. The overflow of the whole country rendered land operations difficult; it was estimated that it would require two weeks to turn the position and reduce the works. Meanwhile information was obtained that Van Dorn's rebel army from Arkansas was about to reinforce Beauregard at Corinth. In view of all this, Assistant-Secretary Scott asked the question: "If General Pope finds, after careful examination, that he cannot capture Fort Pillow within ten days, had he not better reinforce General Halleck immediately, and let Commodore Foote continue to blockade below until forces can be returned and the position be turned by General Halleck beating Beauregard and marching upon Memphis from Corinth?" Before an answer came from the War Department at Washington, Halleck, who had for several days been with the army on the Tennessee River, decided the question for himself and telegraphed to Pope (April 15), "Move with your army to this place, leaving troops enough with Commodore Foote to land and hold Fort Pillow, should the enemy's forces withdraw." At the same time he sent the following suggestion to Flag-Officer Foote:

I have ordered General Pope's army to this place, but I think you had best continue the bombardment of Fort Pillow; and if the enemy should abandon it, take possession or go down the river, as you may deem best. General Pope will leave forces enough to occupy any fortifications that may be taken.

The plan was forthwith carried into effect. The transports, instead of disembarking Pope's troops to invest Fort Pillow, were turned northward, and steaming up the Mississippi to Cairo, thence to Paducah, and from Paducah up the Tennessee River, landed the whole of Pope's army, except two regiments, at Pittsburg Landing on the 22d of April.

The flotilla under Foote and the two regiments left behind continued in front of Fort Pillow, keeping up a show of attack, by a bombardment from one of the mortar-boats and such reconnaissances as the little handful of troops could venture, to discover, if possible, some weak point in the enemy's defenses. On the other hand, the Confederates, watching what they thought a favorable opportunity,

brought up eight of their gun-boats and made a spirited attack on the Union vessels on the morning of May 10. In a short combat two of the Union gun-boats, which bore the brunt of the onset, were seriously disabled, though not until they had inflicted such damage on three Confederate vessels that they drifted helplessly out of the fight; after which the remainder of the rebel flotilla retired from the encounter. For nearly a month after this preliminary gun-boat battle the river operations, though full of exciting daily incident, were marked by no important historical event. Mention, however, needs to be here made of a change in the control of the Union fleet. Commodore Foote had been wounded in the ankle during his attack on Fort Donelson, and his injury now caused him so much suffering and exhaustion of strength that he was compelled to relinquish his command. He took leave of his flotilla on the 9th of May, and was succeeded by Commodore Charles H. Davis, who from that time onward had charge of the gun-boat operations on the upper Mississippi.

#### THE SHILOH CAMPAIGN.

THE fall of Fort Donelson hastened, almost to a panic, the retreat of the Confederates from other points. By that surrender about one-third of their fighting force in Tennessee vanished from the campaign, while their whole web of strategy was instantly dissolved. The full possession of the Tennessee River by the Union gun-boats for the moment hopelessly divided the Confederate commands, and like a flushed covey of birds the rebel generals started on their several lines of retreat without concert or rallying point. Albert Sidney Johnston, the department commander, moved south-east towards Chattanooga, abandoning Nashville to its fate; while Beauregard, left to his own discretion and resources, took measures to effect the evacuation of Columbus so as to save its armament and supplies, and then proceeded to the railroad crossings of northern Mississippi to collect and organize a new army.

It is now evident that if the Union forces could have been promptly moved forward in harmonious combination, with the facility which the opening of the Tennessee River afforded them, such an advance might have been made, and such strategic points gained and held, as would have saved at least an entire year of campaign and battle in the West. Unfortunately this great advantage was not seized, and in the condition of affairs could not be; and a delay of a fortnight or more enabled the insurgents to renew the confidence and gather the forces to establish another line

farther to the south, and again to interpose a formidable resistance. One cause of this inefficiency and delay of the Union commanders may be easily gleaned from the dispatches interchanged by them within a few days succeeding the fall of Fort Donelson, and which, aside from their military bearings, form an interesting study of human nature.

General Buell, from his comfortable headquarters at Louisville, writes (February 17, 1862) that since the reinforcements (Nelson's division) started by him to assist at Fort Donelson are no longer needed, he has ordered them back. "The object of both our forces," he continues, "is, directly or indirectly, to strike at the power of the rebellion in its most vital point within our field. Nashville appears clearly, I think, to be that point." He thought further that heavy reinforcements would soon be thrown into it by the rebels. The leisurely manner in which he expected to strike at this heart of the rebellion appears from these words, in the same letter:

To depend on wagons at this season for a large force seems out of the question, and I fear it may be two weeks before I can get a bridge over the Barren River, so as to use the railroad beyond. I shall endeavor, however, to make an advance in less or much force before that time. . . . Let me hear your views.

Halleck, at St. Louis, was agitated by more rapid emotions. Watching the distant and dangerous campaign under Curtis in south-western Missouri, beginning another of mingled hazard and brilliant promise under Pope on the Mississippi, beset by perplexities of local administration, flushed to fever heat by the unexpected success of Grant, his mind ran forward eagerly to new prospects. "I am not satisfied with present success," he telegraphed Sherman. "We must now prepare for a still more important movement. You will not be forgotten in this." But this preparation seems, in his mind, to have involved something more than orders from himself.

Before he received the news of the surrender of Fort Donelson he became seriously alarmed lest the rebels, using their river transportation, might rapidly concentrate, attack Grant in the rear, crush him before succor could reach him, and, returning quickly, be as ready as before to confront and oppose Buell. Even after the surrender Halleck manifests a continuing fear that some indefinite concentration will take place, and a quick reprisal be executed by a formidable expedition against Paducah or Cairo. His overstrained appeals to Buell for help do not seem justified in the full light of history. An undertone of suggestion and demand indicates that this urgency, ostensibly based on his patriotic eagerness for success, was not wholly free from personal ambition.

We have seen how when he heard of Grant's victory he generously asked that Buell, Grant, and Pope be made major-generals of volunteers, and with equal generosity to himself broadly added, "and give me command in the West." He could not agree with Buell that Nashville was the most vital point of the rebellion in the West, and that heavy rebel reinforcements would be thrown into it from all quarters east and south. Halleck develops his idea with great earnestness in replying to that suggestion from Buell. He says:

To remove all questions as to rank, I have asked the President to make you a major-general. Come down to the Cumberland and take command. The battle of the West is to be fought in that vicinity. You should be in it as the ranking general in immediate command. Don't hesitate. Come to Clarksville as rapidly as possible. Say that you will come, and I will have everything there for you. Beauregard threatens to attack either Cairo or Paducah; I must be ready for him. Don't stop any troops ordered down the Ohio. We want them all. You shall have them back in a few days. Assistant-Secretary of War Scott left here this afternoon to confer with you. He knows my plans and necessities. I am terribly hard pushed. Help me, and I will help you. Hunter has acted nobly, generously, bravely. Without his aid I should have failed before Fort Donelson. Honor to him. We came within an ace of being defeated. If the fragments which I sent down had not reached there on Saturday we should have gone in. A retreat at one time seemed almost inevitable. All right now. Help me to carry it out. Talk freely with Scott. It is evident to me that you and McClellan did not at last accounts appreciate the strait I have been in. I am certain you will when you understand it all. Help me, I beg of you. Throw all your troops in the direction of the Cumberland. Don't stop any one ordered here. You will not regret it. There will be no battle at Nashville.

In answer to an inquiry from Assistant-Secretary Scott, he explains further:

I mean that Buell should move on Clarksville with his present column: there unite his Kentucky army and move up the Cumberland, while I act on the Tennessee. We should then be able to cooperate.

This proposal was entirely judicious; but in Halleck's mind it was subordinated to another consideration, namely: that he should exercise superior command in the West. Again he telegraphed to McClellan (February 19), "Give it [the Western division] to me, and I will split secession in twain in one month." The same confidence is also expressed to Buell, in a simultaneous dispatch to Assistant-Secretary Scott, who was with Buell. "If General Buell will come down and help me with all possible haste we can end the war in the West in less than a month." A day later Halleck becomes almost peremptory in a dispatch to McClellan: "I must have command of the armies in the West. Hesitation and delay are losing us the golden opportunity. Lay this before the President and Secretary of War. May I assume the command? Answer quickly."

To this direct interrogatory McClellan replied in the negative. The request, to say the least of it, was somewhat presumptuous, and hardly of proper tone to find ready acquiescence from a military superior. In this case, however, it was also calculated to rouse a twofold instinct of jealousy. Buell was a warm personal friend of McClellan, and the latter could not be expected to diminish the opportunities or endanger the chances of his favorite. But more important yet was the question how this sudden success in Halleck's department, and the extension of command and power so boldly demanded, might affect McClellan's own standing and authority. He was yet General-in-Chief, but the Administration was dissatisfied at his inaction, and the President had already indicated, in the general war order requiring all the armies of the United States to move on the 22d of February, that his patience had a limit. McClellan did not believe that the army under his own immediate care and command would be ready to fulfill the President's order. Should he permit a rival to arise in the West and grasp a great victory before he could move?

An hour after midnight McClellan answered Halleck as follows:

Buell at Bowling Green knows more of the state of affairs than you at St. Louis. Until I hear from him I cannot see necessity of giving you entire command. I expect to hear from Buell in a few minutes. I do not yet see that Buell cannot control his own line. I shall not lay your request before the Secretary until I hear definitely from Buell.

Halleck did not feel wholly baffled by the unfavorable response. That day he received a dispatch from Stanton, who said:

Your plan of organization has been transmitted to me by Mr. Scott and strikes me very favorably, but on account of the domestic affliction of the President I have not yet been able to submit it to him. The brilliant result of the energetic action in the West fills the nation with joy.

Encouraged by this friendly tone from the Secretary of War, Halleck ventured a final appeal:

One whole week has been lost already by hesitation and delay. There was, and I think there still is, a golden opportunity to strike a fatal blow, but I can't do it unless I can control Buell's army. I am perfectly willing to act as General McClellan dictates or to take any amount of responsibility. To succeed we must be prompt. I have explained everything to General McClellan and Assistant-Secretary Scott. There is not a moment to be lost. Give me authority and I will be responsible for results.

Doubtless Halleck felt that the fates were against him, for the reply chilled his lingering hopes:

Your telegram of yesterday, together with Mr. Scott's reports, have this morning been submitted to the Pres-



ident, who, after full consideration of the subject, does not think any change in the organization of the army or the military departments at present advisable. He desires and expects you and General Buell to cooperate fully and zealously with each other, and would be glad to know whether there has been any failure of cooperation in any particular.

Mr. Lincoln had been watching by the bedside of his dying son, and in his overwhelming grief probably felt disinclined to touch this new vexation of military selfishness—a class of questions from which he always shrank with the utmost distaste; besides, we shall see in due time how the President's momentary decision turned upon much more comprehensive changes already in contemplation.

Before McClellan's refusal to enlarge Halleck's command, he had indicated that his judgment and feelings were both with Buell. Thus he telegraphed the latter on February 20:

Halleck says Columbus reinforced from New Orleans, and steam up on their boats ready for move—probably on Cairo. Wishes to withdraw some troops from Donelson. I tell him improbable that rebels are reinforced from New Orleans or attack Cairo. Think [they] will abandon Columbus. . . . How soon can you be in front of Nashville, and in what force? What news of the rebels? If the force in West can take Nashville, or even hold its own for the present, I hope to have Richmond and Norfolk in from three to four weeks.

He sent a similar dispatch to Halleck, in which he pointed out Nashville as the pressing objective:

Buell has gone to Bowling Green. I will be in communication with him in a few minutes, and we will then arrange. The fall of Clarksville confirms my views. I think Cairo is not in danger, and we must now direct our efforts on Nashville. The rebels hold firm at Manassas. In less than two weeks I shall move the army of the Potomac, and hope to be in Richmond soon after you are in Nashville. I think Columbus will be abandoned within a week. We will have a desperate battle on this line.

While the three generals were discussing high strategy and grand campaigns by telegraph, and probably deliberating with more anxiety the possibilities of personal fame, the simple soldiering of Grant and Foote was solving some of the problems that confused scientific hypothesis. They quietly occupied Clarksville, which the enemy abandoned; and even while preparing to do so, Grant suggested in his dispatch of February 19, "If it is the desire of the general commanding department, I can have Nashville on Saturday week." Foote repeated the suggestion in a dispatch of February 21, but the coveted permission did not come in time.

Meanwhile Buell, having gone to Bowling Green to push forward his railroad bridge, and hearing of the fall of Clarksville and the prob-

able abandonment of Nashville, moved on by forced marches with a single division, reaching the Cumberland opposite the city on the 25th. The enemy had burned the bridge and he could not cross; but almost simultaneously he witnessed the arrival of steamboats bringing General Nelson's division, which immediately landed and occupied the place. This officer and his troops, after several varying orders, were finally sent up the Cumberland to Grant, and ordered forward by him to occupy Nashville and join Buell. It was a curious illustration of dramatic justice that the struggle of the generals over the capture of the place should end in the possession of Nashville by the troops of Buell under the orders of Grant, whose name had not once been mentioned by the contending commanders.

For a few days succeeding the occupation of Nashville news and rumors of what the rebels were doing were very conflicting, and none of the Union commanders suggested any definite campaign. On February 26 Halleck ordered preparations for a movement up either the Tennessee or the Cumberland, as events might require; but for two days he could not determine which. Finally, on the 1st of March, he sent distinct orders to Grant to command an expedition up the Tennessee River, to destroy the railroad and cut the telegraph at Eastport, Corinth, Jackson, and Humboldt. This was to be, not a permanent army advance, but a temporary raid by gun-boats and troops on transports; all of which, after effecting what local destruction they could, were to return—the whole movement being merely auxiliary to the operations then in progress against New Madrid and Island No. 10, designed to hasten the fall of Columbus. It turned out that the preparations could not be made as quickly as Halleck had hoped; the delay arising, not from the fault or neglect of any officer, but mainly from the prevailing and constantly increasing floods in the Western waters, and especially from damage to telegraph lines that seriously hindered the prompt transmission of communications and orders. Out of this latter condition there also grew the episode of a serious misunderstanding between Halleck and Grant, which threatened to obscure the new and brilliant fame which the latter was earning.

Only a moment of vexation and ill temper can account for the harsh accusation Halleck sent to Washington, that Grant had left his post without leave, that he had failed to make reports, that he and his army were demoralized by the Donelson victory. Reply came back that generals must observe discipline as well as privates. "Do not hesitate to arrest him [Grant] at once," added McClellan, "if



the good of the service requires it, and place C. F. Smith in command." Halleck immediately acted on the suggestion, ordered Grant to remain at Fort Henry, and gave the proposed Tennessee expedition to Smith. Grant obeyed, and at first explained, with an admirable control of temper, that he had not been in fault. Later on, however, feeling himself wronged, he several times asked to be relieved from duty. By this time Halleck was convinced that he had unjustly accused Grant and as peremptorily declined to relieve him, and ordered him to resume his former general command. "Instead of relieving you," he added, "I wish you, as soon as your new army is in the field, to assume the immediate command and lead it on to new victories." In truth, while neither general had been unjust by intention, both had been blamable in conduct. Grant violated technical discipline in leaving his command without permission; Halleck, with undue haste, preferred an accusation which further information proved to be groundless. It is to the credit of both that they dismissed the incipient quarrel and with new zeal and generous confidence immediately joined in hearty public service.

While the Grant-Halleck controversy and preparations for the Tennessee River expedition were both still in progress, the military situation was day by day slowly defining itself, though as yet without very specific action or conclusion. Buell, becoming satisfied that the enemy had no immediate intention to return and attack him at Nashville, inquired on March 3 of Halleck: "What can I do to aid your operations against Columbus?" To this Halleck replied on the 4th with the information that Columbus had been evacuated, and asked, "Why not come to the Tennessee and operate with me to cut Johnston's line with Memphis, Randolph, and New Madrid?" Without committing himself definitely, Buell answered on the 6th, merely proposing that they should meet at Louisville to discuss details. Halleck, however, unable to spare the time, held tenaciously to his proposition, informing Assistant-Secretary Scott, at Cairo, of the situation in these words:

I telegraphed to General Buell to reinforce me as strongly as possible at or near Savannah [Tennessee]. Their line of defense is now an oblique one, extending from Island No. 10 to Decatur or Chattanooga. Having destroyed the railroad and bridges in his rear, Johnston cannot return to Nashville. We must again pierce his center at Savannah or Florence. Buell should move immediately, and not come in too late, as he did at Donelson.

Feeling instinctively that he could get no effective voluntary help from Buell, Halleck turned again to McClellan, informing him of

his intended expedition up the Tennessee River, that he had directed a landing to be made at Savannah, that he had sent intrenching tools, and would push forward reinforcements as rapidly as possible. On the following day, however, reporting the strength of Grant's forces, he said: "You will perceive from this that without Buell's aid I am too weak for operations on the Tennessee." The information received by him during the next twenty-four hours that Curtis had won a splendid victory at the battle of Pea Ridge in Arkansas made a favorable change in his resources, and he explains his views and intentions to McClellan with more confidence:

Reserves intended to support General Curtis will now be drawn in as rapidly as possible and sent to the Tennessee. I propose going there in a few days. That is now the great strategic line of the Western campaign, and I am surprised that General Buell should hesitate to reinforce me. He was too late at Fort Donelson, as Hunter has been in Arkansas. I am obliged to make my calculations independent of both. Believe me, general, you make a serious mistake in having three independent commands in the West. There never will and never can be any coöperation at the critical moment; all military history proves it. You will regret your decision against me on this point. Your friendship for individuals has influenced your judgment. Be it so. I shall soon fight a great battle on the Tennessee unsupported, as it seems; but if successful, it will settle the campaign in the West.

We may also conclude that another element of the confidence that prompted his language was the intimation lately received from the Secretary of War, who three days before had asked him to state "the limits of a military department that would place all the Western operations you deem expedient under your command." In fact, events in the East as well as in the West were culminating that rather suddenly ended existing military conditions. The naval battle between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, and the almost simultaneous evacuation of Manassas Junction by the rebel forces in Virginia, broke the long inactivity of the Army of the Potomac.

We cannot better illustrate how intently Mr. Lincoln was watching army operations, both in the East and the West, than by quoting his dispatch of March 10 to Buell:

The evidence is very strong that the enemy in front of us here is breaking up and moving off. General McClellan is after him. Some part of the force may be destined to meet you. Look out, and be prepared. I telegraphed Halleck, asking him to assist you if needed.

McClellan's aimless march to capture a few scarecrow sentinels and quaker guns in the deserted rebel field-works, which had been his nightmare for half a year, afforded the opportunity for a redistribution of military leader-

ships, which the winter's experience plainly dictated. Slow and cautious in maturing his decisions, President Lincoln was prompt to announce them when they were once reached. On the 11th of March he issued his War Order No. 3, one of his most far-reaching acts of military authority. It relieved McClellan from the duties of General-in-Chief of all the armies, and sent him to the field charged with the single object of conducting the campaign against Richmond. This made possible a new combination for the West, and the same order united the three Western departments (as far east as Knoxville, Tennessee) under the command of Halleck. Under this arrangement was fought the great battle on the Tennessee that Halleck predicted, giving the Union arms a victory the decisive influence of which was felt throughout the remainder of the war; a success, however, due mainly to the gallantry of the troops, and not to any genius or brilliant generalship of Halleck or his subordinate commanders.

The Tennessee River expedition under Smith, which started on March 10, made good its landing at Savannah, and on the 14th Smith sent Sherman with a division on nineteen steamboats, preceded by gun-boats, to ascend the river towards Eastport and begin the work of destroying railroad communications, which had been the original object of the whole movement. Sherman made a landing to carry out his orders; but this was the season of spring freshets. A storm of rain and snow changed every ravine and rivulet to a torrent; the Tennessee River rose fifteen feet in twenty-four hours, covering most steamboat landings with deep water; and the intended raid by land and water was reduced to a mere river reconnaissance, which proved the enemy to be in considerable force about Iuka and Corinth, covering and guarding the important railroad crossings and communications. Sherman felt himself compelled to return to Pittsburg Landing, on the west bank of the Tennessee, nine miles above Savannah, which was on the east bank. The place was already well known to both armies, for a skirmish had occurred there on the 1st of March between Union gun-boats and a rebel regiment.

It would seem that General Smith had fixed upon Pittsburg Landing as an available point from which to operate more at leisure upon the enemy's railroad communications, and hence had already sent Hurlbut's division thither, which Sherman found there on his return. The place was not selected as a battle-field, nor as a base of operations for a campaign, but merely to afford a temporary lodgment for raids upon the railroads. By a silent and gradual change of conditions, however,

the intention and essential features of the whole Tennessee River movement underwent a complete transformation. What was begun as a provisional expedition became a strategic central campaign; and what was chosen for an outpost of detachments was almost imperceptibly turned into a principal point of concentration, and became, by the unexpected assault of the enemy, one of the hardest-fought battle-fields of the whole war.

Halleck assumed command of his combined departments by general orders dated March 13, and after explaining once more to Buell that all his available force not required to defend Nashville should be sent up the Tennessee, he telegraphed him on the 16th of March:

Move your forces by land to the Tennessee as rapidly as possible. . . . Grant's army is concentrating at Savannah. You must direct your march on that point so that the enemy cannot get between us.

The combined campaign thus set in motion was wise in conception, but its preliminary execution proved lamentably weak; and the blame is justly attributable, in about equal measure, to Halleck, Buell, and Grant. For a few days Halleck's orders were decided and firm; then there followed a slackening of opinion and a variance of direction that came near making a disastrous wreck of the whole enterprise. His positive orders to Buell to move as rapidly as possible and to concentrate at Savannah were twice repeated on the 17th; but on the 26th he directed him to concentrate at Savannah or Eastport, and on the 29th to concentrate at Savannah or Pittsburg, while on April 5 he pointedly consented to a concentration at Waynesborough. This was inexcusable uncertainty in the combinations of a great strategist, who complained that "hesitation and delay are losing us the golden opportunity." These were the timid steps of a blind man feeling his way, and not the firm strides of a leader who promised to "split secession in twain in one month."

It can hardly be claimed that Buell's march fulfilled the injunction to move "as rapidly as possible." When his advanced division reached Duck River at Columbia on the 18th it found that stream swollen and the bridge destroyed, and set itself to the task of building a new frame bridge with a deliberateness better befitting the leisure of peace than the pressing hurry of war. Buell arrived in person at Columbia on the 26th.\* He manifested his own dissatisfaction with the delay by ordering the construction of another bridge, this time of pontoons, which was completed simultaneously with the first on March 30.

\* Buell in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. I., p. 491.

Still further delay was projected by a proposition to halt for concentration at Waynesborough. It must be said in justice to Buell, that Halleck did not complain of the slow bridge-building at Columbia, and that he consented to the concentration at Waynesborough. Had it taken place, Buell's army would again have been "too late" for a great battle. The excuse offered, that Buell supposed the Union army to be safe on the east bank of the Tennessee at Savannah, can scarcely be admitted; for on the 23d Buell received a letter from Grant which said:

I am massing troops at Pittsburg, Tennessee. There is every reason to suppose that the rebels have a large force at Corinth, Mississippi, and many at other points on the road towards Decatur.

This information, which Buell considered of no importance, appears to have excited the serious attention of General William Nelson, one of Buell's division commanders, who, already impatient at the tardy bridge-building, read the signs of danger in the conditions about him with a truer military instinct. Nelson finally obtained permission to ford the now falling waters of Duck River, crossed his division on the 29th and 30th, and began the march over the ninety miles remaining to be traversed with an enthusiasm and impetuosity that swept the whole army past the proposed halting-place at Waynesborough, bringing his own division to Savannah on the 5th, and others on the 6th, of April.

It reflects no credit on General Halleck or General Grant that during the interim of Buell's march the advanced post of Pittsburg Landing had been left in serious peril. Halleck was busy at St. Louis collecting reinforcements to send to Grant, with the announced intention to proceed to the field and take personal command on the Tennessee River. This implied a delay demanding either the concentration of the whole army at Savannah, as originally ordered by him, behind the safe barrier of the Tennessee, or strong fortifications for the exposed position of Pittsburg Landing, on the west bank. On the other hand, Grant, resuming his general command in person on March 17, and finding his five divisions separated, three at Savannah and two at Pittsburg Landing,—nine miles apart, with a river between them,—properly took alarm and immediately united them; but in doing this he committed the evident fault of defying danger by choosing the advanced position and of neglecting to raise the slightest intrenchments to protect his troops—which were without means of rapid retreat—against a possible assault from an enemy only twenty miles distant, and according to his own reports at all times his equal if not his superior in numbers. But

one cause can be assigned for this palpable imprudence. Well instructed in the duties of an officer under orders, he was just beginning his higher education as a leader of armies, and he was about to receive the most impressive lesson of his very strange career.

It has been already stated that after the fall of Fort Donelson the rebel commanders fled southward in confusion and dismay. We have the high authority and calm judgment of General Grant, in the mature experience and reflection of after years, that "if one general who would have taken the responsibility had been in command of all the troops west of the Alleghanies, he could have marched to Chattanooga, Corinth, Memphis, and Vicksburg with the troops we then had";\* but the Secessionists of the South-west were still in the fervor of their early enthusiasm, and recovered rapidly from the stupefaction of unexpected disaster. In the delay of four or five weeks that the divided ambition and over-cautious hesitation of the Union generals afforded them, they had renewed their courage, and united and reinforced their scattered armies. The separation of the armies of Johnston from those of Beauregard, which seemed irreparable when the Tennessee River was opened, had not been maintained by the prompt advance that everybody pointed out but which nobody executed. By the 23d of March the two Confederate generals had once more, without opposition, effected a junction of their forces at and about Corinth, and thus reversed the pending military problem. In the last weeks of February it could have been the united Unionists pursuing the divided Confederates. In the last weeks of March it was the united Confederates preparing to attack the divided armies of Halleck and Buell. The whole situation and plan is summed up in the dispatch of General Albert Sidney Johnston to Jefferson Davis, dated April 3, 1862:

General Buell is in motion, 30,000 strong, rapidly from Columbia by Clifton to Savannah; Mitchell behind him with 10,000. Confederate forces, 40,000, ordered forward to offer battle near Pittsburg. Division from Bethel, main body from Corinth, reserve from Burnsville converge to-morrow near Monterey on Pittsburg. Beauregard second in command; Polk, left; Hardee, center; Bragg, right wing; Breckinridge, reserve. Hope engagement before Buell can form junction.

The Confederate march took place as projected, and on the evening of April 5 their joint forces went into bivouac two miles from the Union camps. That evening also the Confederate commanders held an informal conference. Beauregard became impressed with impending defeat; their march had been slow, the rations they carried were exhausted, and

\* Grant, "Personal Memoirs," Vol. I., p. 317.

their extra rations and ammunition were not yet at hand. They could no longer hope to effect the complete surprise that was an essential feature of their plan. Beauregard advised a change of programme—to abandon the projected attack and convert the movement into a "reconnaissance in force." General Johnston listened, but refused his assent, and orders were given to begin the battle next morning. No suspicion of such a march or attack entered the mind of any Union officer; and that same day Grant reported to Halleck, "The main force of the enemy is at Corinth."

The natural position occupied by the Union forces is admitted to have been unusually strong. The Tennessee River here runs nearly north. North of the camps, Snake Creek with an affluent, Owl Creek, formed a barrier stretching from the river bank in general direction towards the south-west. South of the camps, Lick Creek and river sloughs also formed an impassable obstruction for a considerable distance next to the Tennessee. The river on the east, and Snake and Owl creeks on the west, thus inclosed a high triangular plateau with sides three or four miles in length, crossed and intersected to some extent by smaller streams and ravines, though generally open towards the south. The roads from Pittsburg Landing towards Corinth followed the main ridge, also towards the south-west. A network of other roads, very irregular in direction, ran from the Corinth roads to various points in the neighborhood. Alternate patches of timber, thick undergrowth, and open fields covered the locality. Two miles from Pittsburg Landing, on one of the Corinth roads, stood a log meeting-house, called Shiloh Church, which was destined to become the center of the battle-field and to give its name to the conflict.

Three of Grant's divisions were camped in an irregular line from Lick Creek to Owl Creek, closing the open side of the triangular plateau—Sherman's division in the center, near Shiloh Church; Prentiss to his left, towards the Tennessee River and somewhat in advance; McClelland to the right, towards Owl Creek and somewhat in rear. Half-way back from Shiloh Church to Pittsburg Landing were camped the divisions of Hurlbut and of Smith, the latter now commanded—owing to Smith's illness—by W. H. L. Wallace. Another division, under General Lew. Wallace, had been left at Crump's Landing, six miles to the north, as a guard against rebel raids, which threatened to gain possession of the banks of the Tennessee at that point to destroy the river communications. Grant had apprehensions of a raid of this character and cautioned his officers against it, an admoni-

tion that was the basis of such alertness and vigilance as had existed for several days.

Most of the particulars of the battle that followed will probably always form a subject of dispute. There were no combined or dramatic movements of masses that can be analyzed and located. The Union army had no prepared line of defense; three lines in which the rebel army had been arranged for the attack became quickly broken and mingled with one another. On the Union side the irregular alignment of the camps and the precipitancy of the attack compelled the formation of whatever line of battle could be most hurriedly improvised. General Force says:

A combat made up of numberless separate encounters of detached portions of broken lines, continually shifting position and changing direction in the forest and across ravines, filling an entire day, is almost incapable of a connected narrative.

At 5 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, April 6, 1862, the rebel lines moved forward to the attack. The time required to pass the intervening two miles, and the preliminary skirmishes with Union pickets and a reconnoitering Union regiment that began the fight, gradually put the whole Union front on the alert; and when the main lines closed with each other, the divisions of Prentiss, Sherman, and McClelland were sufficiently in position to offer a stubborn resistance. The Confederates found themselves foiled in the easy surprise and confusion that they had counted upon. It would be a tedious waste of time to attempt to follow the details of the fight, which, thus begun before sunrise, continued till near sunset.

Along the labyrinth of the local roads, over the mixed patchwork of woods, open fields, and almost impenetrable thickets, across stretches of level, broken by miry hollows and abrupt ravines, the swinging lines of conflict moved intermittently throughout the entire day. There was onset and repulse, yell of assault and cheer of defiance, screeching of shells and sputtering of volleys, advance and retreat. But steadily through the fluctuating changes the general progress was northward, the rebels gaining and pushing their advance, the Unionists stubbornly resisting, but little by little losing their ground. It was like the flux and reflux of ocean breakers, dashing themselves with tireless repetition against a yielding, crumbling shore. Beauregard, to whom the Confederate commander had committed the general direction of the battle, several times during the day advanced his headquarters from point to point, following the steady progress of his lines. The time consumed and the lists of dead and wounded are sufficient evidence of the brave conduct of officers and



the gallant courage of men on both sides. On the Union side the divisions of Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace had early been brought forward to sustain those of Prentiss, Sherman, and McClelland. It was, to a degree seldom witnessed in a battle, the slow and sustained struggle, through an entire day, of one whole army against another whole army. The five Union divisions engaged in the battle of Sunday numbered 33,000.\* The total force of the Confederates attacking them was 40,000.

It was in the latter half of the afternoon that the more noteworthy incidents of the contest took place. The first of these was the death of the Confederate commander, General Albert Sidney Johnston, who fell personally leading the charge of a brigade.† The knowledge of the loss was carefully kept from the Confederate army, and the management on their side of the conflict was not thereby impaired, because Beauregard had been mainly intrusted with it from the beginning. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon a serious loss fell upon the Unionists. General Prentiss, commanding the Sixth Division, and General W. H. L. Wallace, commanding the Third Division, whose united lines had held one of the key-points of the Federal left since 9 o'clock in the forenoon against numerous and well-concentrated assaults of the enemy, found that the withdrawal of troops both on the right and the left produced gaps that offered an opening to the enemy. Prentiss had been instructed by General Grant to hold his position at all hazards, and consulting with Wallace they determined to obey the order notwithstanding the now dangerous exposure. But the enemy seized the advantage; they quickly found themselves enveloped and surrounded; only portions of their command succeeded in cutting their way out; Wallace was mortally wounded, and Prentiss and fragments of the two divisions, numbering 2200 men, were taken prisoners.

This wholesale capture left a wide opening in the left of the Federal lines, and probably would have given the victory to the rebels but for another circumstance which somewhat compensated for so abrupt a diminution of the Union forces. The Union lines had now been swept back more than a mile and a half, and the rebel attack was approaching the main

Corinth road, running from Pittsburg Landing along the principal ridge, which here lay nearly at a right angle to the river. Colonel Webster of General Grant's staff, noting the steady retreat of the Union lines and foreseeing that the advancing attack of the enemy would eventually reach this ridge, busied himself to post a line of artillery—from thirty-five to fifty guns—along the crest, gathering whatever was available, among which were several heavy pieces. To man and support this extemporized battery he organized and posted, in conjunction with Hurlbut's division, such fragments of troops as had become useless at the front. To reach the crest of this ridge and this line of hastily planted cannon the enemy was obliged to cross a deep, broad hollow, extending to the river and partly filled with back-water. The topography of the place was such that the gun-boats *Tyler* and *Lexington* were also stationed in the Tennessee, abreast the valley and sheet of back-water, and their guns were thus enabled to assist the line of cannon on the ridge by a cross-fire of shells.

General Grant had passed the previous night at Savannah, where he had become aware of the arrival of the advance brigades of Nelson's division of Buell's army on the same day (April 5). He started by boat to Pittsburg Landing early Sunday morning, having heard the firing but not regarding it as an attack in force. Arrived there he became a witness of the serious nature of the attack, and remained on the battle-field, visiting the various division commanders and giving such orders as the broken and fluctuating course of the conflict suggested. But the defense, begun in uncertainty and haste before his arrival, could not thereafter be reduced to any order or system; it necessarily, all day long, merely followed the changes and the violence of the rebel attack. The blind and intricate battle-field offered little chance for careful planning; the haste and tumult of combat left no time for tactics. On neither side was the guidance of general command of much service; it was the division, brigade, and regimental commanders who fought the battle. About noon of Sunday General Grant began to have misgivings of the result, and dispatched a letter for help to Buell's forces at Savannah, saying, "If you will get upon the field, leaving all your baggage on the east bank of the

\* Throughout the history of the War of the Rebellion there is a marked disagreement in the estimate of numbers engaged in battles, as stated by the Unionists on one side and the Confederates on the other. This variance comes from a different manner of reporting those "present for duty" in the two armies, out of which arises a systematic diminution of Confederates and increase of Federals in the statements of Confederate writers. General Force, in his admirable little book "From Fort Henry to Corinth," analyzes these

methods of computation as applied to the battle of Shiloh, and arrives at the conclusion that the actual number of "combatants engaged in the battle" of Sunday was fully 40,000 Confederates and between 32,000 and 33,000 Unionists.

The reinforcements of Monday numbered, of Buell's army, about 20,000; Lew. Wallace's, 6500; and other regiments, about 1400.

† W. P. Johnston in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. I., p. 504.



river, it will be more to our advantage, and possibly save the day to us." He also sent an order to General Lew. Wallace, at Crump's Landing, to hasten his division to the right of the army.

So far as the Confederates had any distinct plan of battle, it was merely the simple one of forcing the Federals away from the river to gain possession of Pittsburg Landing, cut off their means of retreat by seizing or destroying the transports, and compel Grant to capitulate. But the execution of this leading design was completely frustrated by the difficult nature of the ground and by the gallant resistance made by Prentiss and Wallace, who held their line on the Union left, unshaken and unmoved, from 9 o'clock in the forenoon until 5 o'clock in the evening. The principal advance made by the rebels was not next to the river, where they desired it, but on the Union right next to Owl Creek, where it was of least value. Even after they had captured the whole residue of Prentiss's and Wallace's divisions, and had cleared out that terrible center of the Union fire which they had ineffectually assaulted a dozen times, and which by bitter experience they themselves learned to know and designate as the "Hornets' Nest," and near which their Commander-in-Chief had fallen in death, they were not yet within reach of the coveted banks of Pittsburg Landing. Before them still yawned the broad valley, the back-water, the mire, the steep hills across which screeched the shells from the gunboats and from the long death-threatening line of Webster's reserve artillery, and behind which the bayonets of Hurlbut's division, yet solid in organization and strong in numbers, glistened in the evening sun. From Hurlbut's right the shattered but courageous remnants of the divisions of McClelland and Sherman stretched away in an unbroken line towards Owl Creek. Ground had been lost and ground had been won; the line of fire had moved a mile and a half to the north; the lines of combatants had been shortened from three miles in the morning to one mile in the evening; but now, after the day's conflict, when the sun approached his setting, the relations and the prospects of the bloody fight were but little changed. The Confederates held the field of battle, but the Unionists held their central position, their supplies, and their communications. The front of attack had become as weak as the front of defense. On each side from eight to ten thousand men had been lost, by death, wounds, and capture. From ten to fifteen thousand panic-stricken Union stragglers cowered under the shelter of the high river bank at Pittsburg Landing. From ten to fifteen thousand Confederate stragglers, some

equally panic-stricken, others demoralized by the irresistible temptations of camp-pillage, encumbered the rear of Beauregard's army. The day was nearly gone and the battle was undecided.

A controversy has recently arisen as to the personal impressions and intentions of General Grant at this crisis. His "Memoirs" declare in substance that he was still so confident of victory that he gave orders that evening for a renewal of the fight on the following morning by a general attack. General Buell, on the other hand, makes a strong argument that the evidence is against this assumption.\* It is possible, as in so many other cases, that the truth lies midway between the two statements. A famous newspaper correspondent who was on the battle-field made the following record of the affair long before this controversy arose:

The tremendous roar to the left, momentarily nearer and nearer, told of an effort to cut him off from the river and from retreat. Grant sat his horse, quiet, thoughtful, almost stolid. Said one to him, "Does not the prospect begin to look gloomy?" "Not at all," was the quiet reply. "They can't force our lines around these batteries to-night—it is too late. Delay counts everything with us. To-morrow we shall attack them with fresh troops and drive them, of course."

The correspondent adds, in a note: "I was myself a listener to this conversation, and from it I date, in my own case at least, the beginning of any belief in Grant's greatness."†

As this writer was one of Grant's most candid critics, his testimony on this point is all the more valuable.

The turning-point was at length reached. Whatever may have been the much-disputed intentions and hopes of commanders at that critical juncture that were not expressed and recorded, or what might have been the possibilities and consequence of acts that were not attempted, it is worse than useless to discuss upon hypothesis. Each reader for himself must interpret the significance of the three closing incidents of that momentous Sunday, which occurred almost simultaneously.

Some of the rebel division commanders, believing that victory would be insured by one more desperate assault against the Union left to gain possession of Pittsburg Landing, made arrangements and gave orders for that object. It seems uncertain, however, whether the force could have been gathered and the movement made in any event. Only a single brigade made the attempt, and it was driven back in confusion. The officer of another

\* Buell in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. I., p. 523, *et seq.*

† Whitelaw Reid, "Ohio in the Civil War."

detachment refused the desperate service. Still others were overtaken in their preparation by orders from General Beauregard to withdraw the whole Confederate army from the fight, and to go into bivouac until the following day. Eager as was that commander for victory, the conclusion had been forced on his mind, that, for that day at least, it was not within the power of his army to complete their undertaking; and accordingly he directed that the fight should cease. He reached this determination not knowing that Buell had arrived, and still hoping that he would not arrive, even on the morrow.

In this hope Beauregard was disappointed. While yet his orders to retire from the combat were being executed, and before the last desperate charge of the rebels towards Webster's reserve artillery was beaten back, the vanguard of Nelson's division, which had marched from Savannah and had been ferried across the river by transports, was mounting the bank at Pittsburg Landing and deploying in line of battle under the enemy's fire. Ammen's fresh brigade first coming to the support of the line of Union guns. A few men out of the brigade fell by the rebel bullets, and then came twilight, and soon after the darkness of night. The tide of victory was effectually turned. Whatever the single army of Grant might or might not have accomplished on the following day against the army of Beauregard is only speculation. Beauregard's attack had been ordered discontinued before the actual presence of Buell's troops on the battle-field. Had the attack been continued, however, that opportune arrival would have rendered its success impossible.

After sunset of Sunday all chances of a rebel victory vanished. The remainder of Nelson's division immediately crossed the river and followed Ammen's brigade to the field. Crittenden's division was next placed in position during the night. Finally McCook's division reached Pittsburg Landing early Monday morning and promptly advanced to the front. General Buell, who had come before the vanguard on Sunday evening, in person directed the placing and preparation of these three superb divisions of his army—a total of about twenty thousand fresh, well-equipped, and well-drilled troops—to renew an offensive conflict along the left of the Federal line. On the Federal right was stationed the fresh division of General Lew. Wallace, numbering 6500, which had arrived from Crump's Landing a little after nightfall, and which took position soon after midnight of Sunday. Along the Federal right center, Grant's reduced divisions which had fought the battle of Sunday were gathered and reorganized, McClelland and

Sherman in front, Hurlbut and the escaped remnants of W. H. L. Wallace's division, with some new detachments, in reserve. Grant and Buell met on Sunday evening and agreed to take the offensive jointly on Monday morning; Buell to command his three divisions on the left, Grant to direct his own forces on the right. No special plan was adopted other than simultaneously to drive the enemy from the field. The plan was carried out in harmony and with entire success. With only temporary checks, brought about by the too great impetuosity of the newly arrived reinforcements, the two wings of the Union army advanced steadily, and by 3 o'clock in the afternoon were in possession of all the ground from which they had been driven on the previous day; while the rebel army was in full retreat upon Corinth—foiled of its victory, dejected in spirit, and in a broken and almost hopeless state of disorganization. A little more genius and daring on the part of the Union commanders would have enabled them by vigorous pursuit to demolish or capture it; but they chose the more prudent alternative, and remained satisfied with only sufficient advance to assure themselves that the enemy had disappeared.

#### HALLECK'S CORINTH CAMPAIGN.

ON Wednesday, April 9, two days after the battle of Shiloh, General Grant gave evidence that he had fully learned the severe lesson of that terrible encounter. Reporting to Halleck his information that the enemy was again concentrating all his forces at Corinth, he added:

I do not like to suggest, but it appears to me that it would be demoralizing upon our troops here to be forced to retire upon the opposite bank of the river, and unsafe to remain on this many weeks without large reinforcements.

If his mind had reached a conviction of this character two or three weeks earlier, the results of the battle of Shiloh would have given better testimony to his military efficiency.

Halleck's opinion probably coincided with that of Grant, and the fortunes of war enabled him immediately to fulfill his promise to come to his relief. The day which saw the conclusion of the fight at Shiloh (April 7, 1862) witnessed the surrender of the rebel works at Island No. 10, on the Mississippi River, and the quick capture of nearly their entire garrison of six or seven thousand men. This finished the task which General Pope had been sent to do and enabled Halleck to transfer him and his army, by water, from the Mississippi River to the Tennessee. Halleck's order was made on April 15, and on the 22d Pope landed at

Hamburg, four miles above the battle-field of Shiloh, with his compact force of twenty thousand men fully organized and equipped, and flushed with a signal victory.

Halleck had arrived before him. Reaching Pittsburg Landing on the 11th of April, he began with industry to cure the disorders produced by the recent battle. Critics who still accuse the Lincoln administration of ignorant meddling with military affairs are invited to remember the language of the Secretary of War to Halleck on this occasion: "I have no instructions to give you. Go ahead, and success attend you."

The arrival of Pope was utilized by Halleck to give his united command an easy and immediate organization into army corps. His special field orders of April 28 named the Army of the Tennessee the First Army Corps, commanded by Grant, and constituting his right wing; the Army of the Ohio the Second Army Corps, commanded by Buell, and constituting the center; and the newly arrived Army of the Mississippi the Third Army Corps, commanded by Pope, and forming the left wing. Two days later (April 30) another order gave command of the right wing to General Thomas, whose division of the Army of the Ohio was added to it; it also organized a reserve corps under General McClelland, and had this provision:

Major-General Grant will retain the general command of the district of West Tennessee, including the Army Corps of the Tennessee, and reports will be made to him as heretofore; but in the present movements he will act as second in command under the major-general commanding the department.

The exact intent of this assignment remains to this day a matter of doubt. Nominally, it advanced Grant in rank and authority; practically, it deprived him of active and important duty. Halleck being on the field in person issued his orders directly to the corps commanders and received reports from them, and for about two months Grant found himself without serious occupation. The position became so irksome that he several times asked to be relieved, but Halleck refused; though he finally allowed him to go for a season into a species of honorable retirement, by removing his headquarters from the camp of the main army.

Coming to the front so soon after the great battle, Halleck seems to have been impressed with the seriousness of that conflict, for all his preparations to assume the offensive were made with the most deliberate caution. It was manifest that the enemy intended to defend Corinth, and necessarily that place became his first objective. With all the efforts that the Confederate Government could make, however, Beauregard succeeded in bringing

together only about fifty thousand effective troops. Halleck's combined armies contained more than double that number; but such was his fear of another disaster, that his advance upon Corinth was not like an invading march, but like the investment of a fortress. An army carrying a hundred thousand bayonets, in the picturesque language of General Sherman, moved upon Corinth "with pick and shovel." Intrenching, bridge-building, road-making, were the order of the day. Former carelessness and temerity were succeeded by a fettering over-caution.

The Administration expected more energetic campaigning from a commander of Halleck's reputed skill and the brilliant results realized since his advent. The country seemed at the culmination of great events. Since the beginning of the year success had smiled almost continuously upon the Union cause. As the crowning inspiration, in the midst of his march there had come the joyful news of Farragut's triumph and the capture of New Orleans. "Troops cannot be detached from here on the eve of a great battle," telegraphed Halleck to Stanton. "We are now at the enemy's throat." To such encouraging assurances the Administration responded with every possible exertion of reinforcement and supply. But days succeeded days, and the President's hope remained deferred. Nearly a month later, when reports came that Halleck was awaiting the arrival of a fourth Union army,—that of Curtis from Arkansas,—and these reports were supplemented by intimations that he would like to be joined by a fifth army from somewhere else, Mr. Lincoln sent him a letter of so kindly an explanation, that, in the actual condition of things, every word was a stinging rebuke:

Several dispatches from Assistant-Secretary Scott and one from Governor Morton, asking reinforcements for you, have been received. I beg you to be assured we do the best we can. I mean to cast no blame when I tell you each of our commanders along our line from Richmond to Corinth supposes himself to be confronted by numbers superior to his own. Under this pressure we thinned the line on the Upper Potomac, until yesterday it was broken at heavy loss to us and General Banks put in great peril, out of which he is not yet extricated and may be actually captured. We need men to repair this breach, and have them not at hand. My dear general, I feel justified to rely very much on you. I believe you and the brave officers and men with you can and will get the victory at Corinth.

In reply Halleck resorted to the usual expedient of reading the Secretary of War a military lecture. May 26 he wrote:

Permit me to remark that we are operating upon too many points. Richmond and Corinth are now the great strategical points of war, and our success at these points should be insured at all hazards.

His herculean effort expended itself without corresponding result, when, a week later, he marched into the empty intrenchments of Corinth, only to find that the fifty thousand men composing Beauregard's army — the vital strength of rebellion in the West — were retreating at leisure to Baldwin and Okalona, railroad towns some fifty miles to the south. It had required but two days for the rebel army to go from Corinth to the Shiloh battle-field. Halleck consumed thirty-seven days to pass over the same distance and the same ground, with an army twice as strong as that of his adversary. Pope had reached him April 22, and it was the 29th of May when the Union army was within assaulting distance of the rebel intrenchments. The campaign had advanced with scientific precision, and attained one object for which it was conducted: it gained the fortifications of Corinth. In the end, however, it proved to be but the shell of the expected victory. Beauregard had not only skillfully disputed the advance and deceived his antagonist, but at the critical moment had successfully withdrawn the rebel forces to wage more equal conflict on other fields. The enemy evacuated Corinth on the night of the 29th, and beyond the usual demoralization which attends such a retrograde movement suffered little, for Halleck ordered only pursuit enough to drive him to a convenient distance. The achievement was the triumph of a strategist, not the success of a general. Instead of seizing his opportunity to win a great battle or to capture an army by siege, he had simply manœuvred the enemy out of position.

In reporting his success to Washington, Halleck of course magnified its value to the utmost,\* and for the moment the Administration, not having that full information which afterward so seriously diminished the estimate, accepted the report in good faith as a grand Union triumph. It was indeed a considerable measure of success. Besides its valuable moral effect in strengthening the patriotism and the confidence of the North, and the secondary military advantage that the combined Western armies gained in the two months' strict camp discipline and active practical in-

struction in the art of field fortification, there was the positive possession of an important railroad center, and the apparent security of western and central Tennessee from rebel occupation.

In addition to these it had one yet more immediate and valuable military result. The remaining rebel strongholds on the upper Mississippi were now so completely turned that they were no longer tenable. Forts Pillow and Randolph were hastily evacuated by the enemy, and the Union flotilla took possession of their deserted works on June 5. Halleck had been looking somewhat anxiously for help on the river, and had complained of the unwillingness of the gun-boats to run past the Fort Pillow batteries and destroy the river fleet of the rebels. Flag-Officer Davis had considered the risk too great and had remained above Fort Pillow, occupying his time in harassing the works by a continuous bombardment. Now that the way was opened he immediately advanced in force, and at night of June 5 came to anchor two miles above the city of Memphis. His flotilla had lately received a notable reinforcement. One of the many energetic impulses which Stanton gave to military operations in the first few months after he became Secretary of War was his employment of an engineer of genius and daring, Charles Ellet, Jr., to extemporize a fleet of steam rams for service on the Western rivers.

The single blow by which the iron prow of the *Merrimac* sunk the frigate *Congress* in Hampton Roads, during the famous sea-fight between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, had demonstrated the effectiveness of this novelty in marine warfare. Ellet's proposal to the Secretary of the Navy, to try it on the Western rivers, was not favorably entertained; probably because the Navy Department already had its officers and its appropriations engaged in other more methodical and permanent naval constructions. But the eager and impatient Secretary of War listened to Ellet's plans with interest, and commissioned him to collect such suitable river craft as he could find on the Ohio, and to convert them post-haste into steam rams, "the honorable Secretary," reports Ellet, "expressing the hope that not

\* Pope, condensing into one dispatches from Rosecrans, Hamilton, and Granger, telegraphed to Halleck: "The two divisions in the advance under Rosecrans are slowly and cautiously advancing on Baldwin this morning, with the cavalry on both flanks. Hamilton with two divisions is at Rienzi and between there and Boonville, ready to move forward should they be needed. One brigade from the reserve occupies Danville. Rosecrans reports this morning that the enemy has retreated from Baldwin, but he is advancing cautiously. The woods, for miles, are full of stragglers from the enemy, who are coming in in squads. Not less than ten thousand men

are thus scattered about, who will come in within a day or two." General Halleck dispatched to the War Department: "General Pope, with 40,000 men, is 30 miles south of Corinth, pushing the enemy hard. He already reports 10,000 prisoners and deserters from the enemy, and 15,000 stand of arms captured." This dispatch of General Halleck's made a great sensation. The expectation that the stragglers would come into the national camp was disappointed; the prisoners taken were few, and Pope was censured for making a statement of fact which he neither made nor authorized. [Force, "From Fort Henry to Corinth."] ]



more than twenty days would be consumed in getting them ready for service." Ellet received his orders March 27.\* On May 26 he joined the flotilla of Davis with a fleet of six vessels, formerly swift and strong river tugs and steamers, but now strengthened and converted for their new and peculiar service, and these accompanied the gun-boats in the advance against Memphis. On the morning of June 6 the rebel flotilla of eight gun-boats was discovered in front of the city preparing for fight, and there occurred another of the many dramatic naval combats of the war.

The eight rebel gun-boats ranged themselves in two lines abreast the city. The hills of Memphis were covered with thousands of spectators. With the dawn five of the Union gun-boats began backing down the Mississippi, holding their heads against the strong current to insure easier control and management of the vessel. The steam rams were yet tied up to the river bank. Soon the rebel flotilla opened fire on the Union gun-boats, to which the latter replied with spirit. Four of Ellet's rams, hearing the guns, cast loose to take part in the conflict. One of them disabled her rudder, and another, mistaking her orders, remained out of fighting distance. But the *Queen of the West* and the *Monarch*, passing swiftly between the gun-boats, dashed into the rebel line. The gun-boats, now turning their heads down the stream, hastily followed. There was a short and quick mêlée of these uncouth-looking river monsters, ram crashing into ram and gun-boat firing into gun-boat in a confusion of attack and destruction. In twenty minutes four rebel vessels and one Union ram were sunk or disabled. At this the other four rebel vessels turned and fled down-stream, and in a running pursuit of an hour, extending some ten miles, three additional vessels of the enemy were captured or destroyed. The Confederate fleet was almost annihilated; only one of their gun-boats escaped. The two disabled Union ships were soon raised and repaired, but the ram fleet had suffered an irreparable loss. Its commander, Ellet, was wounded by a pistol-shot, from the effect of which he died two weeks later. The combat was witnessed by Jeff. Thompson, commanding the city with a small detachment of rebel troops. In his report of the affair he mentions that "we were hurried in our retirement from Memphis," and that afternoon the Union flag floated over the city.

\* In response to that order I selected three of the strongest and swiftest stern-wheel coal tow-boats at Pittsburg, of which the average dimensions are about 170 feet length, 30 feet beam, and over 5 feet hold. At Cincinnati I selected two side-wheel boats, of which the largest is 180 feet long, 37½ feet beam in the wid-

The naval victory of Memphis supplemented and completed the great Tennessee campaigns begun by Grant's reconnaissance of January 9. A division of Buell's army under General Mitchell had in the meanwhile occupied and held the line of the Tennessee River between Tusculum and Stevenson; and thus the frontier of rebellion had been pushed down from middle Kentucky below the southern boundary of the State of Tennessee.

But the invading movement following the line of the Tennessee River had expended its advantage; the initial point of a new campaign had been reached. We are left in doubt under what conviction Halleck formed his next plans, for he determined to dissolve and scatter the magnificent army of more than one hundred thousand men under his hand and eye; apparently in violation of the very military theory he had formulated two weeks before, when he said, "We are operating on too many points." In a dispatch to the Secretary of War on the 9th of June he announced his purpose to do three distinct things: First, to hold the Memphis and Charleston railroad; secondly, to send relief to Curtis in Arkansas; thirdly, to send troops to east Tennessee. To these three he added a fourth purpose in a dispatch of June 12:

If the combined fleet of Farragut and Davis fail to take Vicksburg, I will send an expedition for that purpose as soon as I can reinforce General Curtis.

Up to this point the country's estimate of General Halleck's military ability had steadily risen, but several serious errors of judgment now arrested his success. The greatest of these errors, perhaps, was the minor importance he seems to have attached to a continuation of the operations on the Mississippi River.

We have mentioned the victory of Farragut, and we need now to follow the upward course of his fleet. After receiving the surrender of New Orleans in the last days of April, he promptly pushed on an advance section of his ships up the Mississippi, which successively, and without serious opposition, received the surrender of all the important cities below Vicksburg, where Farragut himself arrived on the 20th of May. Vicksburg proved to be the most defensible position on the Mississippi, by reason of the high bluffs at and about the city. The Confederates had placed such faith in their defenses of the upper river, at Columbus, Island No. 10, and Fort Pillow, that no

est part, and 8 feet hold. At New Albany I secured a boat of about the same length but rather less beam, and subsequently I selected another at Cincinnati, of about the same class as the last, and sent her to Madison to be fitted out. [Ellet to McGunnigle, April 27, 1862. War Records.]

early steps were taken to fortify Vicksburg; but when Farragut passed and captured the lower forts and the upper defenses fell, the rebels made what haste they could to create a formidable barrier to navigation at Vicksburg. Beauregard sent plans for fortifications while he was yet disputing Halleck's advance from Shiloh to Corinth; and Lovell at New Orleans, retreating before Farragut's invasion, shipped the heavy guns he could no longer keep, and sent five regiments of Confederate troops, which he could no longer use, to erect the works. These reached their destination on May 12, and continuing the labors and preparations already begun, he had six batteries ready for service on Farragut's arrival. Remembering these dates and numbers, we can realize the unfortunate results of Halleck's dilatory Corinth campaign. He had then been in command, for a whole month, of forces double those of his antagonist. If, instead of digging his way from Shiloh to Corinth "with pick and shovel," he had forced such a prompt march and battle as his overwhelming numbers gave him power to do, the inevitable defeat or retreat of his enemy would have enabled him to meet the advance of Farragut with an army detachment sufficient to effect the reduction of Vicksburg with only slight resistance and delay. Such a movement ought to have followed by all the rules of military and political logic. The opening of the Mississippi outranked every other Western military enterprise in importance and urgency. It would effectually sever four great States from the rebel Confederacy; it would silence doubt at home and extinguish smoldering intervention abroad; it would starve the rebel armies and feed the cotton operatives of Europe. There would have been ample time; for he was advised as early as the 27th of April that New Orleans had been captured and that Farragut had "orders to push up to Memphis immediately," and he ought to have prepared to meet him.

No such coöperation, however, greeted Farragut. Reaching Vicksburg, his demand for the surrender of the place was refused. The batteries were at such a height that his guns could have no effect against them. Only two regiments of land forces accompanied the fleet. There was nothing to be done but to return to New Orleans, which he reached about the 1st of June. Here he met orders from Washington communicating the great desire of the Administration to have the river opened, and directing further efforts on his part to that end. Farragut took immediate measures to comply with this requirement. His task had already become more difficult. The enemy quickly comprehended the advantage which

the few high bluffs of the Mississippi afforded them, if not to obstruct, at least to harass and damage the operations of a fleet unsupported by land forces. The places which had been surrendered were, on the retirement of the ships, again occupied, and batteries were soon raised, which, though unable to cope with larger vessels, became troublesome and dangerous to transports, and were intermittently used or abandoned as the advantage or necessity of the enemy dictated.

Farragut again reached Vicksburg about June 25, accompanied this time by Porter with sixteen of his mortar-boats, and by General Williams at the head of three thousand Union troops. The mortar-sloops were placed in position and bombarded the rebel works on the 27th. On the morning of June 28, before daylight, Farragut's ships, with the aid of the continued bombardment, made an attack on the Vicksburg batteries, and most of them succeeded in passing up the river with comparatively small loss. Here he found Ellet—brother of him who was wounded at Memphis—with some vessels of the ram fleet, who carried the news to the gun-boat flotilla under Davis yet at Memphis. This flotilla now also descended the river and joined Farragut on the 1st of July.

We have seen, by the dispatch heretofore quoted, that Halleck expected the combined naval and gun-boat forces to reduce the Vicksburg defenses, but also that, in the event of their failure, he would send an army to help them. The lapse of two weeks served to modify this intention. The Secretary of War, who had probably received news of Farragut's first failure to pass the Vicksburg batteries, telegraphed him (on June 23) to examine the project of a canal to cut off Vicksburg, suggested by General Butler and others. Halleck replied (on June 28), "It is impossible to send forces to Vicksburg at present, but I will give the matter very full attention as soon as circumstances will permit." That same day Farragut passed above the batteries, and of this result Halleck was informed by Grant, who was at Memphis. Grant's dispatch added an erroneous item of news concerning the number of troops with Farragut, but more trustworthy information soon reached Halleck in the form of a direct application from Farragut for help. To this appeal Halleck again felt himself obliged to reply in the negative, July 3, 1862:

The scattered and weakened condition of my forces renders it impossible for me, at the present, to detach any troops to coöperate with you on Vicksburg. Probably I shall be able to do so as soon as I can get my troops more concentrated. This may delay the clearing of the river, but its accomplishment will be certain in a few weeks.

The hopeful promise with which the telegram closed dwindled away during the eleven days that followed. On the 14th of July Stanton asked him the direct question:

The Secretary of the Navy desires to know whether you have, or intend to have, any land force to cooperate in the operations at Vicksburg. Please inform me immediately, inasmuch as orders he intends to give will depend on your answer.

The answer this time was short and conclusive. "I cannot at present give Commodore Farragut any aid against Vicksburg."

A coöperative land force of from 12,000 to 15,000 men, Farragut estimated in his report of June 28, would have been sufficient to take the works. If we compare the great end to be attained with the smallness of the detachment thought necessary, there remains no reasonable explanation why Halleck should not have promptly sent it. But the chance had been lost. The waters of the Mississippi were falling so rapidly that Farragut dared not tarry in the river; and in accordance with orders received from the Department on July 20, he again ran past the Vicksburg batteries and returned to New Orleans.

If Halleck's refusal to help Farragut take Vicksburg seems inexplicable, it is yet more difficult to understand the apparently sudden cessation of all his former military activity, and his proposal, just at the point when his army had gathered its greatest strength and efficiency, abruptly to terminate his main campaign, and, in effect, go into summer quarters. He no longer talked of splitting secession in twain in one month, or of being at the enemy's throat. He no longer pointed out the waste of precious time, and uttered no further complaint about his inability to control Buell's army. His desires had been gratified. He commanded half of the military area within the Union; he had three armies under his own eye; the enemy was in flight before him; he could throw double numbers of men at any given point. At least two campaigns of overshadowing importance invited his resistless march. But in the midst of his success, in the plenitude of his power, with fortune thrusting opportunity upon him, he came to a sudden halt, folded his contented arms, and imitated the conduct that he wrongfully imputed to Grant after Donelson—"Satisfied with his victory, he sits down and enjoys it without regard to the future." In a long letter to the Secretary of War, dated June 25, after reviewing the sanitary condition of the army and

pronouncing it very good, he asks, apparently as the main question, "Can we carry on any summer campaign without having a large portion of our men on the sick-list?" This idea seems to dominate his thought and to decide his action. Buell had been ordered eastward on a leisurely march towards Chattanooga. Halleck proposed to plant the armies of Grant and of Pope on the healthy uplands of northern Mississippi and Alabama as mere corps of observation. Having personally wrested Corinth from the enemy, he exaggerated its strategic value. As a terminal point in the southward campaign, along the line of the Tennessee River, its chief use was to aid in opening the Mississippi River by turning the Confederate fortifications from Columbus to Memphis. Those strongholds once in Federal possession, Corinth inevitably fell into a secondary rôle, especially since the summer droughts rendered the Tennessee River useless as a military highway.

Carrying out this policy of Halleck, a large portion of the Western armies of the Union wasted time and strength guarding a great area of rebel territory unimportant for military uses, and which could have been better protected by an active forward movement. The security and the supply of Corinth appears to have been the central purpose. Buell was delayed in his march thoroughly to repair the railroad from Corinth eastward towards Chattanooga. Other detachments of the army were employed to repair the railroads westward from Corinth to Memphis, and northward from Corinth to Columbus. For several months all the energies of the combined armies were diverted from their more legitimate duty of offensive war to tedious labor on these local railroads;\* much of the repairs being destroyed, almost as rapidly as performed, by daring guerrilla hostilities, engendered and screened amidst the surrounding sentiment of disloyalty.

It is impossible to guess what Halleck's personal supervision in these tasks might have produced, for at this juncture came a culmination of events that transferred him to another field of duty; but the legacy of policy, plans, and orders that he left behind contributed to render the whole Western campaign sterile throughout the second half of 1862.

The infatuation of Halleck in thus tying up the Western forces in mere defensive inaction comes out in still stronger light in the incident that follows, but it especially serves to show once more how, in the West as well as in the

\* I inclose herewith a copy of a report of Brigadier-General McPherson, superintendent of railroads, from which it will be seen that we have opened 367 miles of road in less than one month, besides repairing a number of locomotives and cars which were captured

from the enemy greatly injured. Indeed, the wood-work of most of the cars has been entirely rebuilt, and all this work has been done by details from the army. [Halleck to Stanton, July 7, 1862. War Records.]

East, President Lincoln treated his military commanders, not with ignorant interference, as has been so often alleged, but with the most fatherly indulgence. Future chapters will describe the complete failure in the East of the campaign undertaken by McClellan against Richmond, and which, on the 30th of June, brought to Halleck an order from the Secretary of War, dated the 28th, immediately to detach and send 25,000 men to assist that imperiled enterprise. The necessity was declared "imperative." "But in detaching your force," explained the order, "the President directs that it be done in such a way as to enable you to hold your ground and not interfere with the movement against Chattanooga and east Tennessee." Halleck took instant measures to obey the order, but said in reply that it would jeopardize the ground gained in Tennessee and involve the necessity of abandoning Buell's east Tennessee expedition. This result the President had in advance declared inadmissible. He now telegraphed emphatically on June 30:

Would be very glad of 25,000 infantry — no artillery or cavalry; but please do not send a man if it endangers any place you deem important to hold, or if it forces you to give up or weaken or delay the expedition against Chattanooga. To take and hold the railroad at or east of Cleveland, in east Tennessee, I think fully as important as the taking and holding of Richmond.\*

This request, but accompanied by the same caution and condition, was repeated by the President on July 2; and again, under the prompting of extreme need, Lincoln on July 4 sent a diminished request, still, however, insisting that no risk be incurred in the West:

You do not know how much you would oblige us if, without abandoning any of your positions or plans, you could promptly send us even ten thousand infantry. Can you not? Some part of the Corinth army is certainly fighting McClellan in front of Richmond. Prisoners are in our hands from the late Corinth army.

In Halleck's response on the following day it is important to notice the difference in the opinions entertained by the two men upon this point. Lincoln wished to gain east Tennessee, Halleck desired to hold west Tennessee. The distinction is essential, for we shall see that while Halleck's policy prevailed, it tended largely, if not principally, to thwart the realization of Lincoln's earnest wish. Halleck telegraphed:

For the last week there has been great uneasiness among Union men in Tennessee on account of the secret organizations of insurgents to cooperate in any attack of the enemy on our lines. Every commanding officer from Nashville to Memphis has asked for reinforcements. Under these circumstances I submitted the question of sending troops to Richmond to the principal officers of my command. They are unanimous in opinion that

\* War Records.

if this army is seriously diminished the Chattanooga expedition must be revoked or the hope of holding south-west Tennessee abandoned. I must earnestly protest against surrendering what has cost so much blood and treasure, and which in a military point of view is worth more than Richmond.

He had already, in a previous telegram (July 1), acknowledged and exercised the discretion which Lincoln gave him, replying, "Your telegram, just received, saves western Tennessee."

It was found by the Washington authorities that the early reports of McClellan's reverses had been unduly exaggerated, and that by straining resources in the East, the Western armies might be left undiminished. But with this conviction President Lincoln also reached the decision that the failure of the Richmond campaign must be remedied by radical measures. To devise new plans, to elaborate and initiate new movements, he needed the help of the highest attainable professional skill. None seemed at the moment so available as that of Halleck. Under his administration order had come out of chaos in Missouri, and under his guiding control, however feeble in the particular cases that we have pointed out, the Western armies had won the victories of Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Pea Ridge, Shiloh, Island No. 10, and Corinth. It was a record of steady success, which justified the belief that a general had been found who might be intrusted with the direction of the war in its larger combinations. The weakness of his present plans had not yet been developed. Accordingly on the 11th of July this order was made by the President:

That Major-General Henry W. Halleck be assigned to command the whole land forces of the United States as General-in-Chief, and that he repair to this capital so soon as he can with safety to the positions and operations within the department under his charge.

It seemed at the moment the best that could be done. In his short Corinth campaign Halleck had substantially demonstrated his unfitness for the leadership of an army in the field. He had made a grievous mistake in coming away from his department headquarters at St. Louis. He was a thinker and not a worker; his proper place was in the military study and not in the camp. No other soldier in active service equaled him in the technical and theoretical acquirements of his profession. The act of the President in bringing him to Washington restored him to his more natural duty.

In following the future career of Halleck, one of the incidents attending this transfer needs to be borne in mind. The first intimation of the change came in the President's dispatch of the 2d of July which asked: "Please tell me could you not make me a flying visit



for consultation without endangering the service in your department?" A few days later one of the President's friends went from Washington to Corinth bearing a letter of introduction to Halleck, explaining among other things:

I know the object of his visit to you. He has my cheerful consent to go, but not my direction. He wishes to get you and part of your force, one or both, to come here. You already know I should be exceedingly glad of this if in your judgment it could be done without endangering positions and operations in the Southwest.

To this Halleck replied on July 10:

Governor Sprague is here. If I were to go to Washington I could advise but one thing — to place all the forces in North Carolina, Virginia, and Washington under one head and hold that head responsible for the result.

It is doubtful if Halleck measured fully the import of his language; or whether he realized the danger and burden of the responsibility which, if he did not invite, he at least thus voluntarily assumed. Nominally he became General-in-Chief, but in actual practice his genius fell short of the high requirements of that great station. While he rendered memorable service to the Union, his judgment and courage sometimes quailed before the momentous requirements of his office, and thrust back upon the President the critical acts which overawed him. In reality, therefore, he was from the first only what he afterward became by technical orders — the President's chief-of-staff.

Before Halleck's transfer to Washington he had ordered Buell to move into east Tennessee, but that commander never seemed to appreciate the great military and political importance of such a movement. He considered the defense of west Tennessee a more essential object; and while his mind was engaged in that direction, Bragg planned and carried into effect a campaign into Kentucky that threatened at one time the most disastrous consequences to the Union cause in that region. He moved northward early in September, 1862, Kirby Smith preceding him with a strong detachment by way of Cumberland Gap, which marched without successful opposition almost to the Ohio River. Buell, believing that Bragg's real object was Nashville, made such dispositions that Bragg got a long start before him in the race to Louisville. He would, in fact, have had that city at his mercy if he had not left the direct road and turned to the right to join Kirby Smith at Frankfort to assist in the melancholy farce of inaugurating a Confederate governor for

Kentucky. Buell thus reached Louisville and immediately marched south in pursuit of Bragg. He overtook his army at Perryville and fought, on the 8th of October, a severe but indecisive battle; Buell kept the field and Bragg retired in the night, and hurried out of Kentucky at a pace that soon distanced his antagonist. The President renewed his earnest solicitations to Buell to occupy east Tennessee; Buell thought this impracticable, and was relieved of command on the 24th of October, and General Rosecrans was appointed to succeed him.

Rosecrans paid as little attention as Buell had done to the orders of the President for the occupation of east Tennessee. He established his headquarters at Nashville, completed and strengthened his communications, and in the latter part of December moved upon General Bragg, who had gone into winter quarters at Murfreesboro'. The two armies came within sight of each other on the night of the 30th of December, 1862, and the next morning at daybreak each general moved to the fight, in pursuance of plans that were the exact counterpart of each other — Rosecrans having ordered his left wing to strike Bragg's right, double it up and take the position at Murfreesboro' in reverse, while Bragg proposed to crush the right wing of Rosecrans, and swinging the Confederate army around pivoting on its right to cut the Union force off from Nashville. Bragg struck the first blow with so much vigor that Rosecrans was obliged to give up his movement on the Confederate right and devote all his energies to the defense of his own position; and in spite of his utmost efforts, and the distinguished bravery with which he was supported by Thomas, Sheridan, and others, he lost ground all day, and at night the lines of the two armies were almost perpendicular to those that they had occupied in the morning. But Bragg had lost so severely in this day's fighting that he was unable to pursue his advantage on the 1st of January, 1863; and on the 2d Rosecrans resumed the offensive on his left with such success that Bragg found himself forced to abandon the field in the night. The losses on both sides were appalling, and the result of the fight was so damaging to Bragg that he was unable to resume active operations during the winter or spring, and was, in fact, so weakened, that when, in the summer of 1863, Rosecrans at last marched against him, he gave up his positions one after another, until the Union army occupied, in September, without striking a blow, the coveted and important mountain fortress of Chattanooga.

## THE INDUSTRIAL IDEA IN EDUCATION.



**T**HAT our public-school system is not so fully utilitarian in its results as it should be is undoubtedly a growing conviction in the minds of many earnest and progressive educators throughout the country. It appears to be equally true that public opinion is quite generally tending in the same direction, especially among the large class of business men and mechanics whose personal experience has convinced them of the inadequacy of the preparation of the schools to enable their graduates to undertake the business of life at a proper advantage. What the progressive educators want to ingraft upon the public-school system of the country, and the thing which public opinion seems to favor the most, is what may be called the industrial idea. What this is, or rather what results are expected from its general adoption, is thus broadly defined by Dr. C. M. Woodward, of the St. Louis manual-training school:

We want an education that shall develop the whole man. All his intellectual, moral, and physical powers should be drawn out, and trained and fitted for doing good service in the battle of life. We want wise heads and skillful hands. There has been a growing demand, not only for men of knowledge, but for men of skill, in every department of human activity. Have our schools and colleges and universities been equal to the demand? Are we satisfied with what they have produced?

He then makes a statement which is quite significant because it is truthful. It is this:

There is a wide conviction of the inutility of schooling for the great mass of children beyond the primary grades, and this conviction is not limited to any class of intelligence.

The reason for this appears to be obvious—that what is acquired beyond these grades does not compensate the average boy for the time expended, and that for prime utility there is little gained by what is taught in the secondary schools. But this conviction should not prevail if our common-school system is to bear its proper fruits, and the industrial idea seems to be the saving measure which has opportunely presented itself to lift the system up to a proper elevation in the respect and confidence of the people. As, therefore, public opinion favors the ingrafting of this idea upon the school system, the question occurs: How is it to be done? This is not so clear, but a way will doubtless be found in good time. In

the mean time let us inquire what has been done and what can be done in the desired direction.

The methods of industrial training which seem to have had some development in public educational work comprise the manual exercises of the kindergarten, the special schools for boys above the age of thirteen years, and the special instruction in sewing which has been connected with the public schools in various ways. It being agreed that some manual work is desirable for primary and grammar grades, the results of this thought have manifested themselves by various spasmodic efforts, which, however, lacked a proper educational connection with the common-school system. "Industrial exhibits," the result of children having been asked to make objects at home, have begun to attract attention, though such work was not the result of systematized study originating in the school-room. Excellent results, it may likewise be said, have been obtained in private or semi-private schools having workshops and special instructors. But workshops and special instructors are things which cannot be generally provided in connection with our public-school system. It is suggested, however, that the best means of creating general interest in industrial methods of education among teachers, school committees, and the public would be by a plan which does not require these accessories.

Interest in the manufactured products of manual-training schools and the incidental courses of instruction in the use of tools seems to have taken attention away from industrial drawing as an indispensable factor to their success; but its great importance in developing the skill of the hand and the eye in obtaining and expressing knowledge should not be lost sight of. In every manual school the thoughts to be expressed in wood, metal, etc. are first expressed by drawing. If, therefore, manual exercises are to be introduced into schools, the first thing as a preparation for them is to introduce industrial drawing. This should be so taught that pupils may be led to express their thought not only by drawing but by making it—that is, by constructing the object of the thought. The extent to which this method may be carried cannot be determined at this time, when our experience with it is still in the first stages. That it is possible to do something, however, has already been fully demonstrated by the excellent results obtained

by the pioneers in this movement in such cities as St. Louis, Chicago, St. Paul, Columbus, Worcester, and Quincy.

This leads directly to a plain statement of the object of this paper, which is to show how manual exercises may be made an outgrowth of industrial drawing, without workshops or special instructors; and it is hoped that what is here presented will be so well understood, and its merits be deemed so apparent, that it will be accorded the same just and discriminative attention and consideration that every honest effort after better methods usually commands.

The plan of work to be here described originated at the Massachusetts Normal Art School, and is used as the basis of work under direction of the Massachusetts Board of Education. The results stated were obtained by an application of the plan to the schools of Quincy, Massachusetts. Briefly, then, the plan is based on the idea that drawing is an outgrowth of the study of *form*: First, that attention is given to obtaining knowledge of form through observation, using hands and eyes in the process; secondly, that expression of these ideas is made through construction (*i. e.*, making objects), drawing, and language; thirdly, that the acquired knowledge is arranged in new forms by invention or design. The method is objective, everything being studied from the forms themselves and not from their pictured representation, which is the result of the observation of others. The theory is, that observation directs the attention of teachers and pupils to the necessity of obtaining clear conceptions of forms; having gained which, the hands, eyes, and mind are again exercised by expression or design.

In the lowest primary schools the pupils are first taught to know spheres, cubes, etc., as representative general forms. They express what they have learned by constructing these forms of clay, and afterwards objects based on them are made of the same or other material. That this work is a delight to children, those who have vivid memories of the mud pies, etc. of their early youth can readily understand. The skill shown in expressing thought through little fingers is often remarkable, teachers declaring that they could not do as well themselves. The discovery that the forms first presented have certain common qualities, such as variously shaped surfaces, lines, and points, leads the children naturally to make use of drawing as a means of expression. But the making of objects does not cease, however; for the children now take pleasure in cutting out of paper or wood the shapes of triangles, spheres, etc. which they have previously drawn. Describing in lan-

guage what is presented is also practiced. The children have thus become imbued with the thought by its threefold expression. Work is not confined to the geometric form alone, but is extended to the various exercises based on it. The drawings may express either the facts of form, as in working-drawings, or the appearance of these facts by freehand perspective. The plan regards every line that expresses a fact of form as being a working-drawing. The drawing, therefore, by which a child represents the true length of an edge, or of a surface bounded by edges, is regarded as a working-drawing. Thus the teacher leads the class to represent the side or the top view of a simple object, as a box or a sled, the children as readily drawing from the object as from a picture of it. The result is a working-drawing. As the pupils advance, mechanical drawings are made from the preliminary freehand views, accuracy being insured by the introduction of compasses and geometric problems. Freehand perspective as a means of pictorial expression is practiced in all the grammar grades.

Exercises have been given in various practical ways; as, for instance, a wooden match-box is presented for study. First, there is placed rapidly on the blackboard freehand drawings of the front and the side. All dimensions are added to the illustration, which is then an exact counterpart of the preliminary sketch made by the draughtsman. Questions are asked as to the size of each piece of wood, and illustration of each separately is made on the board. It is seen that the example for the occasion is composed of, let us assume, five oblong pieces of wood. The teacher asks the boys if they could not cut out of wood oblongs corresponding to the drawings. It seems simple enough, and many eagerly volunteer their willingness to construct the object. But that cannot be done directly. There must be accurate drawings made to work from. Consequently these are made mechanically from the sketches on the board, either full size or to a scale; having produced which, those who have volunteered to make the object are allowed for that purpose to take the drawings home, it not being practicable, as a rule, to have such work done in school. The teacher having been able to give but few hints regarding the construction of the object, the child, naturally enthusiastic, seeks the aid of the folks at home, who thus unconsciously become teachers of manual training. It is true that home surroundings vary, but, notwithstanding, it has been found that pupils receive many practical hints in this way. Having completed the object, it is returned, together with the drawing, to the

teacher, for careful examination, comparison, and criticism.

Now no thoughtful person can fail to see that the pupils who have thus gone through such an exercise have been benefited in many ways, for throughout the whole experience the mind has been exercised in studying the thought to be expressed, first by drawing, and secondly by construction. Drawing and otherwise expressing these ideas have exercised both the hand

tates a certain orderly procedure that cannot fail to result in an orderly habit of thought, good judgment, the power of concentration, economical use of time, etc.—qualities which cannot be too highly valued as contributing the most important elements of a useful life.

Says Dr. Woodward:

The habit of working on an exact plan of analyzing an apparently complicated operation into a series of simple steps enables one to solve many a new prob-



AN EXAMINATION IN DESIGN DRAWING.

and the eye. All the energies of the mind, and the skill of the hand and eyes, being thus enlisted in behalf of a true expression of thought, the moral effect is assured. Indeed, the tendency of this work must be obvious. Especially is it suggestive of an easy method of introducing manual exercises, making them an outgrowth of industrial drawing, which may be termed the mainstay of manual training. Children, who are ever desirous of making or constructing something, have their efforts directed by this means into an educational channel. The three means of expression, construction, drawing, and language, each offer an excellent mental training, aside from increased skillfulness in the use of hands and eyes. Yet these means will not give accurate results unless they are the product of systematic thought. To draw, make, or describe a thing correctly necessi-

lem, even with new material and under entirely novel circumstances.

Of the moral effect he says:

Its influence is wholesome. It stimulates the love for intellectual honesty. It deals with the substance as well as the shadow. It gives opportunity for primitive judgments. It shows in the concrete, in the most unmistakable form, the vast difference between right and wrong. It substitutes personal experience and the use of simple, forcible language for the experience of others expressed in high-sounding phrase. It associates the deed with the thought, the real with the ideal, and lays the foundation for honesty in thought and in act.

How suggestive, then, is such an exercise! Suppose that but one came in the course of a year, would it not do more to show the practical usefulness of drawing than any number of exercises limited to flat copying? But it is not proposed thus to confine such exercises.





WORKING AT HOME FROM DESIGNS DRAWN AT SCHOOL.

From time to time the drawing regularly done in the school may be given so as to admit of drawing from objects and the construction of objects from drawings.

The exercise which has been described will no doubt be judged to be purely utilitarian, but attention is called to another important outgrowth which may result from it. In discussing the beauty of the match-box it was agreed that it might be made more pleasant to the eye if curves were substituted for the straight lines of the back. It was also agreed that the front of the box might be decorated by the addition of a simple design to be cut out or painted. Pupils were allowed to make suggestions of improvements in their

drawings, thus exercising their taste and producing results which may be noted in the illustrations.

This particular exercise has been described somewhat in detail in the hope that teachers may be induced to try similar ones. At Quincy a great variety of objects have been produced, and many of the pupils have become so much interested that they have attempted work that was much more ambitious than that given out by the teachers. Indeed, an interest having once been excited, both teachers and pupils have worked with the finest enthusiasm. Let it be noted, also, that the objects produced were all of a useful character, being either of full size or in miniature.

Consideration was had, of course, for the materials and the appliances for working them into shape which the pupils would naturally find at home, thin wood, cloth, etc. being the materials most likely to be found there. The hammer, saw, etc. of the family tool-box were the means of execution. Can any one doubt

exercises have been given in which a class had for a definite purpose the design and decoration of pen-wipers, pin-cushions, book-marks, tidies, etc.; and it was interesting to observe that many girls had made their first experiment of needlework in this connection. In Quincy it is hoped to make drawing a



ARTICLES MADE AT HOME BY SCHOOL CHILDREN.

that these little workmen had a genuine love for their work?

The third main part of the general outline has reference to new combinations of known forms, the exercises in connection with it being a natural outgrowth of observation and expression. Every exercise is designed to illustrate some principle, such as symmetry, repetition, etc. Remembering that professional designers require something to furnish suggestions, the children make use of sticks, colored papers, plant-forms, and historic ornaments. By means of these they exercise the inventive faculty, imagination is trained, and the power to conceive with accuracy developed. The first exercises are termed elementary. In the higher grades the designs refer to both the construction and the decoration of the objects, and may be presented by any of the means of expression. This department of the subject is suggestive of many exercises in which girls may apply their designs to examples of needlework, by which their taste may be refined and home beautified. Having this object in mind,

necessity in connection with the design and cutting of female garments. But needlework alone has not occupied the attention of the girls, for in one school an exercise in woodwork was better done by the girls than by the boys. In order to provide pupils with work best adapted to their ability, it has been found necessary to have two exercises in progress at the same time. Thus boys made pencil-sharpeners, while the girls made pen-wipers. The boys were gallant enough to make extra sharpeners for some of the girls, while the latter, not to be outdone, showed their appreciation and thoughtfulness by making extra pen-wipers for the boys; the objects in every case, it may be added, being made from drawings.

The work which has been briefly outlined above is regarded simply as a beginning. It is hoped that there will be a more general study of this manner of connecting the manual work of the kindergarten with that of the special school. It cannot be doubted that industrial drawing will be the foundation of any attempt to combine manual training with the

existing studies of the primary and grammar schools. Eyes and hands are means by which ideas are brought to the mind, and also the means by which they are afterwards given out in tangible form. Exercises in observing, expressing, and combining these ideas give training alike of mind, hand, and eye. In what other way can these ends be so well accomplished as through industrial drawing and manual training combined? And what can be better made the means of inculcating ideas of beauty, refinement, and morality?

The extent to which manual exercises may be introduced into public schools will no doubt be governed by certain peculiar limitations. To begin with, it is not expected that boys generally will be able to handle heavy tools until about thirteen years old. Give them, therefore, exercises in which the lighter means may be employed, such as glue, the jackknife, etc. Again, we are limited by the absolute impossibility of generally connecting with common schools work-shops and special

instructors. Furthermore, courses of study already overcrowded, and the lack of specially prepared teachers, are obstacles which the average country school, at least, cannot overcome. Industrial drawing is largely taught throughout the country. We would urge that exercises connected with it be arranged for an outgrowth of constructed objects. This is not only practicable, but applicable to all common schools. Depend upon willing parents, brothers, and sisters for whatever home instruction is necessary in the manual execution of the thought, and we shall at least have wisely directed the natural tendency of children to make things, and have aroused an interest which will assist materially in the establishment of special manual-training schools whenever they become practicable.

In conclusion we would say to teachers everywhere: Give one exercise to your pupils in the manner described, and we are confident that the interest which you will thus arouse will lead to others.

*Charles M. Carter.*

## THE WHITE COWL.

**I**N a shadowy solitary valley of southern Kentucky, and beside a noiseless stream, there stands to-day a great French abbey of white-cowled Trappist monks. It is the loneliest of human habitations. Though not a ruin, an atmosphere of gray antiquity hangs about and forever haunts it. The pale-gleaming cross on the spire looks as though it would fall in the earth, weary of its aged unchangeableness. The long Gothic windows; the rudely carven wooden crucifixes, suggesting the very infancy of holy art; the partly encompassing wall, seemingly built as though to resist a siege; the iron gate of the porter's lodge, locked against profane intrusion—all are the voiceless but eloquent emblems of a past that still enchains the memory by its associations as it once enthralled the reason by its power. Over the placid stream, and across the fields to the woody crests around, float only the sounds of the same sweet monastery bells that in the quiet evening air summoned a ruder world to nightly rest and pious thoughts of heaven. Within the abbey at midnight are heard the voices of monks chanting the self-same masses that ages ago were sung by others, who all night long from icy chapel floors lifted up piteous hands with intercession for poor souls suffering in purgatory. One almost expects to

see coming along the dusty Kentucky road which winds through the valley meek brown palmers just returning from the Holy Sepulcher, or through an upper window of the abbey to descry lance and visor and battle-ax flashing in the sunlight as they wind up a distant hill-side to the storming of some perilous citadel.

Ineffable influences, too, seem to bless the spot. Here, forsooth, some saint, retiring to the wilderness to subdue the devil in his flesh, lived and struggled, and suffered and died, leaving his life as an heroic pattern for others who in the same hard way should wish to win the fullest grace of Christlike character. Perhaps even one of the old monks, long since halting towards the close of his pilgrimage, will reverently lead you down the aisle to the dim sepulcher of some martyr, whose relics repose under the altar while his virtues perpetually exhale heavenward like gracious incense.

The beauty of the region, and especially of the grounds surrounding the abbey, thus seems but a touching mockery. What have these inward-gazing, heavenward-gazing souls to do with the loveliness of Nature, with the change of season or the flight of years, with green pastures and waving harvest-fields outside the wall, with flowers and orchards and vineyards within?

It was in a remote corner of the beautiful

gardens of the monastery that a young monk, Father Palemon, was humbly at work one morning some years ago amidst the lettuces and onions and fast-growing potatoes. The sun smote the earth with the fierce heat of departing June; and pausing to wipe the thick bead of perspiration from his forehead, he rested a moment, breathing heavily. His powerful legs were astride a row of the succulent shoots, and his hands clasped the handle of the hoe that gave him a staff-like support in front. He was dressed in the sacred garb of his order. His heavy sabots crushed the clods in the furrows. His cream-colored serge cowl, the long skirt of which would have touched the ground, had been folded up to his knees and tied with hempen cords. The wide sleeves, falling away, showed up to the elbows the superb muscles of his bronzed arms; and the calotte, pushed far back from his head, revealed the outlines of his neck, full, round, like a column. Nearly a month had passed since the convent barber

had sheared his poll, and his yellow hair was just beginning to enrich his temples with a fillet of thick curling locks. Had Father Palemon's hair been permitted to grow, it would have fallen down on each side in masses shining like flax and making the ideal head of a saint. But his face was not the face of a saint. It had in it no touch of the saint's agony — none of those fine subtle lines that are the material network of intense spirituality brooding within. Scant vegetarian diet and the deep shadows of cloistral life had preserved in his complexion the delicate hues of youth, noticeable still beneath the tan of recent exposure to the summer sun. His calm, steady blue eyes, also, had the open look peculiar to self-unconscious childhood; so that as he stood thus, tall, sinewy, supple, grave, bare-headed under the open sky, clad in spotless white, a singular union of strength, manliness, and unawakened innocence, he was a figure startling to come upon, picturesque to contemplate, profoundly interesting to study.

As he rested, he looked down and discovered that the hempen cords fastening the hem of his cowl were becoming untied, and walking to the border of grass which ran round the garden just inside the monastery wall, he sat down to secure the loosened threads. He was very tired. He had come forth to work before the first gray of dawn. His lips were parched with thirst. Save the little cup of cider and a slice of black bread with which he had broken his fast after matins, he had not tasted food since the frugal meal of the previous noon. Both weary and faint, therefore, he had hardly sat down before in the weakness of his flesh a sudden powerful impulse came upon him to indulge himself in a moment's repose. His fingers fell away from the untied cords,

his body sank backward against the trunk of the gnarled apple-tree by which he was shaded, and closing his eyes, he drank in eagerly all the sweet influences of the perfect day. For Nature was in an ecstasy. The sunlight never fell more joyous upon the unlifting shadows of human life. The breeze that cooled his sweating face was heavy with the odor of the won-





derful monastery roses. In the dark green canopy overhead two piping flame-colored orioles drained the last bright dew-drop from the chalice of a leaf. All the liquid air was slumbrous with the minute music of insect life, and from the honeysuckles clambering over the wall at his back came the murmur of the happy, happy bees.

What power have hunger and thirst and momentary weariness over the young? Father Palemon was himself most like a part of the pure and beautiful nature around him. His heart was like some great secluded crimson flower that is just ready to burst open in a passionate seeking of the sun. As he sat thus in the midst of Nature's joyousness and irrepressible unfoldings and peaceful consummations, he forgot hunger and thirst and weariness in a feeling of delicious languor. But beneath even this, and more subtle still, was the stir of restlessness and the low fever of vague desire for something wholly beyond his experience. He sighed and opened his eyes. Right before them, on the spire beyond the gardens, was the ancient cross to which he was consecrated. On his shoulders were the penitential wounds he had that morning inflicted with the knotted scourge. In his ears was the faint general chorus of saints and martyrs, echoing backward ever more solemnly to the very passion of Christ. While Nature was everywhere clothing itself with living greenness, around his gaunt body and muscular limbs — over his young head and his coursing hot blood — he had wrapped the dead white cowl of centuries gone as the winding-sheet of his humanity. These were not clear thoughts in his mind, but the vaguest suggestions of feeling, which of late had come to him at times, and now made him sigh more deeply as he sat up and bent over again to tie the hempen cords. As he did so, his attention was arrested by the sound of voices just outside the monastery wall, which was low here, so that in the general stillness they became entirely audible.

## II.

OUTSIDE the wall was a long strip of woodland which rose gently to the summit of a ridge half a mile away. The woodland was but little used. Into it occasionally a lay brother drove the gentle monastery cows to pasture, or here a flock sheltered itself beneath forest oaks against the noontide summer heat. Beyond the summit lay the homestead of a gentleman farmer. As one descended this slope towards the abbey, he beheld it from the most picturesque side, and visitors at the homestead usually came to see it by this secluded approach. If

Father Palemon could have been beyond the wall, he would have discovered that the voices were those of a young man and a young woman — the former a slight, dark cripple, and invalid. He led the way along a footpath up quite close to the wall, and the two sat down beneath the shade of a great tree. Father Palemon, listening eagerly, unconsciously overheard the following conversation:

"I should like to take you inside the abbey wall, but of course that is impossible, as no woman is allowed to enter the grounds. So we shall rest here awhile. I find that the walk tires me more than it once did, and this tree has become a sort of outside shrine to me on my pilgrimages."

"Do you come often?"

"Oh, yes. When we have visitors, I am appointed their guide, probably because I feel more interest in the place than any one else. If they are men, I take them over the grounds inside; and if they are women, I bring them thus far and try to describe the rest."

"As you will do for me now?"

"No; I am not in the mood for describing. Even when I am, my description always disappoints me. How is one to describe such human beings as these monks? Sometimes, during the long summer days, I walk over here alone and lie for hours under this tree, until the influences of the place have completely possessed me and I feel wrought up to the point of description. The sensation of a chill comes over me. Look up at these Kentucky skies! You have never seen them before. Are there any more delicate and tender? Well, at such times, where they bend over this abbey, they look as hard and cold as a sky of Landseer's. The sun seems no longer to warm the pale cross on the spire yonder, the great drifting white clouds send a shiver through me as though uplifted snowbanks were passing over my head. I fancy that if I were to go inside I should see the white butterflies dropping down dead from the petals of the white roses, finding them stiff with frost, and that the white rabbits would be limping trembling through the frozen grass, like the hare in 'The Eve of St. Agnes.' Everything becomes cold to me — cold, cold, cold! The bleak and rugged old monks themselves, in their hoary cowls, turn to personifications of perpetual winter; and if I were in the chapel, I should expect to meet in one of them Keats's very beadsman, — patient, holy man, meager, wan, — whose fingers were numb while he told his rosary, and his breath frosted as it took flight for heaven. Ugh! I am cold now. My blood must be getting very thin."

"I do not discover thinness of blood in your description so much as a poetic imagination."

"At least the impression is a powerful one. I have watched these old monks closely. Whether it is from the weakness of vigils and fasts or from positive cold, they all tremble—perpetually tremble. I fancy that their souls shiver as well. Are not their cowls the grave-clothes of a death in life?"

"You seem to forget, Austin, that faith warms them."

"By extinguishing the fires of nature! Why should not faith and nature grow strong together? I have spent my life on the hill-side back yonder, as you know, and I have had leisure enough for studying these monks. I have tried to do them justice. At different times I have almost lived with St. Benedict at Subiaco, and St. Patrick on the mountain, and St. Anthony in the desert, and St. Thomas in the cell. I understand and value all the elements of truth and beauty in the lives of the ancient solitaries. But they all belong so inalienably to the past. We have outgrown the ideals of antiquity. How can a man now look upon his body as his evil tenement of flesh? How can he believe that he approaches sainthood by destroying his manhood? The highest type of personal holiness is said to be attained in the cloister. That is not true. The highest type of personal holiness is to be attained in the thick of all the world's temptations. Then it becomes sublime. It seems to me that all the heroisms worth speaking of nowadays are active, not meditative. But why should I say this to you, who as much as any one else have taught me to think thus—I who myself am able to do nothing? But though I can do nothing, I can at least look down upon the monastic ideal of life as an empty dead husk, into which no man with the largest ideas of duty will ever compress his powers. Even granting that it develops personal holiness, this itself is but one element in the perfect character, and not even the greatest one."

"But do you suppose that all these monks have deliberately and freely chosen their vocation? You know perfectly well that often there are almost overwhelming motives impelling men and women to hide themselves away from the world—from its sorrows, its dangers, its temptations."

"You are at least orthodox. I know that such motives exist, but are they sufficient? Of course there was a time when the cloister was a refuge from dangers. Certainly that is not true in this country now. And as for the sorrows and temptations, I say that they must be met in the world. There is no sorrow *befall-*

*ing* a man in the world that he should not *bear* in the world—bear it as well for the sake of his own character as for the sake of helping others who suffer like him. This way lie moral heroism and martyrdom. This way, even, lies the utmost self-sacrifice, if one will only try to see it. No, I have but little sympathy with such cases. The only kind of monk who has all my sympathy is the one that is produced by early training and education. Take a boy whose nature has nothing in common with the scourge and the cell. Immure him. Never let him get from beneath the shadow of convent walls or away from the sound of masses and the waving of crucifixes. Bend him, train him, break him, until he turns monk despite nature's purposes, and ceases to be a man without becoming a saint. I have sympathy for *him*. Sympathy! I do not know of any violation of the law of personal liberty that gives me so much positive suffering."

"But why suffer over imaginary cases? Such constraint belongs to the past."

"On the contrary, it is just such an instance of constraint that has colored all my thoughts of this abbey. It is this that has led me to haunt the place for years from a sort of sad fascination. Men find their way to this valley from the remotest parts of the world. No one knows from what inward or outward stress they come. They are hidden away here and their secret histories are buried with them. But the history of one of these fathers is known, for he has grown up here under the shadow of these monastery walls. You may think the story one of medieval flavor, but I believe its counterpart will here and there be found as long as monasteries rise and human beings fall."

"He was an illegitimate child. Who his father was, no one ever so much as suspected. When his mother died he was left a homeless waif in one of the Kentucky towns. But some invisible eye was upon him. He was soon afterwards brought to the boarding-school for poor boys which is taught by the Trappist fathers here. Perhaps this was done by his father, who wished to get him safely out of the world. Well, he has never left this valley since then. The fathers have been his only friends and advisers. He has never looked on the face of a woman since he looked into his mother's when a child. He knows no more of the modern world—except what the various establishments connected with the abbey have taught him—than the most ancient hermit. While he was in the Trappist school, during afternoons and vacations he worked in the monastery fields with the lay brothers. With them he ate and slept. When his education was finished he became a lay brother

himself. But amidst such influences the rest of the story is foreseen: in a few years he put on the brown robe and leathern girdle of a brother of the order, and last year he took final vows, and now wears the white cowl and black scapular of a priest."

"But if he has never known any other life, he, most of all, should be contented with this. It seems to me that it would be much harder

bind him until death. My father knew his mother and says that he is much like her—an impulsive, passionate, trustful, beautiful creature, with the voice of a seraph. Father Palemon himself has the richest voice in the monks' choir. Ah, to hear him, in the dark chapel, sing the *Salve Regina*! The others seem to moderate their own voices, that his may rise clear and uncommingled to the vaulted roof. But I be-



"HE BENT OVER IT, REVERENTIAL, WELL-NIGH AWE-STRICKEN."

to have known human life and then renounce it."

"That is because you are used to dwell upon the good, and strive to better the evil. No; I do not believe that he is happy. I do not believe nature is ever thwarted without suffering, and nature in him never cried out for the monkish life, but against it. His first experience with the rigors of its discipline proved nearly fatal. He was prostrated with long illness. Only by special indulgence in food and drink was his health restored. His system even now is not inured to the cruel exactions of his order. You see, I have known him for years. I was first attracted to him as a lonely little fellow with the sad lay brothers in the fields. As I would pass sometimes, he would eye me with all a boy's unconscious appeal for the young and for companionship. I have often gone into the abbey since then, to watch and study him. He works with a terrible, pent-up energy. I know his type among the young Kentuckians. They make poor monks. Time and again they have come here to join the order. But all have soon fallen away. Only Father Palemon has ever persevered to the taking of the vows that

lieve that it is only the music he feels. He puts passion and an outcry for human sympathy into every note. Do you wonder that I feel so strongly drawn towards him? I can give you no idea of his appearance. I shall show you his photograph, but that will not do it. I have often imagined you two together by the very law of contrast. I think of you at home in New York City, with your charities, your missions, your energetic, untiring beneficence. You stand at one extreme. Then I think of him at the other—doing nothing, shut up in this valley, spending his magnificent manhood in a never-changing, never-ending routine of sterile vigils and fasts and prayers. Oh, we should change places, he and I! I should be in there and he out here. He should be lying here by your side, looking up into your face, loving you as I have loved you, and winning you as I never can. O Madeline, Madeline, Madeline!"

The rapid, broken utterance suddenly ceased.

In the deep stillness that followed, Father Palemon heard the sound of a low sob and a groan.

He had sat all this time riven to the spot, and as though turned into stone. He had hardly breathed. A bright lizard gliding from out a crevice in the wall had sunned itself in a little rift of sunshine between his feet. A bee from the honeysuckles had lighted unnoticed upon his hand. All sounds had died away from his ears, which were strained to catch the last echoes of these strange voices from another world. Now all at once across the gardens came the stroke of a bell summoning to instant prayer. Why had it suddenly grown so loud and terrible? He started up. He forgot all priestly gravity and ran—fairly ran, headlong and in a straight course, heedless of the tender plants that were being crushed beneath his feet. From another part of the garden an aged brother, his eye attracted by the sunlight glancing on a bright moving object, paused while training a grape-vine and watched with amazement the disorderly figure as it fled. As he ran on, the skirts of his cowl, which he had forgotten to tie up, came down. When at last he reached the door of the chapel and stooped to unroll them, he discovered that they had been dragged over the dirt and stained against the bruised weeds until they were hardly recognizable as having once been spotless white. A pang of shame and alarm went through him.

## III.

EVERY morning the entire Trappist brotherhood meet in a large room for public confession and accusation. High at one end sits the venerable abbot; beside him, but lower, the prior; while the fathers in white and the brothers in brown range themselves on benches placed against the wall on each side. It was near the close of this impressive ceremony that Father Palemon arose and, pushing the hood far back from his face, looked sorrowfully around upon the amazed company. A thrill of the tenderest sympathy shot through them. He was the youngest by far of their number and likeliest therefore to go astray; but never had any one found cause to accuse him, and never had he condemned himself. Many a head wearing its winter of age and worldly scars had been lifted in that sacred audience-chamber of the soul confessing to secret sin. But not he. So awful a thing is it for a father to accuse himself, that in utter self-abasement his brethren throw themselves prone to the floor when he rises. It was over the prostrate forms of his brethren that Father Palemon now stood up erect, alone. Unearthly spectacle! He began his confession. In the hushed silence of the great bare chamber his voice awoke such echoes as might have terrified the soul

had one gone into a vast vault and harangued the shrouded dead. But he went on, sparing not himself and laying bare his whole sin—the yielding to weariness in the garden; the listening to the conversation; most of all, the harboring of strange doubts and desires since then. Never before had the word “woman” been breathed at this confessional of devoted celibates. More than one hooded, faded cheek blushed secret crimson at the sound. The circumstances attending Father Palemon’s temptation invested it with an ancient horror. The scene, a garden; the tempter, a woman. It was like some modern Adam confessing his fall.

His penance was severe. For a week he was not to leave his cell, except at brief seasons of permission. Every morning he must scourge himself on his naked back until the blood came. Every noon he must go about the refectory on his knees, begging his portion of daily bread, morsel by morsel, from his brethren, and must eat it sitting before them on the floor. This repast was reduced in quantity a half. An aged deaf monk took his place in the garden.

His week of penance over, Father Palemon came forth too much weakened to do heavy work, and was sent to relieve one of the fathers in the school. Educated there himself, he had often before this taught its round of familiar duties. The school is situated outside the abbey wall on a hill-side several hundred yards away. Between it and the abbey winds the road which enters the valley above and goes out below, connecting two country highways. Where it passes the abbey it offers slippery, unsafe footing on account of a shelving bed of rock which rises on each side as a steep embankment, and is kept moist by overhanging trees and by a small stream that issues from the road-side and spreads out over the whole pass. The fathers are commanded to cross this road at a quick gait, the hood drawn completely over the face, and the eyes bent on the ground.

One sultry afternoon, a few days later, Father Palemon had sent away his little group of pious pupils, and seated himself to finish his work. The look of unawakened innocence had vanished from his eyes. They were full of thought and sorrow. A little while and, as though weighed down with heaviness, his head sank upon his arms, which were crossed over the desk. But he soon lifted it quickly, and with alarm. One of the violent storms which gather and pass so quickly in the Kentucky skies was rushing on from the south. The shock of distant thunder sent a tremor through the building. He walked to the window and stood for a moment watching the



rolling edge of the low storm-cloud with its plumes of white and gray and ominous dun-green colors. Suddenly his eyes were drawn to the road below. Around a bend a horse came running at full speed, uncontrolled by the rider. He clasped his hands and breathed a prayer. Just ahead was the slippery, dangerous footing. Another moment and horse and rider disappeared behind the embankment. Then the horse reappeared on the other side, without saddle or rider, rushing away like a forerunner of the tempest.

He ran down. When he reached the spot he saw lying on the road-side the form of a woman—the creature whom his priestly vows forbade him ever to approach. Her face was upturned, but hidden under a great wave of her long, loosened, brown hair. He knelt down and, lifting the hair aside, gazed down into it.

"*Ave Maria!*—Mother of God!" The disjointed exclamations were instinctive. The first sight of beautiful womanhood had instantly lifted his thought to the utmost height of holy associations. Indeed, no sweet face had he ever looked on but the Virgin's picture. Many a time in the last few years had he, in moments of restlessness, drawn near and studied it with a sudden rush of indefinable tenderness and longing. But beauty, such as this seemed to him, he had never dreamed of. He bent over it, reverential, well-nigh awe-stricken. Then as naturally as the disciple John might have succored Mary, finding her wounded and fainting by the wayside, he took the unconscious sufferer in his arms and bore her to the school-room for refuge from the bursting storm. There he quickly stripped himself of his great soft cowl, and, spreading it on the bare floor, laid her on it, and with cold water and his coarse monk's-handkerchief bathed away the blood that flowed from a little wound on her temple.

A few moments and she opened her eyes. He was bending close over her, and his voice sounded as sweet and sorrowful as a vesper bell:

"Do you suffer? Are you much hurt? Your horse must have fallen among the rocks. The girth was broken."

She sat up bewildered and replied slowly:

"I think I am only stunned.—Yes, my horse fell.—I was hurrying home out of the storm.—He took fright at something and I lost control of him. What place is this?"

"This is the school of the abbey. The road passes just below. I was standing at the window when your horse ran past, and I brought you here."

"I must go home at once. They will be

anxious about me. I am visiting at a place not more than a mile away."

He shook his head and pointed to the window. A sudden gray blur of rain had effaced the landscape. The wind shook the building.

"You must remain here until the storm is over. It will last but a little while."

During this conversation she had been sitting on the white cowl, and he, with the frankness of a wondering, innocent child, had been kneeling quite close beside her. Now she got up and walked to one of the windows, looking out upon the storm, while he retired to another window at the opposite end of the room. What was the tempest-swept hill outside to the wild, swift play of emotions in him? A complete revulsion of feeling quickly succeeded his first mood. What if she was more beautiful—far more beautiful—than the sweet Virgin's picture in the abbey? She was a devil, a beautiful devil. Her eyes, her hair, which had blown against his face and around his neck, were the Devil's implements; her form, which he had clasped in his arms, was the Devil's subtlest hiding-place. She had brought sin into the world. She had been the curse of man ever since. She had tempted St. Anthony. She had ruined many a saint, sent many a soul to purgatory, many a soul to hell. Perhaps she was trying to send *his* soul to hell now—now while he was alone with her and under her influence. It was this same woman who had broken into the peace of his life two weeks before, for he had instantly recognized the voice as the one that he had heard in the garden and that had been the cause of his severe penance. Amidst all his scourgings, fasts, and prayers that voice had never left him. It made him ache to think of what penance he must now do again on her account; and with a sudden impulse he walked across the room, and, standing before her with arms folded across his breast, said in a voice of the simplest sorrow:

"Why have you crossed my pathway, thus to tempt me?"

She looked at him with eyes that were calm but full of natural surprise.

"I do not understand how I have tempted you."

"You tempt me to believe that woman is not the devil she is."

She was silent with confusion. The whole train of his thought was unknown to her. It was difficult, bewildering. A trivial answer was out of the question, for he hung upon her expected reply with a look of pitiable eagerness. She took refuge in the didactic.

"I have nothing to say about the nature of woman. It is vague, contradictory; it is anything, everything. But I *can* speak to

you of the lives of women: that is a definite subject. Some women may be what you call devils. But some are not. I thought that you recognized the existence of saintly women within the memories and the present pale of your church."

"True. It is the women of the world who are the devils."

"You know so well the women of the world?"

"I have been taught. I have been taught that if Satan were to appear to me on my right hand and a beautiful woman of the world on my left, I should flee to Satan from the arms of my greater enemy. You tempt me to believe that this is not true—to believe that the fathers have lied to me. You tempt me to believe that Satan would not dare to appear in your presence. Is it because you are yourself a devil that you tempt me thus?"

"Should you ask me? I am a woman of the world. I live in a city of more than a million souls—in the company of thousands of these women-devils. I see hundreds of them daily. I may be one myself. If you think I am a devil, you ought not to ask me to tell you the truth. You should not listen to me or believe me."

She felt the cruelty of all this. It was like replying logically to a child who had earnestly asked to be told something that might wreck its faith and happiness.

The storm was passing. In a few minutes this strange interview would end: he back to his cell again; she back to the world. Already it had its deep influence over them both. She, more than he, felt its almost tragical gravity, and was touched by its pathos. These two young human souls, true and pure, crossing each other's pathway in life thus strangely, now looked into each other's eyes, as two travelers from opposite sides of the world meet and salute and pass in the midst of the desert.

"I shall believe whatever you tell me," he said with tremulous eagerness.

The occasion lifted her ever-serious nature to the extraordinary; and trying to cast the truth that she wished to teach into the mold which would be most familiar to him, she replied:

"Do you know who are most like you monks in consecration of life? It is the women—the good women of the world. What are your great vows? Are they not poverty, labor, self-denial, chastity, prayer? Well, there is not one of these but is kept in the hearts of good women. Only, you monks keep your vows for your own sakes, while women keep them as well for the sakes of others. For the sake of others they live and die poor. Some-

times they even starve. You never do that. They work for others as you have never worked; they pray for others as you have never prayed. In sickness and weariness, day and night, they deny themselves and sacrifice themselves for others as you have never done—never can do. You keep yourselves pure. They keep themselves pure and make others pure. If you are the best examples of personal holiness that may be found in the world apart from temptation, they are the higher types of it maintained amidst temptations that never cease. You are content to pray for the world, they also work for it. If you wish to see, in the most nearly perfect form that is ever attained in this world, love and sympathy and forgiveness; if you wish to find vigils and patience and charity—go to the good women of the world. They are all through the world, of which you know nothing—in homes, and schools, and hospitals; with the old, the suffering, the dying. Sometimes they are clinging to the thankless, the dissolute, the cruel; sometimes they are ministering to the weary, the heart-broken, the deserted. No, no! Some women may be what you call them, devils—"

She blushed all at once with recollection of her earnestness. It was the almost elemental simplicity of her listener that had betrayed her into it. Meantime, as she had spoken, his quickly changing mood had regained its first pitch. She seemed to rise higher—to be arraigning him and his ideals of duty. In his own sight he seemed to grow smaller, shrink up, become despicable; and when she suddenly ceased speaking, he lifted his eyes to her, alas! too plainly now betraying his heart.

"And you are one of these good women?"

"I have nothing to say of myself; I spoke of others. I may be a devil."

For an instant through the scattering clouds the sunlight had fallen through the window, lighting up her head as with a halo. It fell upon the cowl also, which lay on the floor like a luminous heap. She went to it, and, lifting it, said to him:

"Will you leave me alone now? They must pass here soon looking for me. I shall see them from the window. I do not know what should have happened to me but for your kindness. And I can only thank you very gratefully."

He took the hand that she gave him in both of his, and held it closely awhile as his eyes rested long and intently upon her face. Then quickly muffling up his own in the folds of his cowl, he turned away and left the room. She watched him disappear behind the embankment below and then reappear on the opposite side, striding rapidly towards the abbey.

## IV.

ALL that night the two aged monks whose cells were one on each side of Father Palemon's heard him tossing in his sleep. At the open confessional next morning he did not accuse himself. The events of the day before were known to none. There were in that room but two that could have testified against him. One was Father Palemon himself; the other was a small dark red spot on the white bosom of his cowl, just by his heart. It was a blood-stain from the wounded head that had lain on his breast. All through the dread examination and the confessions Father Palemon sat motionless, his face shadowed by his hood, his arms crossed over his bosom, hiding this scarlet stain. What nameless foreboding had blanched his cheek when he first beheld it? It seemed to be a dead weight over his heart, as those earth-stains on the hem had begun to clog his feet.

All day he went the round of his familiar duties faultlessly but absently. Without heeding his own voice, he sang the difficult ancient offices of the Church in a full volume of tone, that was heard above all the rich unison of the unerring choir. When, at twilight, he lay down on his hard narrow bed, with the leathern cincture about his gaunt waist, he seemed girt for some lonely spiritual conflict of the midnight hours. Once in the sad tumult of his dreams his outstretched arms struck sharply against some object and he awoke: it was the crucifix that hung against the bare wall at his head. He sat up. The bell of the monastery tolled 12. A new day was beginning. A new day for him? In two hours he would set his feet, as evermore, in the small circle of ancient monastic exactions. Already the westering moon poured its light through the long windows of the abbey and flooded his cell. He arose softly and walked to the open casement, looking out upon the southern summer midnight. Beneath the window lay the garden of flowers. Countless white roses, as though censers swung by unseen hands, waved up to him their sweet incense. Some dreaming bird awoke its happy mate with a note prophetic of the coming dawn. From the bosom of the stream below, white trailing shapes rose ethereal through the moonlit air and floated down the valley as if journeying outward to some mysterious bourn. On the dim horizon stood the domes of the forest trees, marking the limits of the valley — the boundary of his life. He pressed his hot head against the cold casement and groaned aloud, seeming to himself, in his tumultuous state, the only thing that did not belong to

the calm and holy beauty of the scene. Disturbed by the sound, an old monk sleeping a few feet distant turned in his cell and prayed aloud:

"Seigneur! Seigneur! Oubliez la faiblesse de ma jeunesse! Vive Jésus! Vive la Croix!"

The prayer smote him like a warning. Conscience was still torturing this old man — torturing him even in his dreams on account of the sinful fevers that had burned up within him half a century ago. On the very verge of the grave he was uplifting his hands to implore forgiveness for the errors of his youth. Ah! and those other graves in the quiet cemetery garth below — the white-cowled dust of his brethren, moldering till the resurrection morn. They, too, had been sorely tempted — had struggled and prevailed, and now reigned as saints in heaven, whence they looked sorrowfully and reproachfully down upon him, and upon their sinful heaps of mortal dust, which had so foiled and clogged and baffled the immortal spirit.

Miserably, piteously, he wrestled with himself. Even conscience was divided in twain and fought madly on both sides. His whole training had left him obedient to ideas of duty. To be told what to do always had been for him to do it. But hitherto his teachers had been the fathers. Lately two others had appeared — a man and a woman of the world, who had spoken of life and of duty as he had never thought of them. The pale dark hunchback, whom he had often seen haunting the monastery grounds and hovering around him at his work, had unconsciously drawn aside for him the curtains of the world and a man's nobler part in it. The woman, whom he had addressed as a devil, had come in his eyes to be an angel. Both had made him blush for his barren life, his inactivity. Both had shown him which way duty lay.

Duty? Ah! it was not duty. It was the woman, the woman! The old tempter! It was the sinful passion of love that he was responding to; it was the recollection of that sweet face against which his heart had beat — of the helpless form that he had borne in his arms. Duty or love, he could not separate them. The great world, on the boundaries of which he wished to set his feet, was a dark, formless, unimaginable thing, and only the light from the woman's face streamed across to him and beckoned him on. It was she who made his priestly life wretched — made even the wearing of his cowl an act of hypocrisy that was the last insult to Heaven. Better anything than this. Better the renunciation of his sacred calling, though it should bring him the loss of earthly peace and eternal pardon.

The clock struck half-past 1. He turned back to his cell. The ghastly beams of the

setting moon suffused it with the pallor of a death-scene. God in heaven! The death-scene was there—the crucifixion! The sight pierced him afresh with the sharpest sorrow, and taking the crucifix down, he fell upon his knees and covered it with his kisses and his tears. There was the wound in the side, there were the drops of blood and the thorns on the brow, and the Divine face still serene and victorious in the last agony of self-renunciation. Self-renunciation!

“Lord, is it true that I cannot live to Thee alone?—And Thou didst sacrifice Thyself to the utmost for me!—Consider me, how I am made!—Have mercy, have mercy! If I sin, be Thou my witness that I do not know it!—Thou, too, didst love her well enough to die for her!”

In that hour, when he touched the highest point that nature ever enabled him to attain, Father Palemon, looking into his conscience and into the Divine face, took his final resolution. He was still kneeling in steadfast contemplation of the cross when the moon withdrew its last ray and over it there rushed a sudden chill and darkness. He was still immovable before it when, at the resounding clangor of the bell, all the spectral figures of his brethren started up from their couches like ghosts from their graves, and in a long, shadowy line wound noiselessly downward into the gloom of the chapel, to begin the service of matins and lauds.

## V.

HE did not return with them when at the close of day they wound upward again to their solemn sleep. He slipped unseen into the windings of a secret passage-way, and hastening to the reception-room of the abbey sent for the abbot.

It was a great bare room. A rough table and two plain chairs in the middle were the only furniture. Over the table there swung from the high ceiling a single low, lurid point of light, that failed to reach the shadows of the recesses. The few poor pictures of saints and martyrs on the walls were muffled in gloom. The air was dank and noisome, and the silence was that of a vault.

Standing half in light and half in darkness, Father Palemon awaited the coming of his august superior. It was an awful scene. His face grew whiter than his cowl, and he trembled till he was ready to sink to the floor. A few moments, and through the dim doorway there softly glided in the figure of the aged abbot, like a presence rather felt than seen. He advanced to the little zone of light, the iron keys clanking at his girdle, his delicate fingers interlaced across his breast, his gray

eyes filled with a look of mild surprise and displeasure.

“You have disturbed me in my rest and meditations. The occasion must be extraordinary. Speak! Be brief!”

“The occasion *is* extraordinary. I shall be brief. Father Abbot, I made a great mistake in ever becoming a monk. Nature has not fitted me for such a life. I do not any longer believe that it is my duty to live it. I have disturbed your repose only to ask you to receive the renunciation of my priestly vows and to take back my cowl: I will never put it on again.”

As he spoke he took off his cowl and laid it on the table between them, showing that he wore a dark suit of citizen's clothes beneath.

Under the flickering spark the face of the abbot had at first flushed with anger and then grown ashen with vague, formless terror. He pushed the hood back from his head and pressed his fingers together until the jeweled ring cut into the flesh.

“You are a priest of God, consecrated for life. Consider the sin and folly of what you say. You have made no mistake. It would be too late to correct it, if you had.”

“I shall do what I can to correct it as soon as possible. I shall leave the monastery to-night.”

“To-night you confess what has led you to harbor this suggestion of Satan. To-night I forgive you. To-night you sleep once more at peace with the world and your own soul. Begin! Tell me everything that has happened—everything!”

“It were better untold. It could only pain—only shock you.”

“Ha! You say this to me, who stand to you in God's stead?”

“Father Abbot, it is enough that Heaven should know my recent struggles and my present purposes. It does know them.”

“And it has not smitten you? It is merciful.”

“It is also just.”

“Then do not deny the justice you receive. Did you not give yourself up to my guidance as a sheep to a shepherd? Am I not to watch near you in danger and lead you back when astray? Do you not realize that I may not make light of the souls committed to my charge, as my own soul shall be called into judgment at the last day? Am I to be pushed aside—made naught of—at such a moment as this?”

Thus urged, Father Palemon told all that had recently befallen him, adding these words:

“Therefore I am going—going now. I cannot expect your approval: that pains me.



But have I not a claim upon your sympathy? You are an old man, Father Abbot. You are nearer heaven than this earth. But you have been young; and I ask you, is there not in the past of your own buried life the memory of some one for whom you would have risked even the peace and pardon of your own soul?"

The abbot threw up his hands with a gesture of sudden anguish, and turned away into the shadowy distances of the room.

When he emerged again, he came up close to Father Palemon in the deepest agitation.

"I tell you this purpose of yours is a suggestion of the Evil Spirit. Break it against the true rock of the Church. You should have spoken sooner. Duty, honor, gratitude, should have made you speak. Then I could have made this burden lighter for you. But, heavy as it is, it will pass. You suffer now, but it will pass, and you will be at peace again—at perfect peace again."

"Never! Never again at peace here! My place is in the world. Conscience tells me that. Besides, have I not told you, Father Abbot, that I love her, that I think of her day and night? Then I am no priest. There is nothing left for me but to go out into the world."

"The world! What do you know of the world? If I could sum up human life to you in an instant of time, I might make you understand into what sorrow this caprice of restlessness and passion is hurrying you."

All sweetness had forsaken the countenance of the aged shepherd. His tones rung hoarse and hollow, and the muscles of his face twitched and quivered as he went on:

"Reflect upon the tranquil life that you have spent here, preparing your soul for immortality. All your training has been for the solitude of the cloister. All your enemies have been only the spiritual foes of your own nature. You say that you are not fitted for this life. Are you then prepared for a life in the world? Foolish, foolish boy! You exchange the terrestrial solitude of heaven for the battle-field of hell. Its coarse, foul atmosphere will stifle and contaminate you. It has problems that you have not been taught to solve. It has shocks that you would never withstand. I see you in the world? Never, never! See you in the midst of its din and sweat of weariness, its lying and dishonor? You say that you love this woman. Heaven forgive you this sin! You would follow her. Do you not know that you may be deluded, trifled with, disappointed? She may love another. Ah! you are a child—a simple child!"

"Father Abbot, it is time that I were becoming a man."

But the abbot did not hear or pause,

borne on now by a torrent of ungovernable feelings:

"Your parents committed a great sin." He suddenly lifted the cross from his bosom to his lips, which moved rapidly for an instant in silent prayer. "It has never been counted against you here, as it will never be laid to your charge in heaven. But the world will count it against you. It will make you feel its jeers and scorn. You have no father,"—again he bent over and passionately kissed his cross,—"you have no name. You are an illegitimate child. There is no place for you in the world—in the world that takes no note of sin unless it is discovered. I warn you—I warn you by all the years of my own experience, and by all the sacred obligations of your holy order, against this fatal step."

"Though it be fatal, I must and will take it."

"I implore you!—God in heaven, dost thou punish me thus?—See! I am an old man. I have but a few years to live. You are the only tie of human tenderness that binds me to my race. My heart is buried in yours. I have watched over you since you were brought here, a little child. I have nursed you through months of sickness. I have hastened the final assumption of your vows, that you might be safe within the fold. I have staid my last days on earth with the hope that when I am dead, as I soon shall be, you would perpetuate my spirit among your brethren, and in time come to be a shepherd among them, as I have been. Do not take this solace from me. The Church needs you—most of all needs you in this age and in this country. I have reared you within it that you might be glorified at last among the saints and martyrs. No, no! You will not go away!"

"Father Abbot, what better can I do than heed the will of Heaven in my own conscience?"

"I implore you!"

"I must go."

"I warn you, I say."

"O my father! You only make more terrible the anguish of this moment. Bless me, and let me go in peace."

"Bless you?" almost shrieked the abbot, starting back with horror, his features strangely drawn, his uplifted arms trembling, his whole body swaying. "Bless you? Do this, and I will hurl upon you the awful curse of the everlasting Church!"

As though stricken by the thunderbolt of his own imprecation, he fell into one of the chairs and buried his head in his arms upon the table. Father Palemon had staggered

backward, as though the curse had struck him in the forehead. These final words he had never thought of — never foreseen. For a moment the silence of the great chamber was broken only by his own quick breathing and by the convulsive agitation of the abbot. Then with a rapid movement Father Palemon came forward, knelt, and kissed the hem of the abbot's cowl, and turning away went out.

Love — duty — the world; in those three words lie all the human, all the Divine, tragedy.

## VI.

YEARS soon pass away in the life of a Trappist priest.

For shade to shade will come too drowsily,  
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

Another June came quickly into the lonely valley of the Abbey of Gethsemane. Again the same sweet monastery bells in the purple twilights, and the same midnight masses. Monks were again at work in the gardens, their cowls well tied up with hempen cords. Monks were once more teaching the pious pupils in the school across the lane. All the gorgeous summer came and passed beyond the southern horizon, like a mortal vision of beauty never to return. There were few changes to note. Only the abbot seemed to have grown much feebler. His hand trembled visibly now as he lifted the crosier, and he walked less than of yore among his brethren while they busied themselves with the duties of the waning autumn. But he was oftener seen pacing to and fro where the leaves fell sadly from the moaning choir of English elms. Or at times he would take a little footpath that led across the brown November fields, and, having gained a crest on the boundary of the valley, would stand looking far over the outward landscape into imaginary spaces, limitless and unexplored.

But Father Palemon, where was he? Amidst what splendors of the great metropolis was he bursting Joy's grape against his palate fine? What of his dreams of love and duty, and a larger, more modern stature of manhood?

LATE one chill, cloud-hung afternoon in November there came into the valley of Gethsemane the figure of a young man. He walked slowly along the road towards the abbey, with the air of one who is weary and forgetful of his surroundings. His head dropped heavily forward on his breast, and his empty hands hung listlessly down. At the iron gate of the porter's lodge entrance was refused him; the abbey was locked in repose for the night. Urging the importance of his seeing the abbot, he

was admitted. He erased a name from a card and on it wrote another, and waited for the interview.

Again the same great dark room, lighted by a flickering spark. He did not stand half in light and half in shadow, but hid himself away in one of the darkest recesses. In a few moments the abbot entered, holding the card in his hand and speaking with tremulous haste:

"'Father Palemon'? — who wrote this name, 'Father Palemon'?"

Out of the darkness came a low reply:

"I wrote it."

"I do not know you."

"I am Father Palemon."

The calm of a great sadness was in the abbot's voice, as he replied musingly:

"There — *is* — no — Father Palemon: he died long ago."

"O my father! Is this the way you receive me?"

He started forward and came into the light. Alas! No; it was not Father Palemon. His long hair was unkempt and matted over his forehead; his face pinched and old with suffering, and ashen gray except for the red spots on his cheeks. Deep shadows lay under his hollow eyes, which were blood-shot and restless and burning.

"I have come back to lead the life of a monk. Will you receive me?"

"Twice a monk, no monk. Receive you for what time? Until next June?"

"Until death."

"I have received you once already until death. How many times am I to receive you until death?"

"I beseech you do not contest in words with me. It is too much. I am ill. I am in trouble."

He suddenly checked his passionate utterance, speaking slowly and with painful self-control:

"I cannot endure now to tell you all that has befallen me since I went away. The new life that I had begun in the world has come to an end. Father Abbot, she is dead. I have just buried her and my child in one grave. Since then the one desire I have had has been to return to this place. God forgive me! I have no heart now for the duties I had undertaken. I had not measured my strength against this calamity. It has left me powerless for good to any human creature. All my plans were wrecked when she died. My purposes have gone to pieces. There is no desire in me but for peace and solitude and prayer. All that I can do now is to hide my poor, broken, ineffectual life here, until by God's will, sooner or later, it is ended."

"You speak in the extremity of present suffering. You are young. Nearly all your life lies yet before you. In time Nature heals nearly all the wounds that she inflicts. In a few years this grief which now unmans you—which you think incurable—will wear itself out. You do not believe this. You think me cruel. But I speak the truth. Then you may be happy again—happier than you have ever been. Then the world will resume its hold upon you. If the duties of a man's life have appealed to your conscience, as I believe they have, they will then appeal to it with greater power and draw you with a greater sense of their obligations. Moreover, you may love again—ah! Hush! Hear me through! You think this is more unfeeling still. But I must speak, and speak now. It is impossible to seclude you here against all temptation. Some day you may see another woman's face—hear another woman's voice. You may find your priestly vows intolerable again. Men who once break their holiest pledges for the sake of love will break them again, if they love again. No, no! If you were unfit for the life of a monk once, much more are you unfit now. Now that you are in the world, better to remain there."

"In Heaven's name, will you deny me? I tell you that this is the only desire left to me. The world is as dead to me as though it never existed, because my heart is broken. You misunderstood me then. You misunderstand me now. Does experience count for nothing in preparing a man for the cloister?"

"I did misunderstand you once: I thought that you were fitted for the life of a monk. I understand you now: I do not make the same mistake twice."

"This is the home of my childhood, and you turn me away?"

"You went away yourself, in the name of conscience and of your own passion."

"This is the house of God, and you close its doors against me?"

"You burst them open of your own self-will."

Hitherto the abbot had spoken for duty, for his church, for the inviolable sanctity of his order. Against these high claims all the pent-up tenderness of his heart had weighed as nothing. But now as the young man, having fixed a long look upon his face, turned silently away towards the door, with outstretched arms he tottered after him and cried out in broken tones: "Stop! Stop, I pray you! You are ill. You are free to remain here a guest. No one was ever refused shelter—O my God! what have I done?"

Father Palemon had reeled and fallen fainting in the doorway.

In this life, from earliest childhood, we are trained by merciful degrees to brave its many sorrows. We begin with those of infancy, which, Heaven knows, at the time seem grievous enough to be borne. As we grow older we somehow also grow stronger, until through the discipline of many little sufferings we are enabled to bear up under those final avalanches of disaster that rush down upon us in maturer years. Even thus fortified, there are some of us on whom these fall only to overwhelm.

But Father Palemon. Unnaturally shielded by the cloister up to that period of young manhood when feeling is deepest and fortitude least, he had suddenly appeared upon the world's stage only to enact one of the greatest scenes in the human tragedy—that scene wherein the perfect ecstasy of love by one swift mortal transition becomes the perfect agony of loss. What wonder if he had staggered blindly, and if, trailing the habiliments of his sorrow, he had sought to return to the only place that was embalmed in his memory, as a peaceful haven for the shipwrecked? But even this quiet port was denied him.

INTO the awful death-chamber of the abbey they bore him one midnight some weeks later. The tension of physical powers during the days of his suspense and suffering, followed by the shock of his rejection, had touched those former well-nigh fatal ravages that had prostrated him during the period of his austere novitiate. He was dying. The delirium of his fever had passed away, and with a clear, dark, sorrowful eye he watched them prepare for the last agony.

On the bare floor of the death-chamber they sprinkled consecrated ashes in the form of a cross. Over these they scattered straw, and over the straw they drew a coarse serge cloth. This was his death-bed—a sign that in the last hour he was admitted once more to the fellowship of his order. From the low couch on which he lay he looked at it. Then he made a sign to the abbot, in the mute language of the brotherhood. The abbot repeated it to one of the attendant fathers, who withdrew and soon returned, bringing a white cowl. Lifting aside the serge cloth, he spread the cowl over the blessed cinders and straw. Father Palemon's request had been that he might die upon his cowl, and on this they now stretched his poor emaciated body, his cold feet just touching the old earth-stains upon its hem. He lay for a little while quite still, with closed eyes. Then he turned them upon the abbot and the monks who were kneeling in prayer around him, and said, in a voice of great and gentle dignity:



THE DEATH OF FATHER PALEMON.

"My father — my brethren, have I your full forgiveness?"

With sobs they bowed themselves around him. After this he received the crucifix, tenderly embracing it, and then lay still again, as if awaiting death. But finally he turned over on one side, and, raising himself on one forearm, sought with the hand of the other among the folds of his cowl until he found a

small blood-stain now faint upon its bosom. Then he lay down again, pressing his cheek against it; and thus the second time a monk, but even in death a lover, he breathed out his spirit with a faint whisper — "Madeline!"

And as he lay on the floor, so now he lies in the dim cemetery garth outside, wrapped from head to foot in his cowl, with its stains on the hem and the bosom.

*James Lane Allen.*

## STAR TEARS.

WHEN softly mother earth is dreaming — sleeping,  
I question whence the fire-flies come,  
The moon says: "Tears they are from stars that weeping  
Have lost the path which leads them home."

*Eugene Ashton.*



## DOVES.



HE bird-fancier watches the bird in its haunts from a loving interest in its habits; but the student spies it out for material for his note-book, for reference when he shall have killed it, stuffed it with tow or the like, and added it to his collection of stiffs or skins.

The knowledge each gains differs as widely as his methods. The fancier recognizes the higher order of the scientist's work and respects his use of the alphabet — possibly because beyond him; but, though he may be a trifle awed that the simple bird of his love is considered worthy of it all, his appreciation and application of it ends there.

In the great family of the *Columbidae* the scientist finds the *Columbinae*, *Lopholaminæ*, *Turturinae*, *Zenaidinae*, and more. These he breaks into subfamilies, varieties, and subvarieties, until there are names for almost the individual specimens. But dropping to plain prose and the vernacular, he seems lost. He says pigeon and dove, it is true, but it is a distinction without a difference. He plainly considers the terms synonymous. Thus the three most careful observers in America, Baird, Brewer, and Ridgeway, say, "the white-headed pigeon," and then refer to it as "this dove"; and "the Carolina dove," with a period between, becomes "this pigeon," and "the ground doves" "these pigeons." But this is no new thing. A half century ago Bonaparte complained of the lack of system in the use of these, the commonly used names. "The name dove," he said, "is applied to all the small pigeons, whilst the larger doves are known as pigeons. Even this distinction, however, does not seem to be agreed upon, as we find authors calling the larger species doves and the smaller ones pigeons, and sometimes applying both appellations to different ages and sexes of the same species."

This is all very abstruse and very absurd to the bird-lover. He recognizes a grand division of doves and pigeons for the entire family, and with the line of demarkation so distinctly drawn upon structural difference and natural habit that he cannot understand where there can be margin for doubt or uncertainty. This, of course, is because he knows only his one little way and cannot see beyond it.

The word "dove" conveys to his mind the impression of a slender, delicately built bird,

timid and solitary by nature; monogamous in habit; its feet formed for grasping; its tail feathers long, graduated, and rounded; its roost upon a perch; its nest in trees or shrubs; and its wings so formed that it is incapable of extended flight. Its love is of mate, but for home, fond as it is of it, it knows only the present place of nesting and resting; in domestication it must be kept within bounds.

The pigeon is altogether to the contrary. True, it is monogamous, but it is also gregarious, and never content unless in a crowd. Its foot is flat; its tail feathers short, of even length and cut straight across; and its roost and nest is, from choice, a broad, flat surface. Its love of mate is secondary to the love of place; and, once domiciled, it may be trusted with its liberty. The dove is shy and timid; but the pigeon — and the bird-lover will quote Willis —

Alone of the feathered race  
Doth look unscared on the human face.

But the fancier finds still another difference, and this to him is conclusive. The doves or the pigeons, in all of their several varieties, may be mated and the offspring are fertile; but all his attempts to mate the pigeon and the dove are futile.

The pigeon, except as it is made a thing of beauty or grotesqueness by the artist breeder, or is enlisted in man's service or for his sport, holds but little to interest. But the dove attracts attention from the traditions and superstitions by which we know of it through all the past, and because of its intelligence and its pretty, curious ways.

The turtle-dove is the best known of the family. Of this there is the common; the collared; a cross of the two which is nameless, although resembling neither and reproducing its own peculiarities; and the white, which is a spot from the collared.

The common is *la Tourterelle* of Buffon. It is English, and although plentiful is not well known. Where other birds suffer from the harrier and the gunner, a superstition protects this. Every English lad knows that, "Molest the turtle-dove or disturb its nest, and the death of the dearest will be sure before the year is done." The plumage of *la Tourterelle* is of a rich dark brown and black above; the underfeathering of reddish brown at the throat, shading to fawn beneath. The wing coverts are black, tipped with brown. The peculiar



TURTLE-DOVES AND RING-DOVE.

marking is a patch of rich velvety, white-tipped black feathers at each side of the throat, but which do not appear until after the first molt.

The collared turtle or laughing dove is usually catalogued as the ring-dove, but this name belongs by right to the "cushie doo," or quest, the largest of the European doves. The col-

lared turtle, despite its mournful note, is the interesting member of the family; and, with its presence indicative of good luck and prosperity, it is a welcome guest everywhere, but especially among the middle and lower classes of Great Britain and Germany. Old mothers tell of it as a charm for illness if hung in the

patient's presence, borne out by the fact that the bird, naturally sensitive to atmospheric influences, quickly succumbs to the close air of the sick-room, when it is said to have "taken the disease." If the patient recovers, the bird has the credit; if death ensues, it was inevitable — "nothing could have helped."

above and white beneath. The neck is encircled with a white-edged band of black feathers not quite meeting at the throat. Its cooing is peculiar in the sound being deep, prolonged, and followed by a full stop in which the bird makes a deep obeisance. The bird can be so trained that when spoken to, or when a stranger



AUSTRALIAN CRESTED DOVE.

But the dove has had its place as a curative agent. "The eating of dove's flesh," says an old authority, "is of force against the plague, insomuch that they who make it their ordinary diet are seldom seized with pestilential disorders. Some commend it against the palsy, or trembling; others, that it is of great use to them that have weak sight."

The collared turtle is of light fawn color

enters its presence, it will coo its welcome and make its courtesy, than which nothing can appear more absurd. This bird is very susceptible to atmospheric changes, and in its actions will predict the approach of storms or of clearing weather before the barometer will show it. In the autumn, as the light lessens, the dove, and especially this variety, even if bred in captivity, will become very uneasy, and if it can



WHITE-HEADED DOVE.

gain its liberty it will disappear. No amount of domestication or training can make the season of autumn migration other to it than a period of unrest and excitement.

"Gentle is that creature and pure," wrote St. John Chrysostom of the dove; ample proof that the good man had taken the bird on trust. Had he been a close observer of the dove of the aviary, and the turtle-dove in particular, he would not have been favorably impressed with the "dove-like disposition." It is not only quarrelsome, but cruel. When two or three are together there are bickerings, with blows for words, and all apparently for the love of the strife. So much for a fair appearance and a paper reputation.

During the nesting period milord is home-loving and paternal, and would be gentle, gracious, and loving if madame was not perverse, disobedient, and a gad-about. But the little lady has no fondness for home duties or the seclusion of the nest place. She likes better to sit in the sun preening her feathers, or to go



BAND-TAILED AND GROUND Doves.

picking among the grasses or in the sand. The little fellow meantime sits patiently among the few twigs of his home furnishing and calls his mate. When she does not respond he seeks her out, and "his loving lessening not his ruling of her," he spares neither efforts nor blows to drive her to her home and to keep her to her duties.

The American birds most favored for the





PASSENGER PIGEON — CAROLINA DOVE.

aviary or the cage are the Carolina and the ground-doves. The former is about the size of the common turtle-dove, but is more hardy. Reared in confinement it is docile and affectionate, and may be taught many pleasing tricks and ways. Its plumage is modest, but at each side of the throat is a beauty spot, showing sometimes a deep red, and at others green and blue. This bird must be sheltered during the frost season, and be especially guarded during the period of autumnal migration.

The ground or moaning dove is scarcely larger than a sparrow, and at home is quite as fearless, although not as quarrelsome or impudent. It is hardly more than six inches in length. It may be bred successfully in the outdoor aviary in summer, or as a cage bird in-doors throughout the year. It requires but little care, and will make return in affectionate recognition. The little love whisper in which it responds when caressed is sweeter than any song.

Of the entire *Columbidæ*, the passenger of

our own United States has excited the greatest interest, and simply because of its gregarious habit, the entire species being assembled in the one flight. It is not local except as food attracts, but through the year ranges from the lakes to the gulf, and to the lakes again. March and April find the flight moving towards the breeding-grounds in the north, and in October it is journeying by slow stages to winter quarters in the south again.

This bird is as national in the colors of its plumage as in the limit of its range. Its head and back are blue, its throat and breast red, and its underfeathering white. The marking of the wing coverts, flights, and tail feathers is of black, the two middle feathers of the tail being wholly of that color. The neck, especially in the spring, is rich in iridescent hues. The eye is bright red, and the legs and feet purplish. The bird is the largest of the family, measuring fully sixteen inches. It breeds readily in confinement, and although quite hardly must be sheltered during the winter. Many attempts have been made to mate it with the blue-rock and other of the pigeons, in the hope of combining its endurance and supposed speed with their known intelligence and love of home, but without success, thus proving it to be not a pigeon, but a dove. It has, however, been bred with the Carolina dove, and the young, mated again with the Carolinas, have proven to be fertile. The naturalist Wilson is the authority for the wonderful speed with which this bird is generally credited; his assertions being based upon the condition of the food found in the crop hundreds of miles from the vicinity in which that food could have been obtained by it, and the rapidity of the pigeon's digestion. But this the racing pigeon has refuted in furnishing the proof that the food remains almost unchanged during the time the bird is on the wing; that is, the process of digestion and assimilation is stayed, or nearly so, during the time of flying.

In 1874 the flight of this variety centered in Benzie County, Michigan, for the breeding season, occupying a district about twenty miles long and five miles wide. At least such was the area of devastation caused by its immediate presence. There every branch and twig held a nest, and in every crotch sufficient to stay a few straws or sticks was a parent and egg or young. All verdure disappeared with the coming; and viewed from a distance, instead of a forest there was a dark moving mass, sometimes rising like smoke and again settling like a pall.

Previous to the nest building the air was continually alive with the flyers in the wild frolic of the mating season. As the building

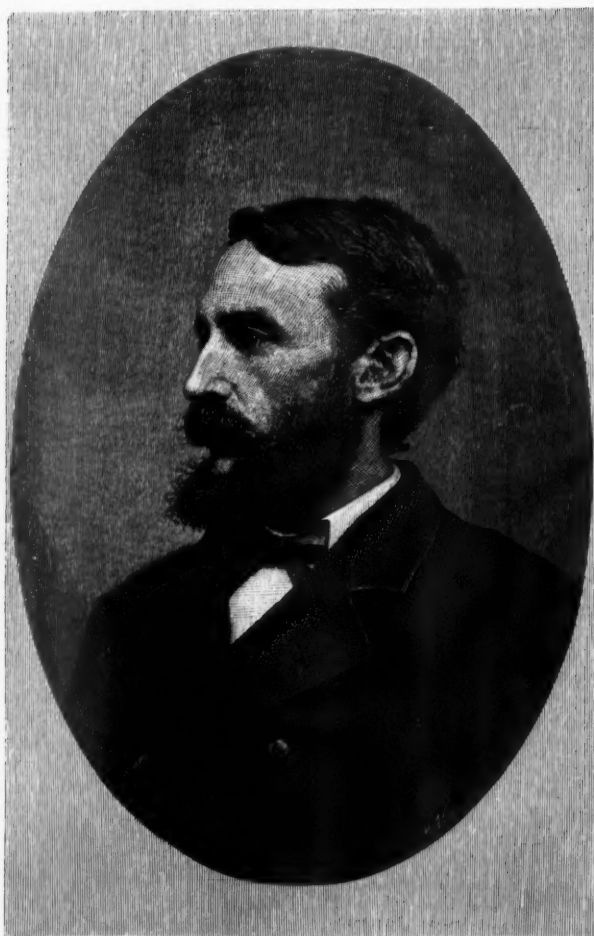
began order was established to a degree, but it was not until the eggs were laid that a regular system prevailed. Then the males would take wing together at sunrise, rising from their roosts in a column, then spreading like a cloud through the air. Then an instant's delay and all were flying easily and steadily in the direction of the chosen feeding-grounds. Thousands of hens and eggs were ensconced in the branches, but not a bird rose above them, and all was still. A few hours later and the advance returned: then another flight and another, until finally the main body appeared, hovered over the forest for an instant, then each bird dropped to the perch beside the nest and mate. In the dense thickets of nests and birds each seemed to know its own. In a moment the whirl and rush of wings told that the hens had left the nest. There was the same column and cloud with which the males departed, and the same course was taken—no confusion, no delay, no apparent hesitation. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon these returned and the males again took wing, to be absent until near sundown.

But all that went out did not return. The roost in its season and the breeding-place is the choice of the birds and beyond human control; but the feeding-ground is where food is to be found, and in the selection of this man takes part. If birds are in the vicinity of a brook or spring, the waters of this are salted and the ground about is strewn with grain and salt. This the stragglers quickly find, and for a few days they are allowed to come and go at will, and as the food is eaten more is served. At each feeding-time the guests arrive in greater numbers, until finally the vast armies of male and female accept the spot as feeding-ground, and no amount of slaughter, driving, or fighting can keep them from it. Then the killing begins. Thousands and thousands fall victims, but the numbers in the flight are so great that the loss is not noticed. Later, when the market is glutted, man is wearied, beast has eaten to satiety, and the ground is hidden in the mass of debris and ungathered dead, the cloud that rises and settles above the roost seems just as dense and the area upon which it rested just as great, but the whirl of the wings has a softer sound. The mass is mainly of the young birds.

This mighty host came north early in the spring, while yet in New York and Michigan, where it settled, there was snow upon the ground. Nothing of seed, grain, or berry kind comes amiss with the passenger as food, and yet what was there in these States at this season in sufficient quantity to serve them? The question is one of exceeding interest.

*E. S. Starr.*

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.



**F**OR a poet is something light and with wings." No one ever said the difficult thing better than Plato, after all. "And cannot," proceeds the same authoritative voice,—“and cannot compose verses unless he be inspired.”

In our own immediate times verse-writing has become something more of the nature of a disease than of an honor. A species of rhymophobia pervades the cultivated world. Like the bite of the bitten victim, fashionable forms of construction extend. There is contagion in them. The strain for effect has become virulent. We feel, perforce, a sympathy with the half-playful but wholly earnest revolt of Dr.

Holmes against the epidemic character of our debilitated verse.

That overbalanced struggle for perfection of manner which stifles the spirit; the renaissance of obsolete forms which vitiates the modernness of sympathy so necessary to healthful work; the endless tricking and decking of little thoughts; the apparent unconsciousness of whether one's thought be large or little, or whether it be worth thinking at all, or if worth thinking, whether worth thinking in poetry—these qualities characterize so much of the verse of our day that one may be pardoned for becoming more aware of them than of some other and better traits which undoubtedly accompany them. It may be said that

there is a certain loss of the sense of proportion in our poetic power. By this I mean that higher proportion which is to proportion of form as the soul is to the human body. We do not build loftily. We do not live to last. We do not always know why we build at all. The result is a lack of architecture. But we have plenty of verse-carpentering; done as neatly as the service of Adam Bede, who thought the world was to be saved by conscientious day's labor. But the paper cap of the workman looks over the whole job.

There is a fatal gap in human energy which Emerson described as "the step between knowing and doing." This gap is nowhere deeper or steeper than in the step between rhyming and singing. But once taken, the step is as much of a fact as a bridge. Inspiration may falter, blunder, weaken. It can never be undone.

The first thing which one finds it natural to say about the writer whose beautiful work looks at us like half-blossomed flowers from his new-made grave is, that he did beyond all critical question take this step. Plato's great and simple definition includes him. He was outside of the ceramics of the poetic art. He did not give us bric-à-brac. We do not look for him in the department of household art decoration. He expressed himself, so far as he was expressed at all, by pure inspiration. One must not mistake the slight assumption of his work, its modesty, its reticence, its way—so like the author's own—of keeping in the background till sought, for the features of what we are most apt to mean by minor poetry. By pure quality, he was outside of this dead line.

In saying this we do not forget the incompleteness of his achievement in point of some respects which go to fix a man's place or his phase in the poetry of his times. His self-distrust may be called almost pitiful, in view of his creative quality. One might fancy that Death had his eye on that shrinking, exquisite nature which had but just rooted itself in our garden of poetry, and had suffered it to unfold only so far as to taunt us with a singular sense of our loss and the Destroyer's power. There is more pathos in his life and more irony than most lives and deaths could provide material for if they tried. And this true poet and true man never "tried." His life was as simple and as honest as that of a tree. He could not attitude. He never posed. His literary "effect" was the last thing he ever thought of. He cared more about being a genuine man than a recognized poet.

Nevertheless the truth remains that he had come at the hour of his untimely death to an enviable recognition, and that it was the recognition of a faith in his promise surpassing that in his performance. When he left us we

knew that we had a new poet. But we knew that we did not know how much we had in having him. His beautiful work was a prophecy. His best was yet to be. It was said by one of the greatest of critics of one of the greatest of poets that he "kept stern faith . . . with his fame." To keep faith with the promise of one's fame is a thing perhaps as much to be remembered; and this Sill has "sternly" done.

Edward Rowland Sill was a New England boy, with the suggestive antecedents which compose the best New England stock. His ancestry was English and Welsh—an affiliation which is apt to produce peculiarly interesting American character. The noticeable fact in the genealogy of the poet is its union of the scientific and the religious. His mother's father and grandfather were the pastors of the Congregational church in the little Connecticut village where the boy was born; the united ministry of these two covered a period of thirty-eight years. The child's grandfather went by the picturesque name of "Priest Rowland"; he was a man of great personal dignity both in appearance and character—a Puritan such as the Connecticut Valley loves. The father and grandfather of Sill were physicians and surgeons; and thus the fine combination of forces and the fierce conflict of elements begin. Impressive character and troubled faith follow such a heredity as naturally as commerce follows water, or the mists the meadows. Here again we find the well-established hereditary law, that the mother gives the guiding principle of being. It was immediately to his mother that the boy owed his poetic temperament. We are told that she was "an intellectual, quiet woman, fond of the few good books of the day, wrote verses, and had a tendency to melancholy." Whether because he was born his mother's son, or whether because he was born "light and with wings," need not be decided on the spot; but the "tendency to melancholy," as well as the tendency to "writing verses," came down to the sensitive little boy taking his first taste of life in sober Windsor. Sadness remained easy all his life. Yet he was a merry lad; he brimmed with mischief, and, like the saddest natures, continued to effervesce as the gladdest do, all his days. Such a temperament is like a marble gladiator hiding behind the spray of a fountain.

There seems to have been in his early history enough of those sources of melancholy by which domestic affliction feeds the temperament of sensitive children. We hear of the death of a brother by drowning; "an event which left Edward the only and idolized child." It is more than enough to add, that at twelve he lost his mother. His father soon followed her.



The orphan boy found his home with relatives to whom he seems to have been truly dear. He always attached people easily to himself. He was as lovable as Shelley. To those who knew him well enough to understand it, I might say that he was as lovable as Ariel. His preparatory education was obtained at Phillips Exeter Academy. His college was Yale. He graduated in 1861—the poet of his class, remembered by all Yale men of his time as the author of what it is safe to call one of the most remarkable class poems of collegiate history. It was the work of a man; it was the song of a poet. That poem was the one sure, young stroke, giving the ring which makes men watch each other's careers. Something was always expected of Sill after that. Yet he achieved late. His life went like the lives of other American teachers, in the daily struggle. Song was rare.

In college began the conflict which his heredity was sure to agitate as it was to give him his sad and strong blue eye. The religious and the scientific brain-cells challenged each other. The boy abandoned the faith of his fathers, and after some experience in teaching went to Harvard Divinity School to become the liberal preacher. This purpose, however, he put behind him quickly. "I can't ever preach," he writes to a friend; "that has slowly settled itself in spite of my reluctant hanging on to the doubt. I can't solve the problem: only the great school-master Death will ever take me through these higher mathematics of the religious principia. . . . I never can preach. I shall teach school, I suppose." The profession thus chosen he dignified and idealized to the end.

He was happily married in February, 1867, to his cousin Elizabeth N. Sill, and immediately thereafter moved to Brooklyn, New York, where he taught in a boys' school and did something as literary critic on the New York "Evening Mail." The high school and other experimental stages followed, ending in his acceptance of a call to the University of California as professor of English literature. This position he filled with honor and success for eight years. As a teacher, if not always "popular," he was passionately beloved. His scholars cherish his memory with the reverence which we give to the decisive spirit of our lives. He had genius for imparting wisdom as well as knowledge. He took the lives of his pupils to his heart. He controlled, he rebuked, he inspired, as one having authority that does not end in the class-room. His work was cheerful, healthful, vigorous. No one who loved him could mope or abandon the battle. As a teacher he illustrated Emerson's definition of a friend—"One who makes

us do what we can." His California life was brought to an end by his breaking health.

In Cleveland, Ohio, in February, 1887, on the 27th of the month, suddenly and unexpectedly, he died.

Mr. Sill's better work was done within the last few years of his life; as has been said, it was but the prologue to his best. His prose contributions to the magazines, especially to "The Atlantic Monthly," *THE CENTURY*, and to the "Contributor's Club" of the former periodical, were of a remarkably fine texture. He thought alertly, with a certain French graciousness and gracefulness of mind. His wide reading fortified his native power without encumbering it. The gift was too genuine for the pedagogic error. His English was that of the professor, pure and simple. But it was the poet's, varied, rich, delightful. It was the style of a poet trained in a class-room.

In the lost art of private correspondence he was an expert. In an experience not devoid of valuable correspondence with suggestive minds it has never been my personal lot to read such letters as Professor Sill's; they were crammed to the brim with vitality and vivacity. Thought enough went into them to have made the basis of those unwritten volumes which he was wont satirically to call "works." Style enough was hidden—I was going to say wasted—in them to have made the literary reputation of half a dozen authors of the economic kind; and heart enough—but his heart "was always with him." His intellect was passionate, sensitive; it throbbed. The beautiful memorial tribute published by his friends in California contains such material selected from Mr. Sill's correspondence as one does not remember to have seen since the letters of Frederick Robertson. It is a literary loss that so many of his letters are destroyed, or are of too personal a nature for present memorial publication. He had that leisure of the soul which is independent of all other leasures, temperamental, dominant and graceful; it is this which creates letters, it is this which moves a man to give to his friends as good as he gives to his publisher, or better. For this reason much of Sill's best prose we shall never have. The little that is ours carries us on like the best correspondence of the best French manner. They are quotable letters; in the detective phrase, they "shadow" us.

"It was music only to look at it," he says of the great organ in Boston.

A comet is "the spirit of a world hovering about and waiting to be incarnated."

I almost feel like deploring all fame when I see the fools that worship it. I always understood why Emerson made his poems rough—and I sympathize more than ever.

I am very sorry to hear of Mr. Lanier's death. His

book on English verse is the only thing extant on that subject that is of any earthly value. I wonder that so few seem to have discovered its great merit.

As to snow landscapes, — says it always looks like a Christmas card. Slaty blue woods, slaty blue sky, white blue snow (and if you go softly into the woods, a slaty gray rabbit or two, with a slaty blue shadow on the snow).

Let a man write about himself. It's the only fellow he knows anything about.

My great comfort is that man can't take his learning or his culture out of this life with him — Death pushes back everything from the gate except the naked soul. Hence it does n't much matter that one can't study, and know this or that.

I am supposed to be entered on a mad career of literary work. Have so far only written some very mild verse — suitable for nursery use in some amiable but weak-minded family. But then I've been skating twice!

There's nothing here anyway except weather. Some it is fluid, and some it is frozen, and eke sometimes the mixture yeclst slush — but always weather. We sit down at breakfast and discuss the prospects of the day as to — weather. We report to each other the observations each has made casually during the night as to — weather. Some one tells how the barometer stands. . . . Some one else reports the direction of the wind — this is disputed by some one else. . . . At dinner there is a whole forenoon's weather to discourse upon and various prophetic intimations concerning the afternoon weather. At tea the day's weather furnishes the piece of resistance, with entrées of conjecture as to the morrow's prospect. You do not buy anything at the stores till you have compared views on this subject. Then you buy, and before you can get your change (cents you know, carefully counted) you must disclose your innermost and private views concerning not only to-day's weather, but yesterday's and that of the season in general. You also give your views briefly before you get to the door on the weather of Ohio compared to that of the Pacific slope. Then you hastily make a pacific slope out of the door.

The charm of his poetry is much more familiar to the public than that of his prose; and of the two charms it is the more his own and will be the more enduring. The most widely appreciated of his poems, "The Fool's Prayer," is too well known to need quotation in this magazine.

The fine stroke in "Opportunity" seems to me equally strong:

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:  
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;  
And underneath the cloud or in it raged  
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords  
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner  
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.  
A craven hung along the battle's edge  
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —  
That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this  
Blunt thing!" — he snapt and flung it from his hand,  
And lowering crept away and left the field.  
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,  
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword  
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,  
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout  
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down  
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

To many of us one of his nearest poems is that plea for immortality which he called "The Invisible." It is too long for transcription here. A fragment stamps the porcelain:

If there is naught but what we see,  
The friend I loved is lost to me. . . .

Because he never comes and stands  
And stretches out to me both hands,  
Because he never leans before  
The gate when I set wide the door  
At morning, nor is ever found  
Just at my side when I turn round. . . .

For all this shall I homage pay  
To Death, grow cold of heart, and say:  
"He perished and has ceased to be;  
Another comes, but never he?"  
Nay, by our wondrous being, nay!  
Although his face I never see  
Through all the infinite To Be,  
I know he lives and cares for me.

In another mood we have "Her Explanation":

. . . I am a lost illusion. Some strange spell  
Once made your friend there, with his fine disdain  
Of fact, conceive me perfect. He would fain  
(But could not) see me always as befell  
His dream to see me, plucking asphodel  
In saffron robes on some celestial plain.  
All that I was he marred and flung away  
In quest of what I was not, could not be —  
Lilith, or Helen, or Antigone. . . .

A woman best understands this poem. But it needs a poet to appreciate the workmanship of the last line.

The poem written for the Commencement at Smith College in 1883, and which added perceptibly to Mr. Sill's poetic reputation at the time, shows a quotation vitality which would have gained upon him, and which many of his poems have not:

Life is a game the soul can play  
With fewer pieces than men say.

Were women wise, and men all true —  
And one thing more that may not be,  
Old earth were fair enough for me.

Not out of any cloud or sky  
Will thy good come to prayer or cry.  
Let the great forces wise of old  
Have their whole way with thee.

. . . the better day  
Gone not in dreams, nor even the subtle desire  
Not to desire;  
But work is the sober law.

But one drops the white "booklet" in which these delicate poems are now first collected for the public, with a conviction that reviewers and reviewing cannot do much better by Sill than they can by an oriole. He sings evasively, willfully; he sits upon the lightest, if not upon the farthest, twig, and mocks us. Most of his poems are complete strains; they cannot be interrupted; they do him no justice if caught in notes. He needs to be read and loved — or loved and read. Pascal said of "divine things" that they "must be loved to be known;" whereas other things are known to be loved. Sill is an individuality so delicate that one needs love it to understand its secret

strength; it is pliable, fine, finished; when you think that you have brushed a beautiful cobweb you find yourself held by a golden wire.

I began this paper, which assumes to be no more than the tribute of a friend to one whose "singing is all done," by saying that Sill stands among our poets upon the claim of pure inspiration. I am confident that a study of his delicate, fragmentary work will bring the reader at the end to the same conviction. He is a truly spontaneous being; he has no "made voice"; he sings because he cannot help it; as the birds do, as the waves do, like the winds; he is of his time, of his country, and of himself. The professional reviewer of that future into which the astral personality of this half-embodied poet may project itself will give us some day a study in comparison between Sill and that other, greater, but not dissimilar poet to whom in heart his friends have thought to liken him. Had he lived to do his best Sill might have been called the American Shelley. Temperamentally there is a kinship between the two. "Shelley," says Dowden, "was the most sensitive of human beings."—"One would at once pronounce of him that he was different from other men."—"There was an earnestness in his manner, and such perfect gentleness of breeding and freedom from everything artificial, as charmed every one."

Something in the countenance of Sill used to give us at moments the fancy of this likeness; they were the elfin moments, the elusive, evasive, perverse; when the eye lifted and lightened and the whole man withdrew from all men, and was apart from us, conforming but rebelling.

If Shelley had been born in Windsor, Connecticut, and taught school for a living, what should we have had? A kinship perhaps less difficult to defend between the English genius and the American professor.

And after all this brings us to say, it is not so sad a matter for even a poet to conform, even at the cost of being born in the Connecticut Valley, and of working out the daily task that chokes the singing sometimes. The heart of his friends holds Sill's memory precious, because he was simply so good, so true, so dear a man. He was all these things in measure beyond the common measure; this we know, who ever knew him. He was so brave, he was so patient, he forgot himself so easily, he remembered everybody else so instinctively, he had such supreme unselfishness, he had such sweetness of soul, that he stands among the few in our calendar of private saints. He called himself no saint. He groped for his religious faith and knew not that his blind hands grasped an ideal of Duty which might add consecration to the life of any believer of us

all. This fact was more Christ-like than too many of our ideals which dare take the Christian name upon them. I used to think that his awful struggle after Truth had brought him near to the altar of his unknown God, and that it was well to live as nobly as he did before one criticised him for the nominal loss of a faith whose second great commandment he did habitually and happily obey, and whose essential principle he touchingly and unconsciously represented.

He was a true poet; our literature is poorer for his untimely loss. But he was a true man; our lives are sadder for lack of his. Many who knew him mourn for him as for the dearest comforter they ever had. Friends in sorrow, young people in perplexity, shy people, poor people, the over-sensitive, neglected, lonely, misunderstood, he ministered to as only souls like his know how. It was a precious ointment that he poured from a costly box.

Dante, when asked at Santa Croce what he sought, said only: "Peace."

There was a look in Sill's sad eye which no one who ever saw it can ever forget. What he went seeking, as Nature forces search when she "makes a poet out of a man"—that, life never could have given him. Death is richer. Death is generous.

'T is not in seeking,  
'T is not in endless striving,  
Thy quest is found:  
Be still and listen;  
Be still and drink the quiet  
Of all around.

Not for the crying,  
Not for the loud beseeching,  
Will peace draw near:  
Rest with palms folded;  
Rest with thine eyelids fallen—  
Lo! peace is here.

Of his poems on death, which were strong and many, one other was indefinitely like him, and has been dear to many to whom he was dear:

What if some morning when the stars were paling  
And the dawn whitened, and the East was clear,  
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence  
Of a benighted Spirit standing near:

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,  
This is our Earth—most friendly Earth and fair;  
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow  
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air:

There is blest living here, loving and serving  
And quest of truth and serene friendships dear;  
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—  
His name is Death; flee, lest he find thee here!

And what if then, while the still morning brightened  
And freshened in the elm the Summer's breath,  
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel  
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death."

*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

## THE UNIVERSITY AND THE BIBLE.



HE last word upon the relation of religion to education has not yet been spoken, and it is doubtful if it is soon heard. It is one of those questions which shows a tendency to recur after having been ap-

parently settled. A few years ago the most thoughtful educators acquiesced in the opinion that religion could not be taught in the public schools and colleges, and compromised upon a teaching of ethics. The State universities omitted religious services altogether; some of the older colleges retained the services, but reduced them to one each Sunday and made attendance voluntary. The tendency has been towards an exclusion or reduction of religious services and instruction as a factor of education, with an attempt to compensate for the loss by encouragement of religious guilds, prayer-meetings, and other voluntary services and forms of religious work among the students themselves. That is, the tendency has been to lessen the institutional teaching of religion and to substitute for it voluntary and undirected self-teaching. The cause of this tendency is not to be found in the preference of thoughtful educators, but in the practical difficulty of dealing with students of all beliefs and no beliefs, reinforced by a pervasive cry that religion has nothing to do with education. There is evidently a reaction from this tendency, and a disposition to reconsider the whole question. There are but few who are ready to dispense with religious services in the colleges, but the question with them is: Is the service to be regarded simply as a ritual of worship, or as a part of the education of the student? If it is the former, attendance should be voluntary; if the latter, it may be made compulsory. It is the unsettled state of this question that breeds the hesitation and confusion in which the subject is now involved. The substitution of the voluntary, self-directed efforts of the students in prayer-meetings and guilds of various sorts is so suggestive of the blind leading the blind as to exclude it as a factor in the problem. It may be well to foster such forms of Christian activity, but to make students teachers of religion to their fellow-students is to violate student nature if not human nature. It is a matter that needs to be most carefully watched and tested by its results—the good accomplished weighed and

compared with the danger attending the religious sentiments set to tasks for which they are not yet ripe. No amount of such work, valuable as it may be in some respects, can be a substitute for religious education, and the question remains in full force whether or not the college should attempt in any way to teach religion.

The system of voluntary attendance, as at Harvard and Cornell, is logically a negative answer, or at best makes it an elective study; but it asserts the wisdom of associating worship, or the ritual of religion, with education. It teaches religion for those who care to come, but the service is essentially a service of worship. It may be said, in passing, that in both universities the system is productive of good personal results, but it cannot be said for it that it is a serious and logical effort to teach religion. It is a worthy effort to teach such students as come under its influence to be religious, but this is quite different from teaching religion. The system of compulsory attendance, as at Yale and many other colleges, combines the idea of worship and the teaching of religion. The compulsory feature is based, not on the fact that students must worship, but that they must be taught religion. The conception is traditional and is involved in the nature of the colleges as Christian institutions. Practically it still works well, and by reason of pleasant chapels, cushioned seats, good music, short sermons, and a single service meets but little opposition from the students; their free vote would probably show a large majority in favor of compulsory attendance. The college student is a much more tractable being than he was a generation since. Then he led a life of chronic opposition to his instructors; to-day it is a life of manly and sympathetic coöperation, the great gulf of dignity having been bridged by common sense and the modern spirit. It may be questioned, however, if teaching religion by compulsory attendance is much more than formal—a sign merely that religion is respected and believed in. As a service of worship for arousing and feeding the spiritual nature, and for many other ends, it has great value; but it does little towards teaching the students the nature of that great fact which is called the Christian religion, for the simple reason that it is a service of worship, and cannot, from its nature, be an occasion of scientific instruction.

My point is this: the religious services in our



universities and colleges, whether attendance is voluntary or compulsory, should be regarded primarily and chiefly as for worship and spiritual ministrations, and should not be regarded as a means of educating the students in the nature of the Christian religion; with the inference that if there is to be such education it should be dissociated from worship, and conducted in the same thorough and scientific way as the study of Greek or history. That is, if religion is to be taught in the university, it should be taught in the class-room and for the single end of education.

The bare proposal to do this is sufficient to call out the protest of every sect not identified with the institution and a louder protest from those of no sect — all laboring under the delusion that the teaching of religion implies a purpose to make the students religious and to convert them to the special beliefs of the instructor. The protest, in one sense, does credit to those who make it, because it shows in what a personal way religion is regarded; but it overlooks the question whether one can properly be considered an educated man who does not possess a thorough and scientific knowledge of the great fact known as the Christian religion.

Education may be defined as a training of the mind by study of the laws of nature and of the chief forces, facts, and processes of human society. The university does not aim primarily to secure convictions on these subjects, but to impart accurate knowledge of them, leaving the student to form his own opinions. The very function of education is to teach a man to think for himself upon the basis of full knowledge, and it is the opposite of its function to seek to impart opinions and convictions as such. The teacher of political economy who strives to force his preference for free-trade or protection upon his pupils forsakes scientific ground. Facts, principles, results, not a crusade nor stump-speeches, form the elements of university education. So it will teach evolution, but it will not aim to turn out evolutionists. There is, of course, a personal element in education, and the personal convictions of teachers are not only not to be disguised but to be made clear; still, the method of impression should be sought through the facts and principles of the subject.

The time seems to have come, or is drawing nigh, when the Christian religion can be taught in this way; that is, as a fact and by the scientific method. It is an achievement of the last half of the nineteenth century that all subjects can be studied dispassionately and simply as objects of study; it is the triumph of the inductive method. The modern spirit in education no longer aims to

produce Protestants or Roman Catholics or sectarians of any name, or followers of any school of politics; its emphasis is transferred from this final field of conviction to the previous field of fact. Facts — their nature and relation — form the basis of modern education. Thus any great fact or force becomes a legitimate object of study, under the principle that right belief can only come from full knowledge.

As the great facts and forces of human society are those which an educated man must understand, it becomes a question whether he can claim to be such unless he has a thorough scientific knowledge of the Christian religion. A mere sense of proportion would suggest that of the three forces which have entered into civilization — the Hebraic, the Greek, the Roman — he should understand the first as thoroughly as the other two; or that he should have as thorough a knowledge of the Christian as of the heathen classics; or that he should get as clear an insight into the nature of the force which Christianity lodged in the Roman Empire, and by which it took possession of it, as he gets of the nature of the Empire itself. It is clear that education at present has no true proportion; there is no proper coördination of its studies, and as the result we get a set of one-sided, partial thinkers.

But proportion and fitness aside, we claim that an American scholar is not properly equipped for his high place and work in society who does not thoroughly understand the religion of his country. An able educator, who is also an accomplished statesman, recently asserted this, without question, to the writer, adding that such a person was not entitled to a degree, and inferring that attendance upon church should be compulsory. The inference may not be the wisest alternative, but it emphasizes the earnestness of the opinion from which it was drawn; it recognizes the fact that the religion of a nation is one of its strongest forces and cannot be left out of account in any sort of dealing with the people. No man can understand the people, or get on well with them, or influence them in a practical way, without understanding their thought in religion. There will be a wide space between him and them not to be bridged by mere observation of their habits, or by silence or formal patronage. He must know their religion as well as they do in order to understand them and come into that intellectual and practical *rapprochement* which is essential to successful dealing with them. Many a public man stumbles at this very point, not being able to measure the largest and most influential factor in the lives and thought of the people with whom he has to do. It is

easy to see the bearing of this point by transferring our thought to another nation. If a worldly-wise infidel were doing business with Mohammedans in Damascus or Bagdad he would, as a first requisite, master the Koran and engage a kneeling-rug in a mosque. There is a great deal of what is thought to be shrewd patronage of religion by public men in our country which misses its end because it is supported by so little knowledge: they rent a pew, but they cannot outwit the deacon; they flatter the preacher, but fail to capture him if they miss the point of the sermon. But the question goes deeper. Every nation, whatever its character, is imbedded in its religion. Religion colors life, impregnates opinions, shapes thought and action; it is a spirit that possesses the people consciously or unconsciously. The educated man, the man who deals with a community in a thorough way and who undertakes to handle large masses of men, must know the people in these sources of their feeling and action. He may not share in their beliefs, but he must understand them; and he cannot understand them except by a study of them and their sources. I think it is impossible to name a great American statesman who was without a thorough knowledge of the Bible; it is possible to name a large number of third and fourth rate politicians as ignorant of it as the student at Harvard who recently called upon the librarian for *The Acts*, with no suspicion that it formed a part of the Bible—ignorance matched by the senior at Yale who had no knowledge of the historical person known as Pontius Pilate. Evidently the Harvard man did not attend the voluntary service and the Yale man did not listen to the sermons of the compulsory service. These cases are not so amusing—they are not so uncommon as may be supposed—as they are suggestive of the possible slips these university graduates may make in the future. The courtroom, the Board of Education, the halls of Congress, the drawing-room, will show them little mercy, and the sneer will include Alma Mater. It is simply a fact that no small number of men graduate yearly from our colleges who have less knowledge of the Bible than have the children of a mission Sunday-school.

A public man in a Christian nation who does not thoroughly understand the Bible is exactly analogous to the lawyer who is not well versed in the common law; he may know the statutes, the rules of evidence, the precedents, but, not knowing the origin and soul of the whole matter, he knows nothing.

The value of the Bible as a text-book of history, of political science, of ethics, of literature, of comparative religion, has so often been discussed that we pass it by, simply reaffirm-

ing our point that a man who aspires to influence over the people and fails to educate himself in the Bible misses an essential element of power in dealing with them. It is a truism that the secret of educated influence is superior knowledge of the subjects that engage and mold the popular mind.

While it is not a part of the duty of the university to shape its curriculum with a view to secure specific religious beliefs, it may be expected of it to avoid, so far as possible, the result of infidelity in its graduates. If the latter is the alternative of the present system, it would justify a thorough reconstruction of it, for no one will deny that our universities aim to reinforce the fact that this is and should be kept a Christian nation. *Christo et Ecclesie* is the jealously guarded legend upon the seal of the oldest university, and in the broad spirit in which it is cherished there is it read by all. But in the present confusion of the subject and in the condition into which it is fast drifting,—religious services, voluntary here and compulsory there, and everywhere reduced to a minimum, scanty both as worship and as teaching, pieced out by the voluntary meetings of the few more serious minded, with occasional exhortations from a bishop or a metropolitan divine, or a first-class revivalist, and with no thorough and scientific teaching of the facts and literature of the Christian religion,—the question is whether the university is not unwittingly playing into the hands of infidelity by educating its students away from the religious conceptions in which they were reared and at the same time failing to supply them with better conceptions.

The great universities like Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell draw their students from all parts of the country. Many of them come from regions where crude, antiquated, superstitious, and bigoted views of religion prevail; some of them have been reared in and may be members of such churches. Indeed, one need not go outside of the great metropolis to hear from the pulpits of leading churches the emphatic assertion that the veracity of Jesus Christ, and consequently the whole system of Christianity, depend upon the belief that Jonah was swallowed by a great fish—the logic being that if this event did not take place Jesus was either ignorant or a liar. When a student who has been brought up under such instruction as this comes to college he outgrows it by the simple force of education; but not being taught the true significance of the Book of Jonah, he becomes an infidel so far as that part of the Bible is concerned.

The popular teaching of the doctrines is hardly less crude, and it is certainly widely

divergent and antagonistic. Whole sects depend for existence on a single text of Scripture, or some metaphysical notion, or some theory of interpretation, or some particular conception of heaven and hell, or on some mode of administering a sacrament; and none of them can be said to be, as a whole, broad and intelligent and catholic in the sense in which these words are used in the university. The preacher in the college pulpit may belong to the same denomination as that from which some of his pupils have come; but while he looks at the Bible in a very different way from the home-pastor, he is careful not to antagonize and uproot his teaching. This may be wise, for the simple reason that he cannot, with his limited opportunities, supplant it by a better teaching: he wisely reasons that any faith is better than none; but not the less is the student, by the very force of his education, thrown out of his former beliefs, or driven to carry them along with a sort of forced faith as too sacred to be wholly given up, but too weak and unreal to endure thought and discussion. Hence the fact that the most reticent class upon religion in American society are its educated men: not because, as Mendelssohn said, "religion and thorough bass are subjects too sacred for discussion," but because they do not know what to say; they have been educated away from the crude interpretations of the Bible which they everywhere meet, but have not been educated into an intelligent perception of it. The sympathies of these men are for the most part with religion; they see its ethical and social value; while in college they perceived that men of great learning, talent, and mental integrity held firmly to the Christian religion. Students hear from such men teaching in the class-room upon science, ethics, history, and philosophy, which, by inference, is in conflict with the popular exegesis and theology, but the reconciliation or explanation they do not hear. There is an unconscious feeling among them that the faith of the instructors is held in an esoteric way. Many of the students under such teachers as Dr. Woolsey and Dr. Hopkins confessed to their moral power over them, but would have been doubly strengthened if they could have heard some fuller explanation of the reasons for the faith that was in these men. The college student of to-day suspects, and he is not wrong in his suspicion, that his instructors hold opinions in regard to Genesis, the composition of the Pentateuch, and inspiration of which they do not speak. They are quite right in their reticence; no sensible man raises a doubt or question in the minds of young men unless he can explain or answer it. But a hint, an occasional sermon, a bare assertion, is insufficient to treat these grave themes;

they can be properly treated only in the class-room and as a subject of scientific study.

The situation is this: the student comes to college with a conception of the Bible such as no longer is held in the university—a crude, unscientific, antiquated belief which he has been taught to identify with the Christian religion. He undergoes education; his faculties are strengthened, his perceptions are broadened; he is taught to analyze, and compare, and question, and to think for himself; he becomes acutely perceptive of what is in the intellectual and religious air; he is, above everything else, taught to be rational. This very process leads him to relax his hold upon what he had been taught to consider fundamental, with the inevitable tendency to give up the whole Bible. His religious training says one thing, his education says another; caught between these two seas, he is liable to make shipwreck of his faith or to stick fast in the shallows of indifference. Some of the weaker sort return to their communities and relapse into an undiscerning assent to the exegetical crudities of their youth, or perhaps lead in the cry against modern thought and German rationalism. More live on, silent, puzzled, conforming outwardly, assenting to the ethical value of almost any church and creed, but sentimentally leaving "theology to the parsons." A college education does two good things: it teaches a man to speak, and it also teaches him to be silent. If the trained men in the pews of many churches were to speak their minds, the pastors and elders would often be greatly amazed. Some run the full logical length of the conditions of their education and announce themselves as confirmed agnostics. They unlearned in college what they had learned at home; they felt the presence of opinions on sacred themes which were not expressed, and so rashly jumped to the conclusion of unbelief.

The pity of all this is that the university is full of teachers who could withstand these tendencies and conserve the faith in their pupils: Hebraists, devout men of science, Christian philosophers, exegetes who are capable not only of translating but of reading a written document—a rare, perhaps the rarest of gifts, that of interpretation. These men would gladly undertake this work, but are withheld from it by public opinion on the ground that it is not their business to teach religion. Nor is it; but we may well ask if it should not be made their business to avoid sending out their pupils with a bias towards infidelity or agnosticism. The fault is not with the university, but with the people. Is it too much to expect that public opinion can be led to make a distinction between teaching religion

as a matter of conscience, with the view to securing specific beliefs, and teaching the Bible in a purely scientific way, with the view to finding out what it means and what it does not mean? In itself considered, there is no just reason why the Koran should not be made a subject of scientific study in college if it could be made subservient to the student in his future calling. It is entirely possible in teaching the Bible to set the matter of personal religion and specific belief aside, desirable as they are, and to place it upon the same ground as an analytic study of the Prometheus. The Bible can be taught as dispassionately, as critically, and in the same cold, dry, scientific light, as Homer or the Ptolemaic system. If it be said that this is not the best way to teach the Bible, that it should be taught warmly and sympathetically and urgently, we assent; but as it cannot be so taught in the class-room, let it be taught in the next best way, which is the scientific way—that is, by a process of investigation to ascertain its meaning. Such study may not lead to moral belief, but it will not impede it; it may not yield personal faith, but it will tend to ward off infidelity; and it will certainly send out men who know what the Bible teaches and what it does not teach. There is something of such study in Yale University, chiefly as an elective; and philosophy and ethics are so taught as to reinforce Christian belief, with the result of a less degree of skepticism in the senior than in the junior year—which prompts the question whether if there were more of such teaching skepticism could not be reduced to very low terms. But the college student does not become skeptical on philosophical grounds so much as through difficulties found in the Bible; Genesis, and not the Philosophy of the Unconscious, saps his faith. Hence his first need is of a scientific explanation of the sacred books.

There is now no public sentiment that needs to be regarded which complains of the scientific study of any subject. If in some regions and from some sources there should be complaint at treating sacred themes in a scientific way, it is a complaint that the university must be ready to meet and to endure. It will lessen as the conception, now rapidly growing, gains ground, that all education is conducted in the scientific or inductive method. The teacher who now wages a warfare in his classroom in behalf of free-trade, or protection, or evolution, is behind his age. The true teacher is one who gives the facts, the principles, and the laws of his subject. If it be said that such a theory of education reduces it to a cold and colorless thing, it may be replied that the true teacher puts the warmth and color into the facts and laws. He may hide

as much conviction as he sees fit within such teaching, but he must not contradict the very law of education—namely, teaching the student to think and giving him matter for thought.

This method can be carried into a study of the Bible. Objection might come from three sources—strict sectarians, who regard the Bible as a fetish too sacred to be touched except in their own way; atheists and infidels, who nourish a contempt for the Bible as an antiquated piece of rubbish; and the devotees of culture, who vary the monotony of their agnosticism by temporary zeal for Classicism, Buddhism, and, of late, Mohammedanism. To the first it may be said, We do not propose to undermine your sect, but to send your students back to you with a better knowledge of the Book that you revere. To the second it may be said, This is still a Christian nation, and the Christian religion is a real factor and power in the life of the people. We do not require your students to become believers, but we do require of them to become familiar with a fact and a force which they will meet at every turn in their future careers. To the third it may be said, It is not improbable that, in your varying enthusiasms, you will soon come to take an interest in the Babylonian myths, or in the psychic element in the Hebrew prophet, or in a comparative study of Oriental and Western symbolism, in which case a thorough knowledge of the Book most intimately related to these subjects would not be amiss.

In order not to leave the subject in a vague condition, I will indicate, or rather hint, the direction such scientific study of the Bible might take.

Genesis: the nature, sources, and composition of the book.

The Pentateuch: its authorship and composition.

The Hebrew commonwealth: its nature and growth.

An outline of Jewish history.

The nature and meaning of such books as the Song of Solomon and Jonah.

The theism in the Psalms.

The argument in the Book of Job, and its literary features.

The Proverbs, and their relation to Oriental thought.

The Captivity, and its effect upon the nation.

An analysis of the Prophecy of Isaiah, and its literary features.

An outline of the life of Jesus Christ.

The sources of the Christian Church as found in The Acts.

Christian institutions: their origin.

The forces in Christianity which led to its reception and continuance.

*T. T. Munger.*



## WOMEN WHO GO TO COLLEGE.



IT could be truthfully said thirty years ago that there was no system in woman's education, and one need not go far backward in the history of the subject to reach the time when, so far as any advanced instruction whatever is concerned, woman was almost completely overlooked. In the Middle Ages, when education was an accomplishment of the very few, and was considered a necessity for no one except the professional clerics, and not always for them, women had a chance to get the small measure of learning that was within the reach of common men. As the world in general grew wiser, women were left behind and were obliged to satisfy in private any scholarly longings that they might have, or to sit illiterate in their towers embroidering shields for graceless Launcelots and singing the "song of love and death."

It happened that at the time when Chaucer was in Italy learning the story of Patient Griselda,—in 1372,—the subject of the education of women was brought to the attention of a worthy father in France by thoughts of his three motherless daughters. He, the knight of La Tour Landry, was led to prepare a book to be used for the education of his own girls and of others. The treatise has been called a "monument of medieval literature." It is a phenomenally indecent book, and if it were exposed for sale to-day would be carried off by the police. This fond father limited the intellectual progress of his daughters to the reading of this book—and what reading! They might sew and brush and do the thousand and one housewifely works that have always been considered commendable in the sex; but as for any training of the mind, it could not be allowed. Down to our own time many persons have not advanced far beyond this father of La Tour Landry. They have thought that if women were suffered to eat of the tree of knowledge the rest of the family would at once "be reduced to the same kind of aerial diet," as Sydney Smith said; and have believed that an educated mother would be "in danger of deserting her infant for a quadratic equation." It was but the other day that a philosophical lecturer in a British capital declared that women, if educated, will cease to be sympathetic; they will be "cultured," but not "self-denying"; they will lack a thou-

sand nameless graces and charms of manner which uneducated women are probably supposed to possess.

It is not worth our while to contemplate the ages between Chaucer and our own days. We need only refer to Milton's scheme for education, confined as it was to men only. Any plan of instruction for the weaker sex was not to be expected from an author who could put into the mouth of his despondent hero the words:

Oh, why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven  
With spirits masculine, create at last  
This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
Of Nature, and not fill the earth at once  
With men as angels?

The story of the progress of the education of women, even in the most favored portions of the world, is one of strange reluctance to give any advantage to the sex. Many of us have been taught to point to the inhabitants of New England as examples of remarkable care for education. We picture them as planting the school by the side of the meeting-house when they landed, and as building the college when the air was still lurid with the flames of their smoking cabins and their lives in danger from the tomahawk; but we forget that their schools were not for women. They thought that education was something adapted to fit a boy to be a minister, or to prepare him for some other liberal calling; but as for mothers and sisters, they might still sit and spin, they might embroider and cook, they might read and write (if they did not print anything), but as for looking into a work on science, or a book in Latin or Greek, that could hardly be imagined. Schools were provided, it is true, at an early period for "all children," but there was only one sex thought of in that connection. It is less than a century ago that a school was established in Boston for both boys and girls, and even then the girls were allowed to attend but half of the year. The first high school for girls was not opened there until 1825, and it was soon shut up because it was too expensive! Forty-five hundred dollars had been wasted in eight months on a few girls. They were after that kept out of the high school until 1852; and before 1877, when a Latin school was established for their special convenience, they were debarred from that mode of preparing for college.

In the mean time Vassar College had begun

its good work. The opening of that institution, in 1865, marks an era. During the years of civil war, when the armies of the republic were engaged in their great struggle and the fortunes of the nation hung in the balance, the millionaire of Poughkeepsie was quietly preparing the foundation for the first fully endowed institution for the collegiate instruction of women that the world ever saw. Mr. Vassar said that it was his intention to accomplish for women "what our colleges are accomplishing for men." This was simple enough and broad enough. It is charming to observe how deeply the pioneer trustees of this woman's college were impressed by the grandeur of their work, and how naïvely they expressed their sentiments. It was "of vital consequence"; it was "a grand and novel enterprise"; they were burdened with "responsibilities before the world"; they were "clothed by the majesty of the law with power" to carry out the generous purpose of the "munificent donor," whose act was excelled by none among the memorable events which signalized the early months of the year 1861, a time certainly rich in events of profound interest. They said that they looked forward to the opening of Vassar College as the beginning of a new era in the education of women.

The power of the time-honored opinions regarding the sphere of woman is plain enough. Deference to them led the projectors to lay much stress upon the domestic, home influences that were to be exerted; to warrant parents that there would be "comfort," and "abundant food"; that the students would be surrounded by "softening" and "elevating" influences — lest, perhaps, they should degenerate into barbarism! The idea was emphasized still more in the statement that there should be no day pupils, because there are no such in the home.

A protest was made against some of the methods that were said to be thoroughly established in our old institutions, and a determination was expressed that Vassar, having no traditions to bind it, should begin aright. It was assumed that the students would not be looking to the learned professions, like men, for teaching was at the time not supposed to fall into that category.

Arguments were brought against the usual order of college studies, and especially against the required four-years' course, then nearly universal. Vassar was to follow "the order of nature," and to make provision for "a diversity of tastes, aptitudes, and inclinations" — for different conditions and circumstances as to age, health, and property. The curriculum was to be no "bed of Procrustes, to which

every girl must adjust herself, however great the violence done to her nature." Students were not to be told that there was a certain number of text-books to be studied from Preface to Index each year, nor encouraged to plod contentedly through them in the best way they were able, whether the subjects proved attractive or not.

It was the plan of the first president and the founder that the college should be arranged in departments, and the students were to carry on their work by subjects, and be largely left to their own choice, though required to accomplish a definite amount before graduation; text-books were to be discarded from the class-room. Thus the tendency towards the elective system, now so strong in most colleges for men, and so much more desirable for women, was anticipated. The founders of the new college aimed at thorough and vigorous cultivation, rather than at too comprehensive and superficial training. The students were to be taught to "direct the faculties with their utmost power to the accomplishment of any task"; time was not to be taken into the account, in order to avoid feverish haste and to make it possible to cultivate the desired thoroughness without fear of falling behind in a race limited to four brief years. The college diplomas were to show that certain work had been done and well done, to represent something real, and not simply to indicate that the young woman had "been in college four years and paid her bills." Finally, Vassar promised to educate woman on the religious side, and to care assiduously also for her physical life. Acting in the spirit of the founder, the trustees declared that they "utterly loathed and repudiated" the spirit of sectarianism, and ordained that "all teaching of human creeds, dogmas, and ceremonials, of sectarian views and denominational distinctions," should be "strictly and forever forbidden."

Thus, upon a firm and broad foundation, Vassar began its work in 1865, and the first admission examinations showed that it was needed, for they proved that the education of woman at the time was confused, barren, undisciplined, wasteful, and superficial. The candidates had earnestness of purpose, but they did not know what they needed. They declared, in the language of the young lady of the day, that they were "passionately fond" of one study, and "utterly detested" another, though they were not well enough acquainted with either to give intelligent reasons for the tastes that they so strongly expressed. They thought, for instance, that chemistry was desirable, because it might help them in the kitchen; and French, because

it would serve in case of a foreign tour; though they had no knowledge of educational discipline and cared less for it.

No wonder that the faculty had difficulty in dealing with the students thus cast upon them. In the heterogeneous medley there were some who appreciated the difficulties, and supported their instructors in their efforts to set up and maintain a high standard, and by the end of the first year college opinion was all one way. The same sentiment has prevailed in all colleges for women; the students have uniformly demanded that the standard should be kept up, and that they should be submitted to the strictest tests required in any institution for men.

Collegiate instruction for women in America encountered the usual reception given to all innovations. Vassar College and its students became the objects of many weak jokes. The students were jibed at as women who "wanted to be men," as college women have been jibed at elsewhere. The name Vassar was carried everywhere. It became typical, and still is. Other colleges have risen, but Vassar remains the woman's college at which the small wit hurls his puny darts. The "Vassar girl" still stands for the girl who goes to college, and about her we hear all sorts of stories, more or less apocryphal. The new college encountered opposition from even good people; many had grave doubts; but the select few welcomed it, and it went steadily on its way. It was followed by Wellesley, Smith, Wells, and Bryn Mawr, and the "Harvard Annex," as it is called, also entered upon its successful career.

There is variety in the colleges for women. At Vassar the students are sheltered in one great building and are taught by both men and women. At Wellesley there was at first the same sort of grand dormitory, but it has become the center of a group which allows smaller clusters of students to gather under more home-like conditions. The teachers there are women only. At Smith men and women teach together, as at Vassar, but the students are separated into small groups under different roofs. The "Harvard Annex" has a character all its own. It did not seek to gather a new faculty, nor to erect imposing dormitories, but simply to repeat to women instruction already given to men in an institution that has been in successful operation two and a half centuries. It carries out the "home" principle farther than either Vassar or

Smith or Wellesley, for it aims to place its students by twos and by threes in established families.

Certainly woman has now obtained opportunity for the collegiate education. Wherever she has been admitted to college, and whenever she has been permitted to compete with men on equal terms for intellectual honors, she has done herself credit. Nowhere has this been so emphatically true as in conservative England. In a paper on the mental inferiority of woman to man, published in the "Nineteenth Century," it was shown that "the average brain-weight of women is about five ounces less than that of men," and by an elaborate and interesting argument woman's "marked inferiority of intellectual power" was proved in detail. We were told that women are more apt than men to break away from the restraints of reason; that they have greater fondness for emotional excitement of all kinds; that in judgment their minds are considerably below those of men; that in creative thought and in simple acquisition there is a marked difference; that women are less deep and thorough than men; that "their physique is not sufficiently robust to stand the strain of severe study," and so on.\*

Scarcely had this argument for the general inferiority of women in "acquisition, origination, and judgment" reached us when the telegraph flashed the news that Miss Ramsay, a student at Girton College, Cambridge, England, had distanced all the men in the university in the race for classical honors, and that Miss Hervey, of the same college, had won like distinction in the department of Medieval and Modern Languages. The London "Times" said in this connection:

Miss Ramsay has done what no Senior Classic before her has ever done. The great names of Kennedy, Lushington, Wordsworth, Maine, and more recently of Butler and Jebb, have come first in the Classical Tripos; Miss Ramsay alone has been placed in a division to which no one but herself has been found deserving of admittance. . . . No one has ventured to think that four years' work could be enough to make a Senior Classic. We have proof that it is ample. Most of Miss Ramsay's competitors will have taken fourteen years to do less than she has contrived to do in four years. Miss Ramsay's example suggests a possibility that men may have something to learn in the management of a department of study which they have claimed as peculiarly their own.

To this it may be added that Miss Ramsay kept herself in full health, did not overwork, and accomplished her examinations easily.

\* The author of this paper, Mr. George J. Romanes, writes with evident calmness and self-restraint. He frankly confesses that as a matter of fact he has met "wonderfully few cases of serious break-downs"; which only goes to show, he says, "of what good stuff our English girls are made." Since American observ-

ers notice the same phenomenon, we are at liberty to reply that the fact mentioned does *not* go to show "of what good stuff our English girls are made," but rather to prove that the "physique of young women as a class" is "sufficiently robust to stand the strain of severe study" and actually to improve under it.

In the face of facts like these and of many more that might be adduced, we cannot believe that nature has placed before woman any constitutional barrier to the collegiate life, but that so far as physical reasons are concerned, she may enter upon it with no more fear than a man may. That an increasing number of women will do this, and that it is best for the state that all should do it who are destined to be instructors of the youth of the republic, is in my mind not at all doubtful.

What is to be the result? That is the crucial question. On the physical health of the educated woman it will be beneficial. Observation, so far as it is now possible, shows that the work of the full college course is favorable to bodily health. The regularity of life, the satisfaction of attainment, the pleasant companionship, the general broadening of the girl-nature, tend in that direction. Speaking of "nervous or neuropathic" young women, Dr. Charles Follen Folsom, of the department of nervous diseases in the Boston Hospital, writes that it is his opinion that "the higher education is a conservative rather than a destructive force."\*

On schools I have already said that the effect is good. The grade of instruction in establishments for girls has been materially raised since Vassar College began, and those pupils who go no further than the primary schools are much benefited. The influence is reflex, for the educated girls become in turn teachers, and they are better teachers than their predecessors. Many college-bred girls never teach. Neither do all college-bred men. They go out into the world and raise the average of general intelligence; they elevate their own households and exert an influence in the sphere of the private citizen. The standard is raised at home, and home is the fountain-head.

Women who marry after having been liberally educated make more satisfactory unions than they otherwise would have made. Women were formerly trained to no outlook but matrimony, and were encouraged to cultivate no accomplishments not considered useful to that end. When, therefore, that end was missed, all was missed. There was no outlet of action in which the energies of her feelings might be discharged. Such a defective education, adapted to heighten emotional sensibility, and to weaken the reasoning powers, tended to increase the predominance of the affective life and to lead woman to base her judgment upon feelings and intuitive perceptions rather than upon rational processes, and to direct

her conduct by impulse rather than to control it by will.

Educated women marry as naturally as others; but the fact that mental training has led them to subject their impulses to reason gives them an advantage in the choice of husbands, and it may well be expected that ill-considered marriages will be decreased in number. The rector of the University of Liège devoted his inaugural address in 1862 to the subject of the education of women, and remarked:

In Belgium and France most young persons in the higher classes — sons of the rich or of those who expect to be rich — are sunk in deplorable ignorance. They pursue no kind of higher studies, or if they enter upon them, they are very soon discouraged. To what does this tend? It causes them to be almost always without any inspiration to the taste, without any habit of serious occupation. They live in an atmosphere in which intellectual labor is not honored, in which, far from considering it a glorious or even a worthy duty, it is placed below the satisfaction of the love of pleasure. This deplorable situation arises from the false education given to the women of the higher classes. As a general rule they cannot comprehend what constitutes the true power and dignity of a man, and therefore they accept as husbands men as ignorant and as idle as themselves. As a natural consequence they cannot bring up their sons to be men; they cannot give to their country well-instructed, devoted, and energetic citizens.

I have been told, even in cultivated, intellectual circles, that a young woman had better be in the kitchen or laundry than in the laboratory or class-room of a college. "Women should be trained," such persons say, "to be wives and mothers." The finger of scorn has been lightly pointed at the mentally cultivated mothers and daughters who are unable to cook and scrub, who cannot make a mince-pie or a plum-pudding. Such persons forget with surprising facility all the cases of women who neglect the kitchen to indulge in the love-sick sentimentality to which they have been trained; who think too much of possible matrimonial chances to endanger them by scrubbing, or by giving ground for the suspicion that they cultivate any other faculty than the power to apostrophize the moonlight and to long for a lover. They do not care to remember that it is no whit better to wither under the influence of ignorance or sentiment, to cultivate a fondness for "gush," than to dry up the sensibilities like a book-worm, or grow rigid and priggish as a pedant. It is as bad to stunt human nature as to over-stimulate it — to stop its progress in one way as in another. The danger is in going to extremes. The mass of men choose the golden mean, and we may trust women to avoid extravagance in the pursuit of learning. We may and ought to give her every help in the direction of life that her brothers possess. It is no

\* "Relations of our Public Schools to the Disorders of the Nervous System," p. 187.



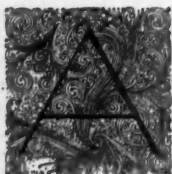
longer doubtful, it is plain, that whatever other rights woman should have, those of the intellectual kingdom ought to be hers fully and freely. She should be the judge herself of how far she should go in exploring the mysteries of nature and of science.

It is not a question of putting all our girls through college; it is not even a question of their being taught in the same institutions and

classes with men when they go to college. The form in which women shall be taught and the subjects that they shall study are of minor importance at the moment, and time will settle them in a natural way. The great desideratum is that they be given the collegiate education when they need it, and that they be the judges of their own needs.

Arthur Gilman.

### BIRD MUSIC.

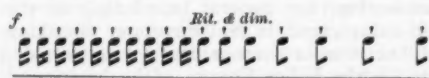


Some approaches the haunts of the yellow-breasted chat, the old rule for children is reversed—he is everywhere heard, nowhere seen. Seek him ever so slyly where the ear has just detected him, instantly you hear him elsewhere; and this with no sign of a flight. The chat revels in eccentricities. Some tones of his loud voice are musical, others are harsh; and he delights in uttering the two kinds in the same breath, occasionally slipping in the notes of other birds and, on some authorities, imitating those of quadrupeds. I have discovered in his medleys snatches from the robin, catbird, oriole, kingfisher, and brown thrasher. Wilson refers to his “great variety of odd and uncouth monosyllables.” I have detected three such, “char,” “quirp,” and “whirr,” and they were given with distinctness.

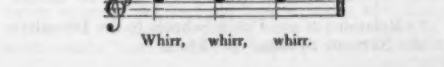
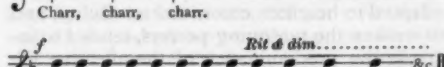
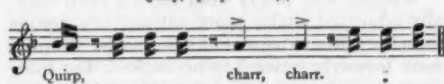
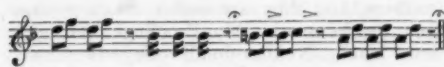
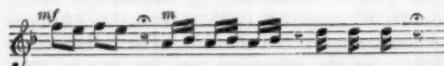
The male birds, generally preceding the females in their migrations, locate and at once begin a series of vocal and gymnastic exercises. A marked example of these performances is a jerky flight straight upwards perhaps fifty feet, and a descent in the same fussy fashion. (Though this exhibition is eminently characteristic of the chat, one observer informs me that he has seen the woodcock and the linnet so employed.) The favorite time for it is just before dusk; but if there be a moon, a carousal of some sort goes on all night, the evident intention being to let no migrating lady-chat pass without a hearty invitation to cease her wandering, and to accept a husband and a home.

After all, the chat can hardly be said to have a song. The longest strain that I have heard from him is without melody, closely resembling the rhythmic movement of the yellow-billed cuckoo's effort, but wholly unlike it in quality of tone. He will burst out with loud,

rapid tones, then suddenly retard and diminish to the close:



In the course of an hour I have heard this strain repeated many times, and am satisfied that it has no one pitch or key. The following are the principal notes of this chat, but it is not to be understood that they always come in like order:



## BOBOLINK.

THE mere mention of his name incites merriment. Bobolink is the embodiment of frolic song, the one inimitable operatic singer of the feathered stage. Though the oriole has a stronger and more commanding voice, and the thrushes far surpass him in deep, pure, and soul-stirring tones, he has no rival; even the mocking-bird is dumb in his presence. In the midst of his rollicking song he falls with bewitching effect into a ventriloquous strain, subdued, as if his head were under his wing; but soon the first force returns with a swell, and he shoots up into the air from the slender twig upon which he has been singing and swinging in the wind, looks with indifference upon everything beneath him, plying just the tips of his wings to paddle himself along in his reckless hilarity, twisting his head this way and that, increasing in ecstasy till he and his song drop together to the ground.

During his short but glorious reign bobolink takes the open meadow, the broad sunlight, all day long. When he would sing his best, he invariably opens with a few tentative notes, softly and modestly given, as much as to say, "Really, I fear I'm not quite in the mood to-day." It is a musical gurgling:



Then the rapturous song begins, and a gradual crescendo continues to the end. A few of the first notes of the song proper are:



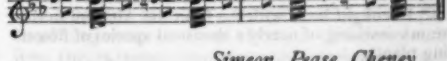
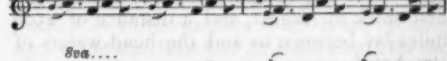
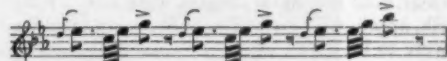
His tonic is F major or D minor, and he holds to it, his marvelous variations being restricted to the compass of an octave, and the most of his long song to the interval of a sixth. A long song and a strong song it is, but though the performer foregoes the rests common among other singers, like the jeweler with his blow-pipe, he never gets out of breath.

Perhaps we have no more interesting, more charming, summer guest. When Nature clothes the fields with grass and flowers, he throws aside his common brown wear for new plumage, gay as it is unique. This striking change is a new birth; he neither looks, acts, sings, nor flies as he did before, nor could you guess him out. In both heart and feather he is

brightness itself. Most birds are dark above and light below; but this bird, in the new birth, takes the exact reverse. His breast and lower parts are black, his back, neck, and crown white, shaded with yellow seams. He reaches New England about the middle of May, with his plumage perfect and his song come to its fullness.

## WHIP-POOR-WILL.

No bird in New England is more readily known by his song than is the whip-poor-will. He has a strong voice and sings his name distinctly, accenting the first and last syllables, the last most. At each singing he simply repeats his name an indefinite number of times, always measuring his song with the same rhythm while varying the melody. A peculiar feature of his performance is a cluck, which, introduced after each "whip-poor-will," serves as a pleasing rhythmic link to hold the song unbroken. If not near the bird, one fails to hear the cluck, noticing a rest in its place. The whip-poor-will does not stand erect when singing; his wings are slightly extended and kept in a rapid tremor. Various forms of the whip-poor-will's song:



Simeon Pease Cheney.

## EXILE BY ADMINISTRATIVE PROCESS.



EW pages in my Siberian notebooks are more suggestive of pleasant sensations and experiences than the pages that record the incidents of our life in the mountains of the Altai. As I now turn over the flower-stained leaves dated "Altai Station, August 5, 1885," every feature of that picturesque Cossack village comes back to me so vividly, that, if for a moment I close my eyes, I seem to hear again the musical plash and tinkle of the clear, cold streams that tumble through its streets; to see again the magnificent amphitheater of flower-tinted slopes and snowy peaks that encircles it; and to breathe once more the fresh, perfumed air of the green alpine meadow upon which it stands. If the object of our Siberian journey had been merely enjoyment, I think that we should have remained at the Altai Station all summer; since neither in Siberia nor in any other country could we have hoped to find a more delightful place for a summer vacation. The pure mountain air was as fragrant and exhilarating as if it had been compounded of perfume and ozone; the beauty and luxuriance of the flora were a never-failing source of pleasure to the eye;\* the clear, cold mountain streams were full of fish; elk, argali, wild goats, bears, foxes, and wolves were to be found by an enterprising hunter in the wooded ravines and the high mountain valleys south of the station; troops of Kirghis horsemen were ready to escort us to the Mongolian boundary post, to the beautiful alpine lake of Marka Kul, or to the wild, unexplored fastnesses of the Chinese Altai; and Captain Maiefski, the hospitable commandant of the post, tempted us to prolong our stay, by promising to organize for us all sorts of delightful excursions and expeditions. The season of good weather and good roads, however, was rapidly passing; and if we hoped to reach the mines of Kara before winter should set in, we had not a day to spare. It was already the first week in August, and a distance of 2500 miles lay between us and the head-waters of the Amur.

Our next objective point was the city of Tomsk, distant from the Altai Station about 750 miles. In order to reach it we should be

\* I brought back with me from the Altai an herbarium consisting of nearly a thousand species of flowering plants.

obliged to return over a part of the road which we had already traversed, and to descend the Irtysh as far as the station of Pianoyarofskaya. At that point the road to Tomsk leaves the Semipalatinsk road, and runs northward through the great Altai mining district and the city of Barnaul. There were two colonies of political exiles on our route—one of them at the Cossack station of Ulbinsk, 160 miles from the Altai Station, and the other in the town of Ust Kamenogorsk. In each of these places, therefore, we purposed to make a short stay.

On the morning of Thursday, August 6, we packed our baggage in the tarantas, ordered horses from the post station, took breakfast for the last time with Captain Maiefski and his wife, whose kindness and warm-hearted hospitality had made their house seem to us like a home, and after drinking to the health of all our Altai friends, and bidding everybody good-bye three or four times, we rode reluctantly out of the beautiful alpine village and began our descent to the plains of the Irtysh.

It is not necessary to describe our journey down the valley of the Bukhtarma and across the gray, sterile steppes of the upper Irtysh. It was simply a reversal of the experience through which we had passed in approaching the Altai Station three weeks before. Then we were climbing from the desert into the alps, while now we were descending from the alps to the desert.

At 6 o'clock Friday afternoon we reached the settlement of Bukhtarma, where the Irtysh pierces a great out-lying spur of the Altai chain, and where the road to Ust Kamenogorsk leaves the river and makes a long détour into the mountains. No horses were obtainable at the post station; the weather looked threatening; the road to Alexandrofskaya was said to be in bad condition owing to recent rains; and we had great difficulty in finding a peasant with "free" horses who was willing to take our heavy tarantas up the steep, miry mountain road on what promised to be a dark and stormy night. With the coöperation of the station master, however, we found at last a man who was ready, for a suitable consideration, to make the attempt, and about an hour before dark we left Bukhtarma for Alexandrofskaya with four "free" horses. We soon had occasion to regret that we had not taken the advice of our driver to stop at Bukhtarma for the night and cross the mountains



THE ALEXANDROFSKAYA-SEVERNAYA RAVINE.

by daylight. The road was worse than any neglected wood-road in the mountains of West Virginia; and before we had made half the distance to Alexandrofskaya, night came on with a violent storm accompanied by lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. Again and again we lost the road in the darkness; two or three times we became almost hopelessly mired in bogs and sloughs; and finally our tarantas capsized, or partly capsized, into a deep ditch or gully worn out in the mountain-side by falling water. The driver shouted, cursed, and lashed his dispirited horses, while Mr. Frost and I explored the gully with lighted wisps of hay, and lifted, tugged, and pulled at the heavy vehicle until we were tired out, drenched with rain, and covered from head to foot with mud; but all our efforts were fruitless. The tarantas could not be extricated. From this predicament we were finally rescued

by the drivers of three or four telegas, who left Bukhtarma with the mail shortly after our departure, and who overtook us just at the time when their services were most needed. With their aid we righted the capsized vehicle, set it again on the road, and proceeded. The lightly loaded telegas soon left us behind, and knowing that we could expect no more help from that source, and that another capsize would probably end our travel for the night, I walked ahead of our horses in the miry road for half or three-quarters of an hour, holding up a white handkerchief at arms-length for the guidance of our driver, and shouting directions and warnings to him whenever it seemed necessary. Tired, at last, of wading through mud in Cimmerian darkness, and ascertaining the location of holes, sloughs, and rocks by tumbling into or over them, I climbed back into the tarantas and wrapped myself up in a





THE ULBINSK RAVINE.

wet blanket, with the determination to trust to luck. In less than fifteen minutes our vehicle was again on its side in another deep gully. After making a groping investigation by the sense of touch, we decided that the situation this time was hopeless. There was nothing to be done but to send the driver on horseback in search of help, and to get through the night as best we could where we were. It was then about 11 o'clock. The wind had abated, but the rain was still falling, and the intense darkness was relieved only by an occasional flash of lightning. Cold, tired, and hungry, we crawled into our capsized vehicle, which still afforded us some little shelter from the rain, and sat there in sleepless discomfort until morning. Just before daylight our driver returned with a Cossack from Alexandrofskaya, bringing lanterns, ropes, crowbars, and fresh horses, and with these helps and appliances we succeeded in righting the tarantas and dragging it back to the road.

We reached Alexandrofskaya in the gray light of early dawn, and after drinking tea and sleeping two hours on the floor in the post station, we resumed our journey with eight horses and three drivers. The road from Al-

exandrofskaya to Severnaya runs for five or six miles up the steep, wild ravine that is shown in the illustration on page 721. It then crosses a series of high, bare ridges running generally at right angles to the course of the Irtysh, and finally descends, through another deep, precipitous ravine, into the valley of Ulbinsk, which it follows to Ust Kamenogorsk. The mountains which compose this spur, or out-lying branch, of the Altai system are not high, but, as will be seen from the illustration on the opposite page, they are picturesque and effective in outline and grouping, and are separated one from another by extremely beautiful valleys and ravines.

Owing to the bad condition of the roads and the mountainous nature of the country, we were more than ten hours in making the nineteen miles between Severnaya and Ulbinsk, although we had eight horses on the first stretch and five on the second. The slowness of our progress gave us an opportunity to walk now and then, and to make collections of flowers, and we kept the tarantas decorated all day with golden-rod, wild hollyhocks, long blue spikes of monk's-hood, and leafy branches of "zhimolost," or Tartar honeysuckle, filled with showy scarlet or yellow berries.

Late Saturday afternoon, as the sun was sinking behind the western hills, we rode at a brisk trot down the long, beautiful ravine which leads into the valley of the Ulba, and before dark we were sitting comfortably in the neat waiting-room of the Ulbinsk post station, refreshing ourselves with bread and milk and raspberries.

Among the political exiles living in Ulbinsk at that time were Alexander L. Blok, a young law student from the city of Saratof on the Volga; Apollo Karelin, the son of a well-known photographer in Nizhni Novgorod; Severin Gross, a law student from the province of Kovno; and Dr. Vitert, a surgeon from Warsaw. Mr. Karelin had been accompanied to Siberia by his wife, but the others were, I believe, unmarried. I had learned the names, and something of the histories, of these exiles from the politicals in Semipalatinsk, and there were several reasons why I particularly wished to see them and to make their acquaintance. I had an idea that perhaps the politicals in Semipalatinsk were above the average level of administrative exiles in intelligence and education,—that they were unusually favorable specimens of their class,—and it seemed to me not improbable that in the wilder and re-

moter parts of western Siberia I should find types that would correspond more nearly to the conception of "nihilists" that I had formed in America.

Before we had been in the village an hour, two of the exiles — Messrs. Blok and Gross — called upon us and introduced themselves. Mr. Blok won my heart from the very first. He was a man twenty-six or twenty-eight years of age, of medium height and athletic figure, with dark hair and eyes, and a beard-

regular features. He talked in an eager, animated way, with an affectionate, caressing modulation of the voice, and had a habit of unconsciously opening his eyes a little more widely than usual as an expression of interest or emotion. Both of the young men were university graduates; both spoke French and German, and Mr. Blok read English; both were particularly interested in questions of political economy, and either of them might have been taken for a young professor, or a



THE VALLEY OF ULBINSK.

less but strong and resolute face, which seemed to me to express intelligence, earnestness, and power in every line. It was, in the very best sense of the word, a *good* face, and I could no more help liking and trusting it than I could help breathing. Marcus Aurelius somewhere says, with coarse vigor of expression, that "a man who is honest and good ought to be exactly like a man who smells strong, so that the bystander, as soon as he comes near, must smell, whether he choose or not." Mr. Blok's honesty and goodness seemed to me to be precisely of this kind, and I found myself regarding him with friendly sympathy, and almost with affection, long before I could assign any reason for so doing. Mr. Gross was a rather handsome man, perhaps thirty years of age, with brown hair, full beard and mustache, blue eyes, and clearly cut,

post-graduate student, in the Johns Hopkins University. I had not talked with them an hour before I became satisfied that in intelligence and culture they were fully abreast of the Semipalatinsk exiles, and that I should have to look for the wild, fanatical "nihilists" of my imagination in some part of Siberia more remote than Ulbinsk.

We talked in the post station until about 9 o'clock, and then, at Mr. Blok's suggestion, made a round of calls upon the other political exiles in the village. They were all living in wretchedly furnished log-houses rented from the Ulbinsk Cossacks, and were surrounded by unmistakable evidences of hardship, privation, and straitened circumstances; but they seemed to be trying to make the best of their situation, and I cannot remember to have heard anywhere that night a bitter complaint

or a single reference to personal experience that seemed to be made for the purpose of exciting our sympathy. If they suffered, they bore their suffering with dignity and self-control. All of them seemed to be physically well except Mrs. Karelin, who looked thin, pale, and careworn, and Dr. Vitert, who had been three times in exile and ten years in prison or in Siberia, and who, I thought, would not live much longer to trouble the Government that

senger." In the house of Mr. Blok there was a small but well-selected library, in which I noticed, in addition to Russian books, a copy of Longfellow's *Poems*, in English; Maine's *"Ancient Law"* and *"Village Communities"*; Bain's *"Logic"*; Mill's *"Political Economy"*; Lecky's *"History of Rationalism"* (an expurgated Russian edition); Spencer's *"Essays: Moral, Political, and Æsthetic,"* and his *"Principles of Sociology"*; Taine's *"History*



THE TOWN OF UST KAMENOGORSK.

had wrecked his life. Although only forty-five years of age, he seemed greatly broken, walked feebly with a cane, and suffered constantly from rheumatism contracted in damp prison-cells. He was one of the best-informed exiles that I met in western Siberia, and was the first to tell me of the death of General Grant. We had a long talk about the United States, in the course of which he asked many questions concerning our civil war, the constitutional amendments adopted after the war, the balance of parties in Congress, and the civil-service reform policy of President Cleveland, which showed that he had more than a superficial acquaintance with our political history. In the houses of all the exiles in Ulbinsk, no matter how wretchedly they might be furnished, I found a writing-desk or table, books, and such magazines as the *"Revue des Deux Mondes"* and the *"Russki Vestnik,"* or *"Russian Mes-*

*enger of English Literature"*; Laboulaye's *"History of the United States"*; and a large number of French and German works on jurisprudence and political economy. I need hardly call attention, I think, to the fact that men who read and carry to Siberia with them such books as these are not wild fanatics, nor "ignorant shoemakers and mechanics," as they were once contemptuously described to me by a Russian officer, but are serious, cultivated, thinking men. If such men are in exile in a lonely Siberian village on the frontier of Mongolia, instead of being at home in the service of the state — so much the worse for the state!

We spent the greater part of one night and a day with the political exiles in Ulbinsk. I became very deeply interested in them, and should have liked to stay there and talk with them for a week; but our excursion to the

Katunski Alps had occupied more time than we had allotted to it, and it was important that we should, if possible, reach the convict mines of eastern Siberia before the coming on of winter. Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock we set out for Ust Kamenogorsk. Messrs. Blok and Karelin accompanied us on horseback as far as the ferry across the Ulba, and then, after bidding us a hearty and almost affectionate good-bye, and asking us not to forget them when we should return to "a freer and happier country," they remounted their horses and sat motionless in their saddles, watching us while we were being ferried over the river. When we were ready to start on the other side, a quarter of a mile distant, they waved their handkerchiefs, and then, taking off their hats, bowed low towards us in mute farewell as we dashed away into the forest. If these pages should ever be read in one of the lonely cabins of the political exiles in Ulbinsk, the readers may feel assured that "in a freer and happier country" we have not forgotten them, but think of them often, with the sincerest esteem and the most affectionate sympathy.

We reached Ust Kamenogorsk before dark Sunday afternoon and took up our quarters in the post station. The town, which contains about 5000 inhabitants, is a collection of 600 or 800 houses, generally built of logs, and is situated in the midst of a treeless plain on the right bank of the Irtysh, just where the latter is joined by its tributary the Ulba. It contains one or two Tartar mosques, two or three Russian churches with colored domes of tin, and an ostrog, or fortress, consisting of a high quadrangular earthen wall or embankment, surrounded by a dry moat, and inclosing a white-walled prison, a church, and a few Government buildings. The mosques, the white-turbaned mullas, the hooded Kirghis horsemen in the streets, the morning and evening cry of the muezzins, and the files of Bactrian camels, which now and then come pacing slowly and solemnly in from the steppe, give to the town the same Oriental appearance that is so noticeable in Semipalatinsk, and which suggests the idea that one is in northern Africa or in central Asia, rather than in Siberia.

While we were drinking tea in the post station we were surprised by the appearance of Mr. Gross, who had come from Ulbinsk to Ust Kamenogorsk that morning, and had been



KIRGHIS CAMEL TEAM.

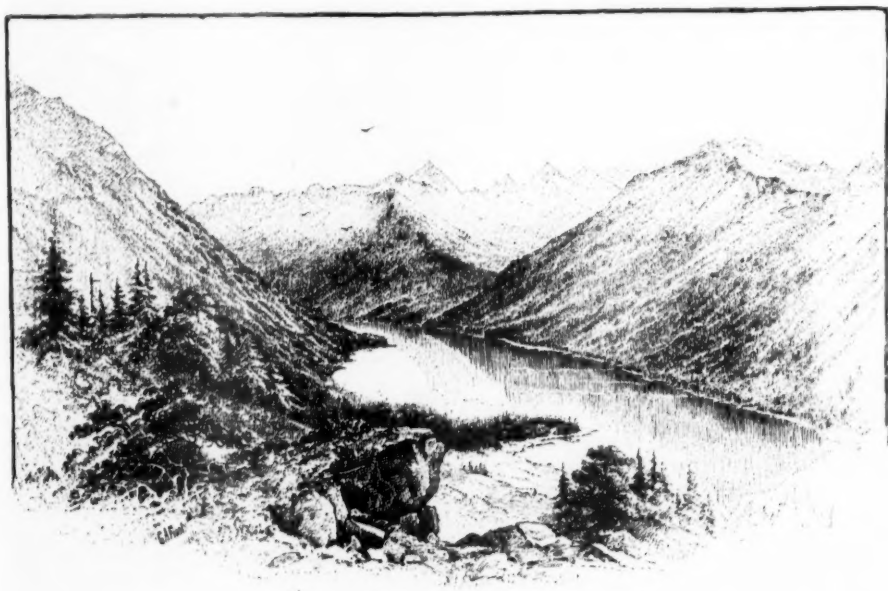
impatiently awaiting our arrival. He had hardly taken his seat when the wife of the station master announced that a Russian officer had come to call on us, and before I had time to ask Mr. Gross whether his relations with the Russian authorities were pleasant or unpleasant, the officer, dressed in full uniform, had entered the room. I was embarrassed for an instant by the awkwardness of the situation. I knew nothing of the officer except his name, and it was possible, of course, that upon finding a political exile there he might behave towards the latter in so offensive a manner as to make some decisive action on my part inevitable. I could not permit a gentleman who had called upon us to be offensively treated at our table, even if he was officially regarded as a "criminal" and a "nihilist." Fortunately my apprehensions proved to be groundless. Mr. Shaitanof, the Cossack officer who had come to see us, was a gentleman, as well as a man of tact and good breeding, and whatever he may have thought of the presence of a political exile in our quarters so soon after our arrival, he manifested neither surprise nor annoyance. He bowed courteously when I introduced Mr. Gross to him, and in five minutes they



were engaged in an animated discussion of bee-keeping, silk-worm culture, and tobacco growing. Mr. Shaitanof said that he had been making some experiments near Ust Kamenogorsk with mulberry trees and Virginian and Cuban tobacco and had been so successful that he hoped to introduce silk-worm culture there the next year, and to substitute for the coarse native tobacco some of the finer sorts from the West Indies and the United States.

After half an hour of pleasant conversation

Kamenogorsk there was at one end of the social scale a peasant shoemaker and at the other a Caucasian princess, while between these extremes were physicians, chemists, authors, publicists, university students, and landed proprietors. Most of them were of noble birth or belonged to the privileged classes, and some of them were men and women of high cultivation and refinement. Among those with whom I became best acquainted were Mr. Konovalof, who read English well but



A LAKE IN THE ALTAI.

Mr. Shaitanof bade us good-night, and Mr. Gross, Mr. Frost, and I went to call on the political exiles. In anticipation of our coming, ten or fifteen of them had assembled in one of the large upper rooms of a two-story log-building near the center of the town, which served as a residence for one of them and a place of rendezvous for the others. It is, of course, impracticable, as well as unnecessary, to describe and characterize all of the political exiles in the Siberian towns and villages through which we passed. The most that I aim to do is to give the reader a general idea of their appearance and behavior, and of the impression that they made upon me. The exiles in Ust Kamenogorsk did not differ essentially from those in Ulbinsk, except that, taken as a body, they furnished a greater variety of types and represented a larger number of social classes. In Ulbinsk there were only professional men and students. In Ust

spoke it imperfectly; \* Mr. Milinchuk, a dark-haired, dark-bearded Georgian from Tiflis; and Mr. Adam Bialoveski, a writer and publicist from the province of Pultava. The last-named gentleman impressed me as a man of singular ability, fairness, and breadth of view. He was thoroughly acquainted with Russian history and jurisprudence, as well as with the history and literature of the west European nations; and although he was disposed to take rather a pessimistic view of life, and avowed himself a disciple of Schopenhauer, he bore the heavy burden of his exile with cheerfulness and courage. I had a long talk with him about the Russian situation, and was very favorably impressed by his cool, dispassionate review of the revolutionary movement and the measures taken by the Government for its suppression. His statements were entirely free from exag-

\* Mr. Konovalof committed suicide in Ust Kamenogorsk about six months after we left there.

geration and prejudice, and his opinions seemed to me to be almost judicially fair and impartial. To brand such a man as a "nihilist" was absurd, and to exile him to Siberia as a dangerous member of society was simply preposterous. In any other civilized country on the face of the globe except Russia he would be regarded as the most moderate of liberals.

The colony of political exiles in Ust Kamenogorsk was the last one that we saw in the steppe provinces, and it seems to me desirable, before proceeding with the narrative of our Siberian journey, to set forth, as fully as space will permit, the salient features of what is known in Russia as "exile by administrative process."

Exile by administrative process means the banishment of an obnoxious person from one part of the empire to another without the observance of any of the legal formalities that, in most civilized countries, precede or attend deprivation of rights and the infliction of punishment. The person so banished may not be guilty of any crime, and may not have rendered himself amenable in any way to any law of the state; but if, in the opinion of the local authorities, his presence in a particular place is "prejudicial to social order," he may be arrested without a warrant, and, with the concurrence of the Minister of the Interior, may be removed forcibly to any other place within the limits of the empire, and there be put under police surveillance for a period of five years. He may, or may not, be informed of the reasons for this summary proceeding, but in either case he is perfectly helpless. He cannot examine the witnesses upon whose testimony his presence is declared to be "prejudicial to social order." He cannot summon friends to prove his loyalty and good character without great risk of bringing upon them the same calamity which has befallen him. He has no right to demand a trial, or even a hearing. He cannot sue out a writ of habeas corpus. He cannot appeal to the public through the press. His communications with the world are so suddenly severed that sometimes even his own relatives do not know what has happened to him. He is literally and absolutely without any means whatever of self-protection.

As an illustration of the sort of evidence upon which the presence of certain persons in the cities and provinces of European Russia is declared to be "prejudicial to social order," I will give two typical cases from the great number in my notebooks. Some of the readers of *THE CENTURY* may still remember a young naval officer named Constantine Staniukovitch, who was attached to the staff of the Grand Duke Alexis at the time of the latter's visit to the United States. From the fact that I saw in Mr.

Staniukovitch's house in Tomsk a number of visiting cards of people well known in the cities of New York and San Francisco, I infer that he went a good deal into society here, and that he may still be recalled to mind by persons who met him. He was the son of a Russian admiral, was an officer of great promise, and had before him the prospect of a brilliant career in the Russian naval service. He was, however, a man of broad and liberal views, with a natural taste for literary pursuits, and after his return from America he resigned his position in the navy and became an author. He wrote a number of novels and plays which were very successful, but of which the Government did not approve, and in 1882 or 1883 he purchased a well-known Russian magazine in St. Petersburg called the "*Diello*," and became its editor and proprietor. He spent a considerable part of the summer of 1884 abroad, and in the latter part of that year left his wife and children at Baden-Baden and started for St. Petersburg. At the Russian frontier station of Virzhbolof he was suddenly arrested, was taken thence to St. Petersburg under guard, and was there thrown into the fortress of Petropavlovsk. His wife, knowing nothing of this misfortune, continued to write to him at St. Petersburg without getting any answers to her letters, until finally she became alarmed, and telegraphed to the editorial department of the "*Diello*," asking what had happened to her husband and why he did not write to her. The managing editor of the magazine replied that Mr. Staniukovitch was not there, and that they had supposed him to be still in Baden-Baden. Upon the receipt of this telegram, Mrs. Staniukovitch, thoroughly frightened, proceeded at once with her children to St. Petersburg. Nothing whatever could be learned there with regard to her husband's whereabouts. He had not been seen at the editorial rooms of the "*Diello*," and none of his friends had heard anything of or from him in two weeks. He had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. At last, after days of torturing anxiety, Mrs. Staniukovitch was advised to make inquiries of General Orzhefski, the Chief of Gendarmes. She did so, and found that her husband was a prisoner in one of the casemates of the Petropavlovsk fortress. The police, as it afterward appeared, had for some time been intercepting and reading his letters, and had ascertained that he was in correspondence with a well-known Russian revolutionist who was then living in Switzerland. The correspondence was perfectly innocent in its character, and related solely to the business of the magazine; but the fact that an editor, and a man of known liberal views, was in communication with a political refugee was

regarded as sufficient evidence that his presence in St. Petersburg would be "prejudicial to social order," and his arrest followed. In May, 1885, he was exiled for three years by administrative process to the city of Tomsk, in western Siberia. The publication of the magazine was of course suspended in consequence of the imprisonment and ultimate banishment of its owner, and Mr. Staniukovitch was financially ruined. If the Russian Government deals in this arbitrary way with men of rank, wealth, and high social position in the capital of the empire, it can be imagined what treatment is accorded to physicians, students, and small landed proprietors whose presence is regarded as "prejudicial to social order" in the provinces.

In the year 1879 there was living in the town of Ivangorod, in the province of Chernigof, a skillful and accomplished young surgeon named Dr. Baillie. Although he was a man of liberal views, he was not an agitator nor a revolutionist, and had taken no active part in political affairs. Some time in the late winter or early spring of 1879 there came to him, with letters of introduction, two young women who had been studying in one of the medical schools for women in St. Petersburg, and had been expelled and ordered to return to their homes in central Russia on account of their alleged political "untrustworthiness" (*neblagonadezhnost*). They were very anxious to complete their education and to fit themselves for useful work among the peasants; and they begged Dr. Baillie to aid them in their studies, to hear their recitations, and to allow them to make use of his library and the facilities of his office. As they were both in an "illegal" position,—that is, were living in a place where, without permission from the authorities, they had no right to be,—it was Dr. Baillie's duty as a loyal subject to hand them over to the police, regardless of the fact that they had come to him with letters of introduction and a petition for help. He happened, however, to be a man of courage, independence, and generous instincts; and instead of betraying them, he listened with sympathy to their story, promised them his aid, introduced them to his wife, and began to give them lessons. The year 1879 was a year of intense revolutionary activity in Russia. Attempts were constantly being made by the terrorists to assassinate high Government officials; and the police, in all parts of the empire, were more than usually suspicious and alert. The visits of the young girls to Dr. Baillie's house and office soon attracted the attention of the local authorities in Ivangorod, and they took steps to ascertain who they were and where they had come from. An investigation showed

that one of them was living on a forged passport, while the other had none, and that both had been expelled from St. Petersburg for political "untrustworthiness." Their unauthorized appearance in Ivangorod, when they should have been at their homes, and their half-secret visits—generally at night—to the house of Dr. Baillie, were regarded as evidence of a political conspiracy, and on the 10th of May, 1879, both they and the young surgeon were arrested and exiled by administrative process to Siberia. Dr. Baillie eventually was sent to the arctic village of Verkhoiansk, latitude 67.30, in the province of Yakutsk, where he was seen in 1882 by Engineer Melville, Lieutenant Danenhower, Mr. W. H. Gilder, and all the survivors of the arctic exploring steamer *Jeanette*. At the time of Dr. Baillie's banishment, his wife, a beautiful young woman, 24 or 25 years of age, was expecting confinement, and was therefore unable to go to Siberia with him. As soon as possible, however, after the birth of her child, and before she had fully recovered her strength, she left her nursing baby with relatives and started on a journey of more than 6000 miles to join her husband in a village situated north of the Arctic Circle and near the Asiatic pole of cold. She had not the necessary means to make such a journey by rail, steamer, and post, as Lieutenant Scheutze made it in 1885-86, and was therefore forced to ask permission of the Minister of the Interior to travel with a party of exiles.\* As far as the city of Tomsk in western Siberia, both political and common criminal exiles are transported in convict trains or barges. Beyond that point the common criminals walk, and the politicals are carried in telegas, at the rate of about sixty miles a week, stopping in an *étape* every third day for rest. At this rate of progress Mrs. Baillie would have reached her husband's place of exile only after sixteen months of incessant hardship, privation, and suffering. But she did not reach it. For many weeks her hope, courage, and love sustained her, and enabled her to endure without complaint the jolting, the suffocating dust, the scorching heat, and the cold autumnal rains on the road, and the bad food, the plank sleeping-benches, the vermin, and the pestilential air of the *étapes*; but human endurance has its limits. Three or four months of this unrelieved misery, with constant anxiety about her husband and for the babe that, for her husband's sake, she had abandoned in Russia, broke down her health and her spirit. She sank into deep despondency

\* By Russian law a wife may go to her exiled husband at the expense of the Government, provided she travels with an exile party, lives on the exile ration, sleeps in the road-side *étapes*, and submits generally to prison discipline.



VERA FIGNER.\*

and eventually began to show signs of mental aberration. After passing Krasnoyarsk her condition became such that any sudden shock was likely completely to overthrow her reason—and the shock soon came. There are two villages in eastern Siberia whose names are almost alike—Verkholsensk and Verkhoyansk. The former is situated on the river Lena, only 180 miles from Irkutsk, while the latter is on the head-waters of the Yana, and is distant from Irkutsk nearly 2700 miles. As the party with which she was traveling approached the capital of eastern Siberia, her hope, strength, and courage seemed to revive. Her husband she thought was only a few hundred miles

away, and in a few more weeks she would be in his arms. She talked of him constantly, counted the verst-posts which measured her slow progress towards him, and literally lived upon the expectation of speedy reunion with him. A few stations west of Irkutsk she accidentally became aware, for the first time, that her husband was not in Verkholsensk, but in Verkhoyansk; that she was still separated from him by nearly 3000 miles of mountain, steppe, and forest; and that in order to reach his place of banishment that year she would have to travel many weeks alone, on dog or reindeer sledges, in terrible cold, through the arctic solitudes of north-eastern Asia. The sudden shock of this discovery was almost immediately fatal. She became violently insane, and died insane a few months later in the Irkutsk prison hospital, without ever seeing again the husband for whose sake she had endured such mental and physical agonies.

I have been compelled to restrict myself to the barest outline of this terrible tragedy; but if the reader could hear the story, as I heard it, from the lips of exiles who traveled with Mrs. Baillie, who saw the flickering spark of her reason go out, and who helped afterward to take care of her, he would not wonder that "exile by administrative process" makes "terrorists," but rather that it does not make a nation of "terrorists."†

It would be easy to fill pages of THE CENTURY with a statement of the cases of Russians who in the last ten years have been exiled to Siberia by administrative process, not only without reasonable cause, but without even the shadow of a cause. The well-known Russian novelist Vladimir Korolenko, one of whose books has recently been translated into English and published in Boston, was exiled to eastern Siberia in 1879, as the result of what the Government itself finally admitted to be an official mistake. Through the influence of powerful friends, he succeeded in getting this mistake corrected before he reached his destination, and was permitted to

\* Vera Figner was one of the ablest and most daring of the Russian revolutionists and organized in Odessa in 1882 the plot which resulted in the assassination of General Strelmkoff. She was arrested, tried, and condemned to death, but her sentence was afterward commuted to imprisonment for life in the Castle of Schlüsselburg. She is believed to have died there in 1885.

† My authorities for the facts of this case are: first, a well-known member of a Russian provincial assembly, a man of the highest character, who was personally cognizant of the circumstances attending Dr. Baillie's arrest and banishment; secondly, exiles who went to Siberia in the same party with Dr. Baillie; and, thirdly, exiles—one of them a lady—who were in the same party with Dr. Baillie's wife.





SOPHIA NIKITINA.

return from Tomsk. Irritated by this injustice, and by many months of prison and *étape* life, he refused to take the oath of allegiance to Alexander III. upon the accession of the latter to the throne, and for this obstinacy was exiled to the province of Yakutsk.\*

Mr. Borodin, a well-known writer for the Russian magazine "Annals of the Fatherland," was banished to the province of Yakutsk on account of the "dangerous" and "pernicious" character of a manuscript found in his house by the police during a search. This manuscript was a copy of an article upon the economic condition of the province of Viatka, which Mr. Borodin had sent to the above-named magazine, but which up to that

time had not been published. Mr. Borodin went to eastern Siberia in a convict's gray overcoat with a yellow ace of diamonds on his back, and three or four months after his arrival in Yakutsk he had the pleasure of reading in the "Annals of the Fatherland" the very same article for which he had been exiled. The Minister of the Interior had sent him to Siberia merely for having in his possession a "dangerous" and "pernicious" manuscript, and then the St. Petersburg Committee of Censorship had certified that another copy of that same manuscript was perfectly harmless, and had allowed it to be published, without the change of a line, in one of the most popular and widely circulated magazines in the empire.†

A gentleman named Otchkin, in Moscow, was exiled to Siberia by administrative process in 1885 merely because, to adopt the language of the order which was issued for his arrest, he was "suspected of an intention to put himself into an illegal position." The high crime which Mr. Otchkin was "suspected of an intention" to commit was the taking of a fictitious name in place of his own. Upon what ground he was "suspected of an intention" to do this terrible thing he never knew.

Another exile of my acquaintance, Mr. Y—, was banished merely because he was a friend of Mr. Z—, who was awaiting trial on the charge of political conspiracy. When Mr. Z—'s case came to a judicial investigation he was found to be innocent and was acquitted; but in the mean time, Mr. Y—, merely for being a friend of this innocent man, had gone to Siberia by administrative process.

In another case a young student, called Vladimir Sidorski (I use a fictitious name), was arrested by mistake instead of another and a different Sidorski named Victor, whose presence in Moscow was regarded by somebody as "prejudicial to social order." Vladimir protested that he was not Victor, that he did not know Victor, and that his arrest in the place of Victor was the result of a stupid blunder; but his protestations were of no avail. The police were too much occupied in un-

\* A statement of the circumstances of Mr. Korolenko's first banishment to Siberia was published in the Russian newspaper "Zemstvo" for 1881, No. 10, p. 19.

† "Zemstvo," 1881, No. 10, p. 19. It is not often, of course, that facts of this kind, which are so damaging to the Government, get into the Russian news-

paper press. The account of Mr. Borodin's experience and of the exile of Mr. Korolenko was published at the time when the liberal ministry of Loris Melikoff was in power, just at the close of the reign of the late Tsar, and when the strictness of the censorship was greatly relaxed.

earthing "conspiracies" and looking after "untrustworthy" people to devote any time to a troublesome verification of an insignificant student's identity. There must have been something wrong about him, they argued, or he would not have been arrested, and the safest thing to do with him was to send him to Siberia, whoever he might be — and to Siberia he was sent. When the convoy officer called the roll of the out-going exile party, Vladimir Sidorski failed to answer to Victor Sidorski's name, and the officer, with a curse, cried, "Victor Sidorski! Why don't you answer to your name?"

"It is not my name," replied Vladimir, "and I won't answer to it. It's another Sidorski who ought to be going to Siberia."

"What is your name then?"

Vladimir told him. The officer coolly erased the name "Victor" in the roll of the party, inserted the name "Vladimir," and remarked cynically that "It does n't make a — bit of difference!"

In 1874 a young student named Egor Lazaref was arrested in one of the south-eastern provinces of European Russia upon the charge of carrying on a secret revolutionary propaganda. He was taken to St. Petersburg and kept in solitary confinement in the House of Preliminary Detention and in the fortress for about four years. He was then tried with "the 193" and acquitted.\* One would suppose that to be arrested without cause, to be held four years in solitary confinement, to be finally declared innocent, and then to have no means whatever of redress, would make a revolutionist, if not a terrorist, out of the most peaceable citizen; but Mr. Lazaref, as soon as he had been released, quietly completed his education in the University, studied law, and began the practice of his profession in the city of Saratof on the Volga. He had no more trouble with the Government until the summer of 1884, when a police officer suddenly appeared to him one morning and said that the governor of the province would like to see him. Mr. Lazaref, who was on pleasant personal terms with the governor, went at once to the latter's "konsilaria," or office, where he was coolly informed that he was to be exiled by administrative process to eastern Siberia for three years. Mr. Lazaref stood aghast.

"May I ask your high excellency for what reason?" he finally inquired.

"I do not know," replied the governor. "I have received orders to that effect from the Ministry of the Interior, and that is all I know about it."

\* Indictment in the case of the 193, and sentence in the same case. The original documents are in my possession.

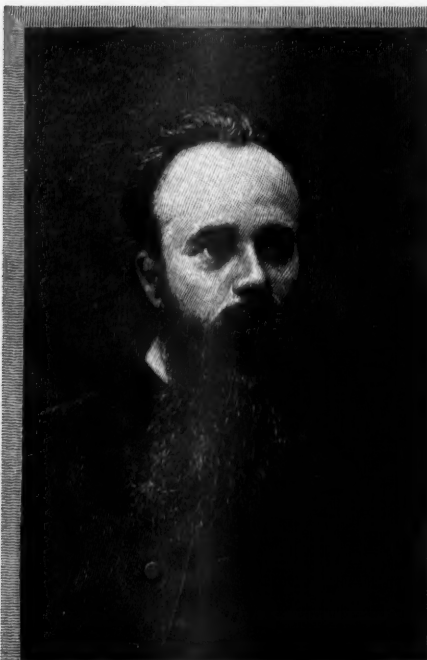
Through the influence of friends in St. Petersburg, Mr. Lazaref obtained a respite of two weeks in which to settle up his affairs, and he was then sent as a prisoner to Moscow. He reached that city after the last party of political exiles had been dispatched for the season, and had to live in the Moscow forwarding prison until the next spring. While there he wrote a respectful letter to the Department of Imperial Police, asking, as a favor, that he might be informed for what reason he was to be exiled to eastern Siberia. The reply that he received was comprised in two lines, and was as follows: "You are to be put under police surveillance in eastern Siberia because you have not abandoned your previous criminal activity." In other words, he was to



PRINCE KRAPOTKINE.

be banished to the Trans-Baikal because he had not "abandoned" the "previous criminal activity" of which a court of justice had found him not guilty! In the Moscow forwarding prison, soon after Mr. Lazaref's arrival, a number of the political prisoners were comparing experiences one day and asking one another for what offenses they had been condemned to banishment. One said that forbidden books had been found in his house; another said that he had been accused of carrying on a revolutionary propaganda; and a third admitted that he had been a member of a secret society. Finally Mr. Lazaref's turn came, and upon being asked why he was on his way to Siberia, he replied simply, "I don't know."

"Don't know!" exclaimed one of his com-



GREGORIK MACHTET.



HELENE MACHTET.

rades. "Did n't your father have a black and white cow?"

"Very likely," said Mr. Lazaref. "He had a lot of cows."

"Well!" rejoined his comrade triumphantly, "what more would you have? That's enough to exile twenty men — and yet he says he does n't know!"

On the 10th of May, 1885, Mr. Lazaref left Moscow with an exile party for Siberia, and on the 10th of October, 1885, after twenty-two weeks of travel "by *étape*," reached the town of Chita, in the Trans-Baikal, where I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance.

The grotesque injustice, the heedless cruelty, and the preposterous "mistakes" and "misunderstandings" that make the history of administrative exile in Russia seem to an American like the recital of a wild nightmare are due to the complete absence, in the Russian form of government, of checks upon the executive power, and the almost equally complete absence of official responsibility for unjust or illegal action. The Minister of the Interior, in dealing with politicals, is not restrained to any great extent by law; and as it is utterly impossible for him personally to examine all of the immense number of political cases that come to him for final decision, he is virtually forced

to delegate a part of his irresponsible power to chiefs of police, chiefs of gendarmes, governors of provinces, and subordinates in his own ministry. They in turn are compelled, for similar reasons, to intrust a part of their authority and discretion to officers of still lower grade; and the latter, who often are stupid, ignorant, or unscrupulous men, are the persons who really make the investigations, the searches, and the examinations upon which the life or liberty of an accused citizen may depend. Theoretically, the Minister of the Interior, aided by a council composed of three of his own subordinates and two officers from the Ministry of Justice, reviews and reexamines the cases of all political offenders who are dealt with by administrative process; \* but practically he does nothing of the kind, and it is impossible that he should do anything of the kind, for the very simple reason that he has not the time. According to the Russian newspaper "Strana," in the year 1881 there came before the Department of Imperial Police 1500 political cases.† A very large

\* Vide "Rules concerning Measures to be taken for the Preservation of Civil Order and Public Peace," approved by the Tsar, August 14, 1881. Chapter V., section 34.

† Quoted in newspaper "Sibir" for Jan. 31, 1882, p. 5.

proportion of these cases were dealt with by administrative process, and if the Minister of the Interior had given to each one of them a half, or one-quarter, of the study which was absolutely essential to a clear comprehension of it, he would have had no time to attend to anything else. As a matter of fact he did not give the cases such study, but, as a rule, simply signed the papers that came up to him from below. Of course he would not have signed the order for the exile of Mr. Korolenko to the province of Yakutsk if he had known that the whole charge against the young novelist was based on a mistake; nor would he have signed the order for the exile of Mr. Borodin if he had been aware that the magazine article for which the author was banished had been approved by the St. Petersburg Committee of Censorship. He accepted the statements passed up to him by a long line of subordinate officials, and signed his name merely as a formality and as a matter of course. How easy it is in Russia to get a high official's signature to any sort of a document may be illustrated by an anecdote that I have every reason to believe is absolutely true. A "stola-nachalnik," or head of a bureau, in the provincial administration of Tobolsk, while boasting one day about his power to shape and direct governmental action, made a wager with another chinovnik that he could get the governor of the province — the late Governor Lissogorski — to sign a manuscript copy of the Lord's Prayer. He wrote the prayer out in the form of an official document on a sheet of stamped paper, numbered it, attached the proper seal to it, and handed it to the governor with a pile of other papers which required signature. He won his wager. The governor duly signed the Lord's Prayer, and it was probably as harmless an official document as ever came out of his office.

How much of this sort of careless and reckless signing there was in the cases of political offenders dealt with by administrative process may be inferred from the fact that, when the liberal minister Loris Melikoff came into power in 1880, he found it necessary to appoint a revisory commission, under the presidency of General Cherevin, to investigate the cases of persons who had been exiled and put under police supervision by administrative process, and to correct, so far as possible, the "mistakes," "misunderstandings," and "irregularities" against which the sufferers in all parts of the empire began to protest as soon as the appointment of a new Minister of the Interior gave them some reason to hope that their complaints would be heeded. There were said to be at that time 2800 political offenders in Siberia and in various remote parts of Eu-

ropean Russia who had been exiled and put under police surveillance by administrative process. Up to the 23d of January, 1881, General Cherevin's commission had examined the cases of 650 such persons, and had recommended that 328, or more than half of them, be immediately released and returned to their homes.\*

Of course the only remedy for such a state of things as this is to take the investigation of political offenses out of the hands of an irresponsible police, put it into the courts, where it belongs, and allow the accused to be defended there by counsel of their own selection. This remedy, however, the Government persistently refuses to adopt. The Moscow Assembly of Nobles, at the suggestion of Mr. U. F. Samarin, one of its members, sent a respectful but urgent memorial to the Crown, recommending that every political exile who had been dealt with by administrative process should be given the right to demand a judicial investigation of his case. The memorial went unheeded, and the Government, I believe, did not even make a reply to it.†

Before the year 1882 the rights, privileges, and obligations of political offenders exiled to Siberia by administrative process were set forth only in secret circular-letters, sent from time to time by the Minister of the Interior to the governors of the different Siberian provinces. Owing to changes in the ministry, changes in circumstances, and changes of ministerial policy, these circular-letters of instruction ultimately became so contradictory, or so inconsistent one with another, and led to so many "misunderstandings," "irregularities," and collisions between the exiles and the local authorities in the Siberian towns and villages, that on the 12th of March, 1882, the Minister of the Interior drew up, and the Tsar approved, a set of rules for the better regulation of police surveillance and exile by administrative process. An official copy of this paper, which I brought back with me from Siberia, lies before me as I write. It is entitled, "Rules concerning Police Surveillance." ("Polozhenie o Politseskom Nadzore.") The first thing that strikes the reader in a perusal of this document is the fact that it declares exile and police surveillance to be, not *punishments* for crimes already committed, but measures of precaution to prevent the commission of crimes that evil-minded men may contemplate. The first section reads as follows: "Police surveillance [which includes administrative ex-

\* An official announcement by the Government, quoted in the newspaper "Sibir" for Jan. 31, 1881, p. 1.

† Newspaper "Zemstvo," 1881, No. 10, p. 21.



ile] is a means of preventing crimes against the existing imperial order [the present form of government]; and it is applicable to all persons who are prejudicial to the public peace." The power to decide when a man is "prejudicial to the public peace," and when exile and surveillance shall be resorted to as a means of "preventing crime," is vested in the governors-general, the governors, and the police; and in the exercise of that power they pay quite as much attention to the opinions that a man holds as to the acts that he commits. They can hardly do otherwise. If they should wait in all cases for the commission of criminal acts, they would not be "*preventing crime*," but merely watching and waiting for it, while the object of administrative exile is to *prevent* crime by anticipation. Clearly, then, the only thing to be done is to nip crime in the bud by putting under restraint, or sending to Siberia, every man whose political opinions are such as to raise a presumption that he *will* commit a crime "against the existing imperial order" if he sees a favorable opportunity for so doing. Administrative exile, therefore, is directed against ideas and opinions from which criminal acts may come, rather than against the criminal acts themselves. It is designed to anticipate and prevent the acts by suppressing or discouraging the opinions; and, such being the case, the document which lies before me should be called, not "Rules concerning Police Surveillance," but "Rules for the Better Regulation of Private Opinion." In the spirit of this latter title the "Rules" are interpreted by most of the Russian police.

The pretense that administrative exile is not a punishment, but only a precaution, is a mere juggle with words. The Government says, "We do not exile a man and put him under police surveillance as a punishment for holding certain opinions, but only as a means of preventing him from giving such opinions outward expression in criminal acts." If the banishment of a man to the province of Yakutsk for five years is not a "punishment," then the word "punishment" must have in Russian jurisprudence a very peculiar and restricted signification. In the case of women and young girls a sentence of banishment to eastern Siberia is almost equivalent to a sentence of death, on account of the terrible hardships of the journey and the disease-saturated condition of the *étapes*—and yet the Government says that exile by administrative process is not a punishment!

In 1884 a pretty and intelligent young girl named Sophia Nikitina, who was attending school in Kiev, was banished by administrative process to one of the remote provinces of

eastern Siberia. In the winter of 1884-85, when she had accomplished about 3000 miles of her terrible journey, on the road between Tomsk and Atchinsk she was taken sick with typhus fever, contracted in one of the pestilential *étapes*. Physicians are not sent with exile parties in Siberia, and politicals who happen to be taken sick on the road are carried forward, regardless of their condition and regardless of the weather, until the party comes to a lazaret, or prison hospital. There are only four such lazarets between Tomsk and Irkutsk, a distance of about a thousand miles, and consequently sick prisoners are sometimes carried in sleighs or telegas, at a snail's pace, for a week or two—if they do not die—before they finally obtain rest, a bed, and a physician. How many days of cold and misery Miss Nikitina endured on the road that winter after she was taken sick, and before she reached Atchinsk and received medical treatment, I do not know; but in the Atchinsk lazaret her brief life ended. It must have been a satisfaction to her, as she lay dying in a foul prison hospital, 3000 miles from her home, to think that she was not undergoing "punishment" for anything that she had done, but was merely being subjected to necessary restraint by a parental Government, in order that she might not sometime be tempted to do something that would have a tendency to raise a presumption that her presence in Kiev was about to become more or less "prejudicial to social order."

Helene Machtet (born Medvedieva), whose portrait will be found on page 732, and whose reading of Turgenev's "Virgin Soil" to her "pipe club" in a St. Petersburg prison I have referred to in a previous article, died in Moscow in 1886 soon after her return from a long term of exile in western Siberia. Her husband, Gregorie Machtet, one of the most talented of the younger novelists of Russia, was arrested on the very threshold of a brilliant literary career and exiled to Siberia by administrative process. His portrait may recall him to the minds of some of the readers of *THE CENTURY* in Kansas, where he lived for a time during a visit that he made to the United States.

Prince Alexander Krapotkine, a most accomplished gentleman and fine mathematician and astronomer, was exiled to Siberia by administrative process, mainly because he was the brother of Prince Pierre Krapotkine, the well-known Russian revolutionist, who now resides in London. Alexander Krapotkine lived ten years in banishment, and then committed suicide at Tomsk in 1886.

Victoria Gukofskaya, a school-girl only fourteen years of age, was banished from

Odessa to eastern Siberia in 1878, and hanged herself at Krasnoyarsk in 1881.

An administrative exile named Bochin went insane at the village of Amga, in the province of Yakutsk, in 1883, and after killing his wife, who also was an administrative exile, and his child, which had been born in exile, he took poison.

In the face of all these terrible tragedies, and of many more to which I cannot now even refer, the Russian Government pretends that exile by administrative process is not a "punishment," but merely a wise precaution intended to restrain people from wrong-doing.

I have not space in this article for a tenth part of the evidence which I collected in Siberia to show that administrative exile is not only cruelly unjust, but, in hundreds of cases, is a punishment of barbarous severity. If it attained the objects that it is supposed to attain, there might, from the point of view of a despotic Government, be some excuse if not justification for it; but it does not attain such objects. Regarded even from the side of expediency, it is uselessly and needlessly cruel. In a recent official report to the Minister of the Interior, Major-General Nicolai Baranof, the governor of the province of Archangel, in discussing the subject of administrative exile says:

From the experience of previous years, and from my own personal observation, I have come to the conclusion that administrative exile for political reasons is much more likely to spoil the character of a man than to reform it. The transition from a life of comfort to a life of poverty, from a social life to a life in which there is no society whatever, and from a life of activity to a life of compulsory inaction, produces such ruinous consequences, that, not infrequently, especially of late, we find the political exiles going insane, attempting to commit suicide, and even committing suicide. All this is the direct result of the abnormal conditions under which exile compels an intellectually cultivated person to live. There has not yet been a single case where a man, suspected with good reason of

political untrustworthiness and exiled by administrative process, has returned from such banishment reconciled to the Government, convinced of his error, and changed into a useful member of society, and a faithful servant of the Throne. On the other hand, it often happens that a man who has been exiled in consequence of a misunderstanding, or an administrative mistake, becomes politically untrustworthy for the first time in the place to which he has been banished — partly by reason of his association there with real enemies of the Government, and partly as a result of personal exasperation. Furthermore, if a man is infected with anti-Government ideas, all the circumstances of exile tend only to increase the infection, to sharpen his faculties, and to change him from a theoretical to a practical — that is, an extremely dangerous — man. If, on the contrary, a man has not been guilty of taking part in a revolutionary movement, exile, by force of the same circumstances, develops in his mind the idea of revolution, or, in other words, produces a result directly opposite to that which it was intended to produce. No matter how exile by administrative process may be regulated and restricted, it will always suggest to the mind of the exiled person the idea of uncontrolled official license, and this alone is sufficient to prevent any reformation whatever.\*

Truer words than these were never written by a high Russian official, and so far as the practical expediency of exile by administrative process is concerned, I should be content to rest the case against it wholly upon this frank report of the governor of Archangel. The subject, however, may be regarded from a point of view other than that of expediency — namely, from the point of view of morals, justice, and humanity. That side of the question I shall reserve for further discussion in future. In this paper I have tried to show how recklessly, carelessly, and unjustly Russian citizens are banished to Siberia by administrative process. In subsequent articles I shall describe, as fairly, fully, and accurately as I can, the conditions of the life which political exiles in Siberia are compelled to live.

\* "Juridical Messenger" (the journalistic organ of the Moscow Juridical Society, or Bar Association), October, 1883, p. 332.

George Kennan.

# OLD AGE'S LAMBENT PEAKS.

THE touch of flame — the illuminating fire — the loftiest look at last,  
O'er city, passion, sea — o'er prairie, mountain, wood — the earth itself;  
The airy, different, changing hues of all, in falling twilight,  
Objects and groups, bearings, faces, reminiscences;  
The calmer sight — the golden setting, clear and broad:  
So much 'i' the atmosphere, the points of view, the situations whence we scan,  
Bro't out by them alone — so much (perhaps the best) unreck'd before;  
The lights indeed from them — old age's lambent peaks.

Walt Whitman.

## A MEXICAN CAMPAIGN.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER, AUTHOR OF THE IVORY BLACK STORIES.

IN THREE PARTS. PART II.

### THE AFFAIR OF MOLINO DEL REY.



R. PEMBERTON LOGAN SMITH returned from Guanajuato five or six days later, bringing his sheaves with him. But his sheaves did not amount to much.

He arrived from the railway station in time to join the party at dinner; and although dining was about at an end, they all waited while he ate his dinner and at the same time gave an account of himself.

"What a blessing it is again to get something to eat," he observed with much satisfaction as Gilberto—"the best waiter I ever came across anywhere," Mr. Gamboge had declared approvingly—took away his empty soup-plate and filled his glass from a bottle of Father Gatillon's sound claret. "I staid at Doña Maria's, of course, and the old lady did her best for me, I know—but even her best did n't amount to much; and I've been getting hungrier and hungrier every day."

"And how about the picture?" Brown asked. "You must have made pretty quick work of it to get anything done in this time."

"Oh, the picture! Yes, I'd forgotten about that. You see, when I saw the Bufo again I concluded that it was too much for me. It wants a bigger man, you know—somebody like Orpiment. You really ought to go up and paint it, Orpiment; it's a wonderful thing." This pleased Verona, of course. She highly approved of anything in the shape of an acknowledgment of her husband's superiority.

"That's all very well," said Orpiment; "but if you have n't been painting the Bufo, what have you been doing? And what's gone with all your virtuous resolutions?"

"Well, you see, we did n't half do up Guanajuato—it's a wonderful place; I think it's the most picturesque place I ever saw. I've been investigating it. I found some more pictures, for one thing. There's a tremendously good 'Cena de San Francisco,' that we never saw at all, in the sacristy of that little church just across the street from Doña Maria's. And I went out to the Valenciana mine, and there is one of the most beautiful

churrigueresque church interiors out there that I ever laid eyes on, and we missed that, too, you know. There was lots to do without painting. I could have put in another week easily."

"Did you see anything of the Espinosas?" Violet asked with a fine air of innocent curiosity.

"The Espinosas! Oh, yes, I saw them. In fact I—as it happened, I saw a good deal of them," Pem answered in some slight confusion. "Yes, they were very civil to me," he continued. "You see I had to present the letter that you sent, Mrs. Mauve; and when they found that I had missed so much that is worth seeing in Guanajuato they took me in hand in the kindest way and showed me everything. It was ever so nice of them. And—and we happened to come down together on the same train. You see, I found it was quite hopeless to try to paint the Bufo, and as they were coming down I thought I'd come down too. What a nice old lady Señora Espinosa is, and Don Antonio is delightful. I've rarely met such pleasant people."

"And how about the pretty girl?" Brown struck in, although Rose tried to stop him by pinching him.

"It's never any good to pinch me, Rose," Brown explained, when his conduct subsequently was criticised. "Half the time I don't know what I'm pinched for and it only makes me get my back up; and the other half you don't get in your pinch until I've said what you don't want me to say. If I were you, I'd stop it."

"But, Van, indeed it was very unkind in you to speak that way to-night. Don't you see that Mr. Smith is quite seriously interested in this sweet young girl; and just suppose you were to make him so uncomfortable that he should break it all off before it's fairly begun. Don't do anything like that again, I beg of you."

"For so young a woman, Rose, your match-making proclivities are quite remarkable. How do you know that this Mexican girl is 'sweet'? Remember your gambling friend at Aguas Calientes, Rosey, and don't be precipitate, my dear" (this was an unfair allusion on Brown's part, and he had to apologize for it). "After all, though, you must admit that Smith did n't

seem to be very badly knocked out by my shot at him."

This was quite true, for Pem had expected some such question, and, being ready for it, he answered with a very fair degree of composure: "You mean the Señora Carillo. She is charming, of course. I don't believe that you know, Mrs. Mauve," he added, turning to Violet, "that your friend is a widow?"

"Oh, how perfectly delightful!" cried Violet. Then, seeing that Rose, Verona, and Mrs. Gamboge all looked shocked, she added, "Of course I don't mean that it is delightful to have people's husbands die, or anything like that, you know. But after they *are* dead, in this part of the world at least, it's delightful to be a widow. A Mexican young girl might just as well be a — a humming-top, for all the good she has of anything, you see. But as soon as she's a widow she can go anywhere and do anything she pleases and have nobody bothering at her at all. It's better than being a young girl in the States, ever so much. And so Carmen's a widow. Just think of it! And I did n't even know that she had been married. She's got ever so far ahead of me, has n't she, Rowney? And I thought that I was ahead of her. It's too bad! But who did she marry, Mr. Smith? And when did he die? Do tell me all about it, please."

And Pem explained that the Señorita Espinosa had been married about a year after the time that she had left school, and that her husband had died suddenly within two or three months of their marriage. "I don't believe it was quite a heart-breaking affair," Pem added. "Her cousin, Rodolfo, you know, told me that old Don Ignacio was a grouty old fellow, and that the marriage had been made up mainly because his hacienda adjoined her father's, and there was some row about the water-rights which had been going on for years and which they succeeded this way in compromising. Rodolfo was very indignant about the whole business, and I'm sure I don't wonder. Do they do much of that sort of thing down here, Mrs. Mauve? It's like a bit out of the dark ages."

"But think how happy she is now, Mr. Smith," said the practical Violet; "and think what a good thing it is to have the matter about the water settled so nicely. You don't know how important it is to get a thing like that settled. I remember papa and another man had a bad shooting match about a water-right once; and papa would have been killed, everybody said, if he had n't been too quick for the other man and got the drop on him. And it cost papa ever so much to square things after he'd killed the other man; for the judges knew that papa was rich

and they made him pay like anything. I'm very glad for Carmen's sake that she was able to do her father such a good turn; and she must be glad too — especially now that it's all well over and she is a comfortable widow. And you say that they all came down with you to-night?"

"Yes, and they sent word that they are coming in a body to call on all of us to-morrow — that's the Mexican way, I believe. And they have a plan on foot for a picnic, or something of that sort, for us at Señor Espinosa's place out at Tacubaya —"

"Oh, in that lovely garden! I used to go out there with Carmen sometimes on Sundays while I was at the convent. It's perfectly delightful!"

"Yes, I fancy from what they said about it that it must be rather a nice place. And after the lunch, or breakfast, or whatever they call it, we're to walk across and see the view of the valley from a place that they say is very nice — it's upon a hillside above the Molino del Rey; just where the battle was fought in 1847, Don Antonio said. Really, Mrs. Mauve, we all owe a great deal to you for putting us in the way of seeing Mexican life from the inside."

This view of the indebtedness of the American party to its Spanish-American member became general two days later, when they all were conveyed to Tacubaya by Don Antonio in a special tram-car, and were given a breakfast in his beautiful *huerta* that quite astonished them. That Pem approved of the food, Philadelphian though he was, did not, under the circumstances, count for much; but the hearty indorsement of Mexican cooking on the part of Mr. Gamboge and Mr. Mangan Brown, neither of whom regarded such matters lightly, and whose judgment was not biased by any sudden yielding to the tender emotions, counted for a good deal. It was while they were returning to the city that Mr. Gamboge, after a long, thoughtful silence, thus spoke:

"Brown, I shall remember that dish of *mole* — I have learned the name of it carefully, you see — until my dying day."

And Mr. Mangan Brown briefly but feelingly replied, "And so shall I."

As for Rose, she declared that she must be asleep and had dreamed herself into a Watteau landscape; for such a garden as this was, as she lucidly explained, she believed could have no existence outside of a picture that was inside of a dream.

Mrs. Gamboge, whose tendency was towards the sentimental, wished Mr. Gamboge to come and sit beside her on the grass, beneath a tree near the little brook. And her feel-



ings were rather hurt because Mr. Gamboge declined to fall in with her romantic fancy, on the ground that sitting on the grass certainly would give them both the rheumatism. And he did n't mend matters by adding that he would have been very glad to please her had they only thought to bring along a gum-blanket.

But quite the happiest member of this exceptionally happy party was Mr. Pemberton Logan Smith; for this young man, while he was not as yet exactly in love, had made a very fair start into the illusions and entanglements of that tender passion. During the four or five days at Guanajuato his intercourse with the Señora Carillo had been hampered by the formalities attending new acquaintanceship, and especially by the rule of Mexican etiquette that throws the entertainment of a guest upon the oldest lady of the household. His eyes had been very steadily in the service of the pretty widow; but his ears, and so much of his tongue as the circumstances of the case required,—which was not much, for Doña Catalina was a great talker,—necessarily were employed in the service of her aunt.

But on the present occasion Doña Catalina naturally devoted herself more especially to Mrs. Gamboge and the two elderly gentlemen,—Violet, rather against her will, serving as interpreter,—and this left Pem free to follow his own inclinations. It was the first fair chance that he had had, and he made the most of it. A further fortunate fact in his favor was that he was the only man of the American party—except Jaune d'Antimoine, who was busily employed as interpreter between his wife, Rose, Verona, and the Mexican young gentlemen—who possessed a colloquial command of Spanish. How Pem did bless his lucky stars now that, being overtaken by a mood of unwonted energy, he had had the resolution to grind away so steadily under that stuffy old professor during his winter in Granada!

So, without much difficulty, he contrived to keep close to the widow all day,—much to his own enjoyment, and, apparently, not to her distaste. She was not like any of the women whom he had known in Spain—where, to be sure, his opportunities for any save most formal acquaintance had been very limited; and she certainly was unlike her own countryfolk. Even in her lightest talk there was an air about her of preoccupation, of reserve, that was in too marked contrast with Doña Catalina's very cheerful frankness to be accounted for merely on the ground of the difference between youth and age; and that, so far as his observation had gone, was not by any means characteristic of Mexican women either old or young. And from the obscurity

of this reserve she had a way, he found, of flashing out rather brilliantly turned expressions of decidedly original thought. When she accompanied these utterances, as she sometimes did, with a little curl of her finely cut red lips, and with a quick glance from her dark-brown eyes,—not tender eyes, yet eyes which somehow suggested possibilities of tenderness,—he found that her sayings, if not increased in point, certainly gained in effectiveness. Altogether, Mr. Smith was disposed to regard the Señora Carillo as a decidedly interesting subject for attentive study.

Naturally, since they had been so much together during the day, Pem was the widow's escort when they all set out, in late afternoon, to walk to the point of view that Don Antonio, as he expressed it, would have the honor to bring to their notice. It was a desperately dusty walk, and the American ladies—who had donned raiment of price for the occasion—contemplated the defilement of their gowns in anything but a contented spirit. They beheld with wonder the calmness with which their Mexican sisters—who were equally well dressed, though in the style that would obtain in New York during the ensuing season—made no effort whatever to preserve their garments from contamination.

"That gros-grain of Mrs. Espinosa's will be absolutely ruined, Rose," Mrs. Gamboge declared, speaking in the suppressed voice that most people seem to consider necessary when airing their private sentiments in the presence of other people who do not understand a word of the language in which the private sentiments are expressed. "Mine is bad enough, though I'm doing everything I can think of to save it. Do just drop behind me a little and see if I'm making a very shocking exhibition of my ankles. I'm afraid that I am, but I really can't help it. These Mexican ladies seem to think no more of getting dusty than if they all were dressed in calico. I can't understand it at all."

The Señora Carillo certainly paid no attention whatever to the increasing dustiness of her gown. Her early venture in matrimony had not been of an encouraging sort, and since she had come into her estate of widowhood her tendency—as Violet in her free but expressive south-western vernacular probably would have stated the case—was to "stand off" mankind generally. It was a surprise to herself when she discovered that so far from finding this good-looking young *Americano* repulsive, she positively was attracted by him. For one thing, he struck her as differing in many ways from her own countrymen; and she had an instinctive feeling that the unlikeness was not merely superficial. She was sure

that his scheme of life was a larger, broader scheme than that which she had known, and there was a genuineness in his deference to her as a woman that contrasted both forcibly and favorably with certain of her past experiences.

In point of fact this Mexican young woman had begun life by being a little out of harmony with her environment. She did not know very clearly what she wanted, but she knew that it was something quite different from that which she had. It was this feeling that had led her to select Violet Carmine for a close friend. She was not at all in sympathy with Violet's most radical tendencies; but she found in Violet a person, the only person, who was not shocked when she stated some of her own small convictions as to what a woman's life might be. Even to this friend she had not told that it was her hope, should she ever marry, to be the companion of her husband—not merely his handmaiden, in the scriptural sense. And she was glad now that she had been thus reticent, for her hope by no means had been realized.

After that very disillusioning venture into the holy estate of matrimony, this poor Carmen found herself entirely at odds with herself and with the world. Had she lived a generation earlier she would have become a nun. It was a subject of sincere sorrow to her that nunneries had been abolished in Mexico by the Laws of the Reform.

It was only natural that there should be a certain feeling of pleasure mixed with her feeling of astonishment at her present discovery of a man for whom she had at once both liking and respect. It was agreeable, she thought, to find that there really was such a man in the world. But beyond this very general view of the situation her thoughts did not go. It made very little difference to her, one way or the other, this discovery. The man was a foreigner, and an American at that,—and Carmen had a good strong race hatred for the Americans of the North,—come into her country only for a little while. Presently he would go home again; and that, so far as she was concerned, would be the end of him. In the mean time she would please herself by studying this new specimen of male humanity. It was well to hold converse with a foreigner, she thought; it enlarged one's mind.

So, lagging a little behind the rest of the party, and chatting in a manner somewhat light to be productive of any very marked mental improvement, they walked westward through the straggling streets of Tacubaya—past low houses with great barred windows, past high-walled gardens, the loveliness of which was only hinted at by overhanging trees

and climbing vines, and by the glimpse in passing to be had through the iron gates—over to and out upon the hillside above the Molino del Rey. They stopped beside the little pyramidal monument that commemorates the battle. The rest of the party had gone on a few rods farther; for Don Antonio, with true Mexican courtesy, had acted upon his instinctive conviction that beside this monument was not a place where a party of right-thinking Americans would care to halt.

Below them, embowered in trees, was the old Mill of the King that Worth's forces carried that September day forty years ago; beyond rose the wooded, castle-crowned height of Chapultepec; still farther away were the towers and glistening domes of the city and the great shimmering lakes, and for background rose the blue-gray mountains above Guadalupe in the north. To the east, over across Lake Chalco, towered the great snow peaks of the volcanoes.

"Upon my soul, I wish I had been born a Mexican," said Pem, drawing a long breath.

"Because the Mexicans happen to be possessors of a fine landscape? That is not a good reason. There are better things for a people to have than landscapes, Señor; and some of these better things, if I am rightly told, your people have."

"Well, I must say I don't know what they are. Just now I can't think of anything finer than this view—except the happy fact that you have done me the honor to lead me to it, Señorita."

"I could wish that you would not speak in that fanciful manner. It is in the custom of my own country, and I do not like it. I have been told that the Americans do not make fine speeches, and I shall be glad to know that it is so."

Pem was rather taken aback by this frank statement of very un-Mexican sentiment.

"The Señorita, then, does not approve of the customs of her own people, and is pleased to like the Americans? For the compliment to my countrymen I give to the Señorita my thanks."

"I do not like your countrymen. I hate them."

"And why?"

"Is not this an answer?" Carmen replied, laying her hand upon the battle monument.

Pem felt himself to be in an awkward corner, for the position that his Mexican friend had taken—while not, perhaps, in the very best of taste—was quite unassailable. As he rather stupidly stared at the ugly little monument, thus pointedly brought to his notice, he felt that it did indeed represent an act of unjust aggression that very well might make

Mexicans hate Americans for a thousand years.

"As to the customs of my countrymen," Cármen continued, perceiving that the particular American before her was very much embarrassed, and politely wishing to extricate him from the trying position that, not very politely, she had placed him in, "some of them are very well. But this of making fine speeches to women is not well at all. Do the men have this foolish custom in your land, or is it only that while in Mexico you wish to do what is done here?"

It was a relief to have the subject changed in any way, but the new topic was one not altogether free from difficulties. Mr. Smith never before had been called upon to defend the utterance of a small gallantry upon ethical and ethnological grounds; still less to treat the matter from the standpoint of comparative nationalities.

"Well, I think that I have heard of civil speeches being made now and then by American men to American women," he replied. "Yes, I believe that I am justified in telling you positively that speeches of this sort among us may be said to be quite everyday affairs. May I ask why the *Señorita* objects to them? They strike me as being harmless, to say the least."

"They are idle and silly. It is the same talk that one would give to a cat. I do not know why a woman should be talked to as though she had nothing of sense. It is true, she cannot know as much as a man; but she may ask to have it believed that she knows more than a cat, and still not claim to be very wise. And so, if the *Señor* will permit the request, I will beg that he will keep his handsome speeches for those who like them and that he will say none to me at all.

"See, our friends are coming towards us, and we will go back to the town. And the *Señor* will pardon me if I have been rude. I should not have said what I did about Americans. I find now that they are not all bad." There was more in the look that accompanied this utterance than there was in the words. "I have not had a very happy life, and sometimes, they tell me, I forget to be considerate of others and am unkind. But I have not meant to be unkind to-day."

The last portion of Cármen's speech was hurried, for the party was close upon them, and they all were together again before Pem could reply.

Nor did he have another chance to continue this, as he had found it, notwithstanding the awkward turns that it had taken, very interesting conversation. Cármen stuck close to her aunt, and was almost silent, as they walked

back to the garden; and she contrived, as they returned by the tramway to the city, to seat herself quite away from him in the car.

Since she so obviously had no desire to speak further, Pem felt that he would be pleasing her best by engaging the estimable Doña Catalina in lively talk. This was not a difficult feat, for Doña Catalina was a miracle of good-natured loquacity, who, in default of anything better to wag her tongue at, no doubt would have talked with much animation to her shoes. In view of the fact that he scarcely had been able to get in a word edgewise, he was rather tickled when this admirable woman, at parting, commended him warmly for having so well mastered the Spanish tongue. Pem ventured, at this juncture, to cast a very slightly quizzical look at Cármen, and was both surprised and delighted by finding that his look was returned in kind.

"A Mexican woman who does n't like pretty speeches, and who has such a charming way of qualifying her hatred of Americans, and who can see the point of a rather delicate joke," thought Pem, "would be worth investigating though she were sixty years old and as ugly as the National Palace. And Cármen"—this was the first time, by the way, that he had thought of her as Cármen—"I take it is not quite twenty yet; and what perfectly lovely eyes she has!"

At dinner that night Mr. Smith was unusually silent. When rallied by the lively Violet upon his taciturnity he replied that he was rather tired.

#### THE BATTLE OF CHURUBUSCO.

WHEN the American party played the return match, as Rowney Mauve, who had cricketing proclivities, expressed it, by giving their Mexican friends a breakfast in the pretty San Cosme Tivoli, Cármen did not appear. She had a headache that day, her aunt explained, and begged to be excused.

Rose commented upon this phase of the breakfast with her usual perspicuity. "I think that it all is working along very nicely, Van, don't you?" They had strolled off together and were out of ear-shot of the rest of the party.

"What is working along nicely? The breakfast? Yes, it seems to be all right. The food was very fair, and our friends seemed to enjoy themselves after their customary rather demonstrative fashion."

"It is a great trial to me, Van, the way you never catch my meaning. I don't mean the breakfast at all; I mean about Mr. Smith and this lovely widow. Is n't it queer to think that she is a widow? Except that she has a

serious way about her—that has come to her through her sorrow, of course, poor dear!—nobody ever would dream that she was anything but a young girl. What a romance her life has been!”

“Well, I can’t say that I see much romance about it. First she was traded off by her father for a hydrant, or something of that sort; and then she had an old husband—a most objectionable old beast he must have been from what we have heard about him—die on her hands before she was much more than married to him. I should say that the whole business was much less like a romance than like a nightmare. And as to this new match that you have made up for her working along nicely, it strikes me that just now it is working along about as badly as it can work. Did n’t you see how Smith went off into the dumps the moment that he found his widow had stayed at home? And don’t you think that her staying at home this way is the best possible proof that she does n’t care a button for him? Smith saw it quick enough, and that was what made him drop right down into dumpiness. So would I, if I’d been him, and a girl had gone back on me that way. You used to come and take walks with me, Rosey,—in the old days when we were spooning in Greenwich,—when your head was aching fit to split, you precious child.” They were in an out-of-the-way part of the garden, and on the strength of this memory Brown put his arm around his wife and kissed her. After which interlude he added: “So can’t you see that all your match-making is moonshine? It’s a case of ‘he loved the lady, but the lady loved not him,’ and you might as well accept the situation and stop your castle-building.”

“You are a very dear boy, Van, and of course I’d go walking with you even without any head at all. But about love-matters you certainly are very short-sighted. You can’t help it, I suppose, because you’re a man; and men never understand these things at all. But any woman could tell you at a glance that this love affair between Mr. Smith and the dear little Mexican widow is going on splendidly. Even you can see that Mr. Smith is in love with her. Well, I don’t think that she’s exactly in love with him yet; but I am quite certain that she feels that if she does n’t take care she will be. That’s the reason she had a headache and did n’t come to-day.”

“What a comfort it would be to Smith to know that!” Brown remarked with fine irony. “You had better tell him, my dear.”

“Yes, of course it would be,” Rose answered, entirely missing the irony. “And I’ve been thinking that I would tell him, Van;

only I thought that perhaps you would n’t like me to. I’m very glad you won’t mind—for of course he does n’t see, men are so stupid about such things. Suppose we go and hunt him up now, and then you go away and leave us together, and I’ll tell him how much encouragement she is giving him.”

“Suppose you tell me first. I’ll be shot if I see much that’s encouraging in her shying off from him this way.”

“Why, I have told you, Van. It’s because she is afraid that if she sees any more of him she really will fall in love with him; and of course, after her dreadful experience with that horrid old man, she has made up her mind that she never will marry again. That is the way that any nice girl would feel about it. And of course, if she’s so much interested in Mr. Smith that she won’t trust herself to see him, it is perfectly clear that he has made a very good start towards getting her to love him. What we must do now is to help him—”

“Steady, Rose; don’t go off your head, my child. This is n’t our funeral.”

“It is our funeral. Why, it’s anybody’s funeral who can help in a case of this sort. Think how much we owe to dear Verona for the way that she helped us. Certainly we must help him. And the first thing for us to do is to give him another good chance to have a talk with her. That’s all they want at present. No doubt we can do some other things later; and we will, of course. Why, Van, how can you be so heartless as not to be ready to do everything in your power to help your friend when the whole happiness of his life is at stake! And think what a good thing it will be for this poor sweet, broken-hearted girl, whose life has gone all wrong, to make it go right again.”

Mrs. Brown’s strongest characteristic was not, perhaps, moderation. In the present instance, while her husband was not wholly convinced by her vigorous line of argument, he found her enthusiasm rather contagious.

“What are you going to do about it?” he asked, a little doubtfully.

“Why, I think we can manage just what has to be done now, getting them together again, you know, this way: You know Don Antonio has on hand an expedition for us to that beautiful old convent that he has been talking about, where there is such lovely tile-work, out at Churubusco. We had better arrange things now to go day after to-morrow. And to-morrow Mr. Smith shall send a note to Don Antonio telling him that he is very sorry to miss the expedition, but that he has decided to go up to see a friend in Toluca. He has been talking about that engineer up at Toluca whom he used to go to school



with, so Don Antonio will think it all right and perfectly natural. And that will fix things beautifully. For then she'll go, of course."

"I don't see how it will fix anything beautifully for him to go off to Toluca. He won't see his widow there."

"O you foolish boy! He won't stay there, of course. He must go, because if he did n't he would n't be telling the truth in his note to Don Antonio,"—Rose had a very nice regard for the truth,—“but instead of staying at least one night, as of course they will expect him to, he must come right back to Mexico by the afternoon train. And then he can tell Don Antonio, when we all meet at the car, as we did the other day, that he has returned on purpose to join his party; and that will please Don Antonio—and then it will be too late for her to back out. And if he needs any help to get her off to himself when we are out at the convent, he can depend upon me to see that he gets it! Is n't that a pretty good plan, Van? How delightful and exciting it all is! It's almost as though we were overcoming difficulties and obstacles and getting married again ourselves, is n't it, dear?"

"No, I don't think it is. I think it's mainly vigorous imagination let loose upon a very small amount of fact. But we'll play your little game, Rosey, just for the fun of the thing. Only there's one thing, child, that you must be careful about. You can't make your plan go without explaining it to Smith. Now don't you tell him all the nonsense you have been telling me about the way you think the widow feels towards him. I don't think it's so; and since he really seems to be rather hard hit, it is n't fair to set him up with a whole lot of hopes and then have things turn out the other way and knock him down again. Tell him that it is just barely possible that things are the way you think they are, and that your plan is in the nature of an experiment that probably will have no result at all, or will turn out altogether badly—as I certainly think it will. I don't believe that you can do him any good; but if you put the matter to him this way, at least you won't do him any harm."

And Rose, perceiving the justice of her husband's utterance, promised him that in her treatment of this delicate affair she would be very circumspect indeed.

THE first part of the plan thus skillfully elaborated worked to a charm. When the Americans joined Don Antonio and his party on the plaza, to take the special tram-car in waiting for them on the Tlalpam tracks, Rose gave Van a delighted nudge and whispered:

"See, she has come, just as I said she would. And oh! oh!"—Rose squeezed Van's arm in her excitement with what he considered quite unnecessary vigor—"she has just seen Mr. Smith, and she is, indeed she is, changing color! Don't you see it? Now you know that I was right all along."

Brown, being on the lookout for it, did perceive this sign of confusion on the part of the Señora Carillo; but it was so slight that no one else, Pem alone excepted, noticed it. Another good sign, as Rose interpreted it, was that while Don Antonio and the rest were running over with voluble expressions of their pleasure because the Señor Esmit—the first letter and the digraph in Pem's name was too much for them—had cut short his visit to his friend in Toluca in order to join them in their outing, Carmen maintained a discreet silence. Pem, not being gifted with Rose's powers of tortuous penetration, regarded this silence as ominous, until Rose, perceiving that he was going wrong, managed to whisper to him cheerfully, "It's all right. Quick, go and sit by her!"

But this friendly advice came too late to be acted upon. Carmen, possibly foreseeing Pem's intention, executed a rapid flank movement—that Rose thought made the case still more hopeful, and that Pem thought made it still more hopeless—by which she placed herself securely between her aunt and her cousin Rodolfo, and so decisively checked the enemy's advance.

Under these discouraging circumstances Pem fell back on his reserve—that is to say, on Rose; who made a place for him to sit beside her and, so far as this was possible without being too marked in her confidences, said what she could to cheer and comfort him.

And, indeed, this young gentleman's requirements in the way of cheering and comforting were very considerable. He had confided freely in Rose—Rose was a most refreshingly sympathetic confidante in a love affair—after she herself had broken the ice for him; and the very fact of talking to her about his heart-troubles had done a good deal to give them substance and directness. As the result of several conversations, Rose arrived at the conclusion that if Carmen had come to the breakfast at San Cosme, and had treated Pem in an every-day, matter-of-fact sort of way, the affair very likely would have been there and then ended. "But when I went to breakfast, and she was not there, Mrs. Brown," Pem explained, "I suddenly realized how dreadfully much I had counted upon seeing her, and what a hold she had upon me generally. And then, while I was wretchedly low in my mind about it all, you came to me like

an angel and told me that perhaps I had something to hope for. I should n't have hoped at all if it had n't been for you. I think that I might even have had sense enough just to let it all go, and started right back for the States. And that would have been the end of it. But now that you have encouraged me, I'm quite another man. I shall fight it out now till she absolutely throws me over, or till I marry her.

"In the matter of family, Mrs. Brown," Pem went on, his Philadelphia instincts asserting themselves, "the marriage is a very desirable one. Her people have been established in America even longer than mine. Her cousin tells me that they trace their ancestry directly to the Conqueror himself,—through the Cortés Tolosa line, you know,—and they are connected with some of the very best families of Mexico and Spain. So, you see, there is no reason why I should not make her my wife. If it can be done, I'm going to do it; and if it can't—well, if it can't, there won't be much left in my life that's worth living for, that's all."

When Rose reported this conversation to her husband he listened with an air of serious concern. "You've shoved yourself into a tolerably good-sized responsibility, Rosey," he said; "and I'm inclined to think, my child, that you're going to make a mess of it. I should advise you, if you are lucky enough to get out of this scrape with a whole skin, to take it as a sort of solemn warning that in future you will save yourself a good deal of trouble if you will let other people's love-making alone. But since you are so far in, my dear, I don't see how you can do anything but go ahead and try to bring Smith out all right on the other side."

Rose would not admit, of course, that she felt at all overpowered by the weight of her responsibility; but she did feel it, at least a little, and consequently hailed with a very lively satisfaction every act on Carmen's part that possibly could be construed as supporting the hopeful view of the situation that she so energetically avowed. She went into the fight with all the more vigor now that victory was necessary not only to the happiness of her ally, but to the vindication of her own reputation as the projector of heart-winning campaigns.

Rose was encouraged by the fact that the tactics of the enemy were distinctively defensive. She argued that this betrayed a consciousness, possibly only instinctive, but none the less real, of forces insufficient to risk a general engagement; and she further argued that the most effective plan of attack would be to cut off the main body of the enemy—

that is to say, Carmen herself—from her reserves,—that is to say, from the protection of her aunt and other relatives,—and then to force a decisive battle. Before the car reached San Mateo she had communicated this plan to Pem, and he had agreed to it.

But it is one thing to plan a campaign in the cabinet, and it is quite another thing to carry on the campaign in the field. The allies presently had this fact in military science pointedly brought home to them.

From where the car was stopped, near the little old parish church of San Mateo,—closed now and falling into ruin, for the near-by conventual church has been used in its stead,—the party walked a short half-mile along a lane bordered by magueys, and then came out upon a plazuela whereon the main gate of the convent opened. In the middle of the plazuela Pem saw, much to his disgust, another pyramidal battle monument, inscribed, like the one at Molino del Rey, with a brief eulogy of Mexican valor as shown in the gallant but futile resistance offered to the invading armies of the Americans of the North. It was very unlucky, he thought, that their expeditions should be directed so persistently to the old battle-fields of that wretched war. Since Carmen's pointed reference to the war he had bought a Mexican school history and had read up on it; and, even allowing for the natural bias of the historian, the more that he read about the part played by his own country the more was he ashamed of his own countrymen. Yet he could not but think also that it was rather hard that he should have to bear such a lot of responsibility for an event that occurred before he was born. It was n't fair in Carmen, he thought, to liven up a dead issue like that and make it so confoundedly personal.

A couple of Mexican soldiers, in rather draggled linen uniforms, were sitting sentry lazily at the convent gate; and Don Antonio explained that the convent proper was now a military hospital. The church, and the large close in front of it, remained devoted to religious purposes, he said; and that portion of the old convent which inclosed the inner quadrangle had been reserved as a dwelling-place for the parish priest.

Passing to the left and turning the angle in the wall, they came to an arched gateway approached by a short flight of stone steps; and through this stately entrance, albeit somewhat shorn of its stateliness by the ruinous condition of its great wooden doors, they entered, and descended another short flight of steps into the close.

"Where are your Italian convents now?" Brown asked, turning to Rowney Mauve, who

that morning had been talking rather airily about Italian convents. "You admitted as we came along how good this place was in mass—not scattered a bit, but all the lines well worked together—and how well the gray and brown of the walls, and the green of the trees, and the blue and white tiling of the dome, come together. Now we have some detail. Did you ever strike anything in Italy better than this great high-walled close, with its heavy shadows from these stunning trees and from the church and the convent, and its bits of color from these stations of the cross in colored tiles? The church might be better, but it has at least a certain heavy grandeur, and the little tower up there is capital. And look, how well those black arches close beside it bring out that perfectly beautiful little chapel—I suppose it is a chapel—completely covered with blue and yellow tiles! There are, no doubt, grander churches than this in Italy, and in several other places; but I'll be shot if I believe that there are any more perfectly picturesque or more entirely beautiful. Smith, just tell Don Antonio that I shall be grateful to him to the end of my days for having shown me this lovely place."

"He says that the cloister is finer," Pem translated, while Don Antonio's face beamed thanks upon the party at large; for all the Americans manifestly concurred in Brown's enthusiastic expression of opinion. "And he says that the finest tile-work is in the choir. I must say I don't remember anything in Spain better than this. It's the rich, subdued color of it all, and the light and shade, I suppose, that does the business. I don't think it would paint, though; do you, Orpiment?"

"No, I don't. You could make a pretty good picture of it; but the picture would n't go for much with anybody who had seen the original. You can't paint a place that goes all around you, the way that this does; and you can't paint the spirit and the feeling of it—at least I can't; and that's what you'd have to get here if you got anything at all. No, this is one of the places that we'd better let alone."

The decision, which was a wise one, having been arrived at, the party passed under the archway beside the tiled chapel and so entered the inner quadrangle, surrounded by an arched cloister two stories high, the walls wainscoted with blue and white tiles. In the open, sunny center was a little garden, and in the midst of the garden a curious old stone fountain in which purely transparent water bubbled up from a spring with such force as to make a jet three or four inches high above the center of the large pool. The bubbling water glittered in the sunlight, and little waves that seemed half water and half sunshine constantly went

out from the throbbing center of the pool and fell away lightly upon its inclosing quaintly carved walls of stone.

Here there was another outburst of admiration on the part of the Americans, and while they were in the midst of it the parish priest, attracted by the sound of so many voices in this usually silent and forgotten place, came forth from a low archway and stared about him wonderingly. He was a little round man, with a kindly, gentle face, and a simplicity of manner that told of a pure soul and a trustful heart. Mrs. Gamboge, who entertained tolerably strong convictions in regard to the Scarlet Woman, and who heretofore had held as a cardinal matter of faith that every Roman Catholic priest was a duly authorized agent of the Evil One, found some difficulty in reconciling with these sound Protestant views the look and manner, and such of the talk as was translated to her, of this simple-minded, single-hearted man.

When it was made clear to the little padre that this distinguished company, including even Americans from the infinitely remote city of New York, had come to look at his church because it was beautiful, his expression of mingled amazement and delight was a joy to behold. It had never occurred to him, he said, that anybody but himself should think of his poor church as beautiful. He had thought it so for a long while, ever since he had been brought to this parish from his former parish of Los Reyes, where the church was very small and very shabby, and, moreover, was tumbling down. But he had thought that his feeling for the beauty of his church was only because he loved it so well; for in all the years that he had been there no one ever had even hinted that it was anything more than churches usually are. Yet it had seemed to him, he said modestly, that there was something about the way the shadows fell in the morning in the close, and something at that time about the colors of the walls and the richer color of the tiles, the like of which he had not seen elsewhere. In the stillness and quiet, amidst these soft shadows and soft colors, somehow he found that his heart became so full that often, without at all meaning to pray, he would find his thoughts shaping themselves in prayer.

"Good for the padre," said Orpiment when Pem translated this to him. "That's the part of that picture that I said could n't be painted. He does n't look it a bit, but that little round man is an artist." But Orpiment was mistaken. Padre Romero loved beautiful things, not because he was an artist, but because he had a simple mind and a pure soul.

Under the padre's guidance the party entered the church—commonplace within, for

reformation had destroyed its seventeenth-century quaintness — and thence passed up through the convent to the choir. This beautiful place, rich in elaborate tile-work, remained intact; and even the great choir-books, wrought on parchment in colored inks, still rested on the faldstool, waiting for the brothers to cluster around them once again in song. And there were the benches whereon the brothers once had rested; the central chair, in which Father Saint Francis had sat in effigy; and to the right of this the chair of the father guardian. But the brothers had departed forever, legislated out of existence by the Laws of the Reform.

Rose gave a little shudder as she looked about her in this solemn, deserted place, and with her customary clearness of expression declared that it was "something like being in an empty tomb full of Egyptian mummies."

"And to think," said Mr. Mangan Brown, who was a martyr to sea-sickness, "that Americans constantly are crossing that beastly Atlantic Ocean in search of the picturesque when things like this are to be seen dry-shod almost at their doors. Let us have our breakfast at once."

There was a lack of consecutiveness about Mr. Brown's remark, but its abstract comment and concrete suggestion were equally well received. Even Rowney Mauve, who was disposed to be critical, admitted that there were "several things worth looking at in Mexico," and added, by way of practical comment upon Mr. Brown's practical proposal, that he was as hungry as a bear.

All this while Rose had been endeavoring to bring about the *tête-à-tête* between Pem and Carmen that she believed would tend to the accomplishment of their mutual happiness. But her efforts had been unsuccessful. Carmen's defensive tactics no longer admitted of doubt, and even Rose was beginning to think that her sanguine interpretation of their meaning might be open to question. Thus far she had tried to cut Carmen out from her supports. She determined now to attempt the more difficult task of drawing off these supports, and so leaving Carmen isolated.

The breakfast, a very lively meal eaten in the lower cloister to the accompaniment of the tinkling of water falling from the fountain, gave her the desired opportunity for organizing her forces. With the intelligent assistance of Violet, who was taken into partial confidence because her knowledge of Spanish made her a valuable auxiliary, Rose contrived to break up the party, when breakfast was ended, so that she, Doña Catalina, Carmen, and Pem remained together, while the others scattered to explore the convent. Then, Pem serving as

interpreter, she asked the ladies if it would be possible to walk in the tangled old garden that they had seen from a window in the sacristy.

Doña Catalina, being devoted to gardens, as Mexican women usually are, accepted the proposition immediately and heartily; and Carmen—a little uneasily, Rose thought—fell in with the plan. Fortunately the padre appeared at this moment, and was delighted to guide them through a long, dark corridor and so into his domain of trees and flowers. He was full of enthusiasm about the garden. It had been restored to the church only a month before, he said, after belonging to the hospital ever since the property had been confiscated. The soldiers had done nothing with it. The ladies could see for themselves its neglected state. They must come again in a year's time, and then they would see one of the finest gardens in the world. And full of delight, the little man explained with great volubility his plans for pruning and training, for clearing away weeds and rubbish, and for making his wilderness once more to blossom like the rose. Doña Catalina, having her own notions about gardens, entered with much animation into his plans, and they talked away at a great rate.

So Rose and Pem and Carmen walked through the shady alleys slowly, while Doña Catalina and the priest, walking still more slowly, and stopping here and there, that the projected improvements might be fully explained, dropped a long way behind.

It was a perfect Mexican day. Overhead was a clear, very dark-blue sky; liquid sunshine fell warmly through the cool, crisp air; a gentle wind idled along easily among the branches of the trees. The garden was very still. The only sound was a low buzzing of bees among the blossoms, and the faint gurgle of the flowing water in conduits unseen amidst the trees.

Rose stepped aside to pluck a spray of peach blossoms. Carmen half stopped, but Pem, with admirable presence of mind, walked slowly on without pausing in the rather commonplace remark that he happened to be making in regard to the advantages of irrigation. A few steps farther on they came to a half-ruined arbor. They turned here and looked back along the alley, but Rose was not in sight. "She will join us in a moment," said Pem. "She is looking for flowers—she is very fond of flowers. Shall we wait for her here? And will the Señorita seat herself in the shade?"

Carmen stood for a moment irresolute. As the result of what she believed to be a series of small accidents, she found herself now in precisely the situation that she had determined to avoid—alone with this American whom



she had decided in her own mind to keep at a safe distance. Yet now that the situation that she had tried hard to render impossible actually had been brought about she found in it a certain excitement in which pleasure was blended curiously with pain. Her position certainly was weakened, for Pem observed, and counted the sign a good one, that her color had increased and that her eyes were brighter even than usual. She herself was conscious that the attack now had passed inside of the skirmish line, and made an effort—not a very vigorous one—to rally her forces.

"Señorita! Señorita!" she called, but not very loudly, and her voice lacked firmness. There was no answer.

"She will be here in a moment," Pem repeated. "It is pleasant in this shady place. Will not the Señorita seat herself? And will she answer me one question?" Pem's own heart was getting up into his throat in an awkward sort of way, and his voice was not nearly so steady as he wished it to be. But the chance had come that he had been waiting for, and he was determined to make the most of it.

Cármen gave a hurried glance around her. Rose still remained invisible. It was very lonely there in the old garden, and the stillness seemed to be intensified by the low, soft buzzing of the bees. There was a tightness about her heart, and she felt a little faint. Her color had left her face, and she was quite pale. She seated herself with a little sigh. But she realized that another rally was necessary, for the shakiness of Pem's voice had an unmistakable meaning. She could guess pretty well, no matter what his one question might be, in what direction it ultimately would lead, and she felt that she must check him before it was spoken. Her wits, however, were not in very good working order, and she presented the first thought that came into her mind—the thought, indeed, that had been uppermost in her mind all that day:

"The Señor soon will leave Mexico?" she said. She was aware even as these words were spoken that they served her purpose badly. Pem perceived this too, and hastened to avail himself of the opening. "And the Señorita will be glad when I am gone?"

"Glad? No. But things must end, and the Señor no doubt now is tired of this land and will have pleasure in returning to his own. He will have many lively stories to tell his friends about the savages whom he has seen in Mexico; and then presently he will forget Mexico and the savages, and will be busied again with his own concerns. Is it not so?"

"Is it the custom of Mexicans thus to forget friends who have shown them great kindness; or does the Señorita argue by contraries and

declare that, because Mexicans are grateful, there is no such virtue as gratitude among Americans? Does the Señorita truly in her heart believe that I shall forget the kindness that has been shown to me here, and the—and those who have shown it?"

"Ah, well, it is a little matter, not worth talking about," Cármen replied, uneasily. "No doubt some Americans have feelings of gratitude, and other virtues as well. But, as the Señor knows, I am not fond of Americans. I know too well the story of my own country. Yes, I know that I should not have spoken of this again," Cármen went on, answering the pained look on Pem's face, "but it is not my fault. The Señor should not have made me talk about Americans." This with a little air of defiance. "And least of all in this place. The Señor knows that this very convent was captured by his countrymen from mine? But does he remember that after the surrender, when he was asked to give up his ammunition, the General Anaya replied, 'Had I any ammunition, you would not be here'? Is not that the whole story of the war, told in a single word? Does the Señor wonder that I hate the Americans with all my heart?"

Pem was less disconcerted by this sally than he had been by the similar revival of dead issues at Molino del Rey. He was fairly well convinced in his own mind that Cármen was saying not more than she meant in the abstract, perhaps; but, certainly, a good deal more than she meant in the concrete as applied to himself. It was his belief that she was forcing this new fighting of the old war as a rather desperate means of delivering herself from engaging in a new and more personal conflict. He also inferred from her adoption of a line of defense that he knew was distasteful to her that, like General Anaya, she was short of ammunition. Entertaining these convictions, he was disposed to press the attack vigorously.

"Let us not talk about Americans," he said. "Let us talk about one single American. Does the Señorita hate *me*?"

This sudden and very pointed question produced much the same effect as that of the unmasking of a heavy mortar battery. It threw the enemy into great confusion, and for a moment completely silenced the defending guns.

Cármen was not prepared for so sharp a shifting of the conversation from general to exceedingly personal grounds. She flushed again, and then again grew pale. She was silent for a very long while—at least so it seemed to Pem. Her head was reclining backward against the trellis-work of the arbor in a way that showed the beautiful lines of her throat. Her eyes were nearly closed, and almost wholly veiled

by her long black lashes — that seemed still blacker by contrast with her pale cheeks. Her mouth was open a little, and her breath came and went irregularly. Her face was very still; but as Pem waited for her answer, watching her closely, he saw an expression of resolve come into it. Then at last she spoke:

"I do hate you," she said slowly and firmly. But as she spoke the words there was a drawing of the muscles of her face, as though she suffered bodily pain.

"Unearthed at last! By Jove, Smith, I had begun to think that you and the *Señorita* and Rose had fitted yourselves out with wings and flown away somewhere. I've been looking for you high and low, literally; for I've been up on the roof of the convent, and now I'm down here. Where is Rose? Doña Catalina said that you all three were here in the garden. Oh! there she comes now. Come! We're all waiting for you; it's time to start back to town."

Brown was of the opinion that he did not at all deserve the rating that Rose gave him, on the first convenient opportunity, for perpetrating this most untoward interruption. "How the dickens could I know they were spooning by themselves?" he asked. "I thought that you all three were together, of course." And although

Rose, who took the matter a good deal to heart, replied that this "was just like him," she could not but accept this reasonable excuse.

On Pem and Cármen the effects of the interruption were different. Whatever her more considerate opinion might be, Cármen's first feeling certainly was that of relief. She had fired the shot that she had nerved herself to fire, and the diversion had come just in time to check the reply of the enemy and to cover her orderly retreat.

Pem, realizing that the situation was critical, was thoroughly indignant. He wanted to punch Brown's head. Fortunately no opportunity offered for this practical expression of his wrath, and by the time that he got back to town he had cooled down a little. But he was so grumpy on the return journey, and looked so thoroughly uncomfortable, that the motherly Doña Catalina expressed grave concern when she bade him good-bye and frankly asked him — with the freedom that is permissible in Spanish — if anything that he had eaten at breakfast had disagreed with him? And being only half-convinced by his disclaimer, she advised him to take promptly a tumblerful of hot water strengthened with a little tequila.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Thomas A. Janvier.

## POEMS BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

### GREAT IS TO-DAY.

OUT on a world that's gone to weed!  
The great tall corn is still strong in his seed;  
Plant her breast with laughter, put song in your toil,  
The heart is still young in the mother-soil:  
There's sunshine and bird song, and red and white clover,  
And love lives yet, world under and over.

The light's white as ever, sow and believe;  
Clearer dew did not glisten round Adam and Eve,  
Never bluer heavens nor greener sod  
Since the round world rolled from the hand of God:  
There's a sun to go down, to come up again,  
There are new moons to fill when the old moons wane.

Is wisdom dead since Plato's no more?  
Who'll that babe be, in yon cottage door?  
While your Shakspeare, your Milton, takes his place in the tomb,  
His brother is stirring in the good mother-womb:  
There's glancing of daisies and running of brooks,  
Ay, life enough left to write in the books.

The world's not all wisdom, nor poems nor flowers,  
But each day has the same good twenty-four hours,  
The same light, the same night. For your Jacobs, no tears;  
They see the Rachels at the end of the years:  
There's waving of wheat, and the tall, strong corn,  
And his heart-blood is water that sitteth forlorn.

## A DAY-DREAM.

'T WAS not 'neath spectral moon,  
But in the day's high noon,  
That, pillowed on the grass,  
I saw a vision pass.

Strange quiet folded round,  
Strange silence — close, profound;  
Sweet peace, peace sweet and deep,  
Bade every trouble sleep.

"O spirit! stay with me,  
Lying all quietly:  
If this be death," I said,  
"Thrice blessed be the dead."

The shape with others passed,  
Each fainter than the last;  
And — dreadful was the roar —  
I heard the day once more.

## OLD BRADDOCK.

FIRE! Fire in Allentown!  
The Women's Building — it must go.  
Mothers wild rush up and down,  
Despairing men push to and fro;  
Two stories caught — one story more —  
See! leaps old Braddock to the fore —  
Braddock, full three-score.

Like a high granite rock  
His good gray head looms huge and bare;  
Firm as rock in tempest shock  
He towers above the tallest there.  
"Conrad!" 'T is Braddock to his son,  
The prop he thinks to lean upon  
When his work is done.

Conrad, the young and brave,  
Unflinching meets his father's eye:  
"Who would now the children save,  
That they die not, himself must die."  
On his white face no touch of fear,  
But, oh, it is so sweet, so dear —  
Life at twenty year!

"Father — father!" A quick  
Embrace, and he has set his feet  
On the ladder. Rolling thick,  
The flame-shot smoke chokes all the street,  
Blinds so only one has descried  
Her form that, through its dreadful tide,  
Springs to Conrad's side.

Strong she is, now, as he,  
Throbbing with Love's own lion might;  
Strong as beautiful is she,  
And Conrad's arms are pinioned tight.  
"Far through the fire, sits God above" —  
In vain he pleads; full does it prove,  
Her full strength of love.

Too late she sets him free —  
High overhead his father's call;  
From a height no eye can see  
Calls hoary Braddock down the wall,  
"Old men are Death's, let him destroy;  
Young men are Life's, Conrad, my boy —  
Life's and Love's, my boy!"

Wilder the women's cries,  
Hoarser the shouts of men below;  
Sheets of fire against the skies  
Set all the stricken town aglow.  
With sweep and shriek, with rush and roar,  
The flames shut round Old Braddock hoar —  
Braddock, full three-score.

"Save, save my children, save!"  
"Ay, ay!" all answer, speak as one,  
"If man's arm can from the grave  
Bring back your babes, it will be done;  
Know Braddock still is worth us all.  
Hark — hark! It is his own brave call, —  
'Back — back from the wall!'"

God — God, that it should be!  
As savagely the lashed wind veers,  
Fiercer than the fiery sea  
The frantic crowd waves hands, and cheers:  
An old man high in whirl of hell!  
The children, — how, no soul can tell, —  
Braddock holds them well.

Shorn all that good gray head  
With snows of sixty winters sown;  
Griped around the children's bed,  
One arm is shriveled to the bone:  
"Old men are Death's, let him destroy;  
Young men are Life's, Conrad, my boy —  
Life's and Love's, my boy!"

Fire! Fire in Allentown!  
Though 't was a hundred years ago,  
How the babes were carried down  
To-day the village children know.  
They know of Braddock's good gray head,  
They know the last, great words he said,  
Know how he fell — dead.

## COLLEGE FRATERNITIES.\*

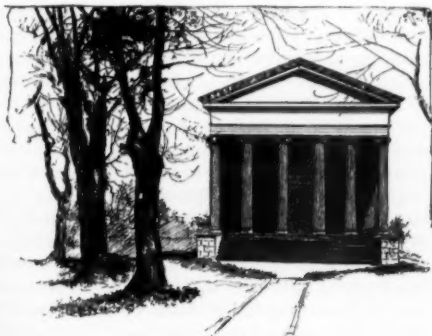


SIGMA DELTA CHI CLOISTERS AND CHAPEL, S. S. S., YALE.



College fraternities in the United States one significant fact may pass unquestioned—they have retained the affection and kept the support of a large number of those who knew them best. On their rosters are found not only the names of undergraduates, but also those of men who long since left youth and folly far behind. Indeed, one now and then runs across a name that adds a certain dignity to the catalogue and becomes an inspiration for ambitious youth. Of these many find no small satisfaction in identifying themselves from time to time with the life of the various clubs and societies of which they were members when boys at college; they take a mild, half-melancholy pleasure in reminiscent talk, and delight to meet and wander with half-regretful sadness in halls where youth wears the crown.

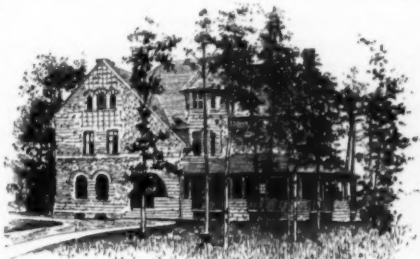
The charm of life in the society hall is much easier for one to imagine than for another to relate. A stereotyped phrase, "mere boyishness," fails to explain it; a compendium of dry facts and arguments would be farther still from picturing the life that often masquerades under the thin veil of a half-pretended secrecy.



WHIG HALL, PRINCETON.

More "sweetness and light" seems always to have been the goal towards which the fraternities strove, and the story of their development is a plain tale of natural and steady growth from small beginnings.

Towards the end of the first quarter of the present century the social life of our colleges had become barren—not more barren, perhaps, than it had been for many years, but relatively so in view of the fact that life was becoming richer and the spirit of the times more liberal. Boys from families in which puritanical methods were obsolete naturally hated the puritanism of college discipline; they chafed at the petty decorum of the stuffy class-rooms, and fretted at the deadness of the iron-bound curriculum. Almost the only means of relaxation countenanced by the faculties were open



KAPPA ALPHA LODGE, CORNELL.

debating societies, which met on the college grounds, and to the meetings of which both professor and student might go. In view of the fact that students, from the days of Horace down, were wont to hold their preceptors as their natural enemies, the presence of professors did not increase the popularity of these societies. Indeed, they languished. Here was the opportunity of the typical college fraternity.

Of these societies the first to assume the characteristics that are now recognized as their essential, albeit it soon lost them, had been Phi Beta Kappa. It was founded at Williamsburg, Virginia, December 5, 1776, in the very room where Patrick Henry had voiced the revolutionary spirit of Virginia. The story is a simple one: John Heath, Thomas Smith, Richard Booker, Armistead Smith, and John Jones,

\* For friendly assistance in the preparation of this article the writer cordially acknowledges his obligation to Mr. John De Witt Warner, of New York.





HASTY PUDDING CLUB-HOUSE, HARVARD.

students at William and Mary College, then the most wealthy, flourishing, and aristocratic institution of learning in America, believing that there was room for a more effective student organization than the one of a Latin name that then existed there, and recalling that one of their number was the best Greek scholar in college, resolved to found a new society, the proceedings of which were to be secret, to be known by the name of the three Greek letters that formed the initials of its motto—Phi Beta Kappa. The minutes are discouraging to those who would like to consider Phi Beta Kappa as a band of youthful enthusiasts planning a union of the virtuous college youth of this country, who were afterward to reform the world; and even more so to those who have declared infidel philosophy to be its cult. Youths of fine feelings and good digestion, they enjoyed together many a symposium like that on the occasion of Mr. Bowdoin's departure for Europe, when, "after many toasts suitable to the occasion, the evening was spent by the members in a manner which indicated the highest esteem for their departing friend, mixed with sorrow for his intended absence and joy for his future prospects in life." They called themselves a "fraternity." More thoroughly to enjoy the society of congenial associates, to promote refined good-fellowship, was the motive of these hearty young students who founded the first of the true Greek-letter fraternities, with (to quote from its ritual) "friendship as its basis, and

benevolence and literature as its pillars"—one which thrived in their day as its successors on the same basis flourish in ours. So far from being inspirers, or a product, of American national spirit, or of a union of the wise and virtuous to which they invited all known American colleges, the only reference in their record to the Revolution is the single mention of the "confusion of the times" in the record of the final meeting; and the only recognition of the existence of other colleges is the record of the granting of charters for "meetings" at Harvard and Yale, which institutions were never mentioned again.

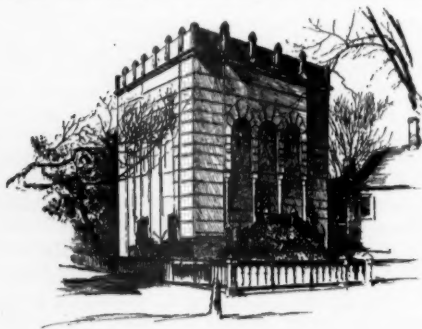
Meanwhile Cornwallis was coming nearer, and after having chartered additional chap-



"BONES" HALL, YALE.

ters,—Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, Zeta (Harvard), Eta (Yale), and Theta,—the Alpha, or mother chapter, passed out of existence.

From Epsilon and Zeta have descended the latter-day chapters of Phi Beta Kappa. Of the fate of Beta, Gamma, Delta, Eta, and Theta nothing is known. After a lapse of seventy years, William Short, of the mother chapter, at the age of ninety, traveled from Philadelphia to Williamsburg and revived the Alpha, which, however, soon succumbed to the vicissitudes of its college. It is not known what was its first follower. But of those whose activity have been continuous to date, Kappa Alpha, founded in 1825 at Union College, adopting with its Greek name a badge planned similarly to that of Phi Beta Kappa (except that it was suspended from one corner, instead of from the center of one of its equal sides), and inspired by similar ends, began



"KEYS" HALL, YALE.



HERZELIUS HALL, S. S. S., YALE.

the career that has made it the mother of living Greek-letter societies. For Phi Beta Kappa has long since become an honorary, as distinguished from an active, institution, though the reunions of its chapters, especially of the old Zeta, now the "Alpha of Massachusetts," founded at Cambridge in 1779, are still noteworthy events.

Even before Phi Beta Kappa came into existence, Oliver Ellsworth, afterward Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, had founded Clio Hall at Princeton, and a few years later, in 1769, Whig Hall arose at the same college with James Madison, afterward twice President of the United States, for its founder; and from that day to this these friendly rivals have never ceased to exert a healthful influence on the intellectual life of Princeton. These were the prototypes, and are the most vigorous survivals, of what, for nearly a century, were the most flourishing and numerous of student societies — the twin literary societies, or "halls," generally secret, and always intense in mutual rivalry, which have been institutions at every leading college in the land.

Another and a third, though less homogeneous, class of student societies may be best described by noting separately its only important examples — at Harvard and Yale. The Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard also took its rise in those interesting and formative years just subsequent to the close of the Revolutionary war, and was founded, as its constitution says, "to cherish the feelings of friendship and patriotism." For the display of the latter virtue the club for many years was wont to celebrate Washington's Birthday with oration and poem, with toasts and punch. Alas, for these degenerate days! Conventional

theatricals have taken the place of poem and oration, though, for aught I know, the toasts and punch may yet survive. "Two members in alphabetical order" — so ran the old by-laws — "shall provide a pot of hasty pudding for every meeting," and it is said that this practice is still religiously kept. That the banquet was not lightly considered by the old Harvard clubs may be seen in the tendency to exalt in the name of the club the peculiar feature of the club's fare, the Porcellian taking its name from the roasted pig — classical token of hospitality — that one of its bright young members provided for the entertainment of his fellows on a time when the feast fell to his providing. But the Porcellian has not wholly given itself up to the things that go with banqueting, for no other college society has so fine a library as it possesses. Indeed, its seven thousand well-selected and finely bound volumes might be coveted by many less fortunate small colleges. The A. D. Club is a younger rival of the "Pork," and, in the comfort of its house, the brilliancy of its dinners, and its good-fellowship, is by no means inferior. The development of this species of undergraduate activity has taken a widely different and rather unique form at Yale. The Yale senior societies are the most secret and clannish of college societies. No outsiders ever enter their buildings, and their goings and comings are so locked in mystery that one can only guess what their aims and purposes are. A passion for relic worship and a taste for politics are generally ascribed to both, though the class of men taken by Scroll and Key differs widely from that chosen by Skull



DELTA KAPPA EPSILON HALL, YALE.



ALPHA DELTA PHI (BELL'S MEMORIAL) HALL, HAMILTON.

and Bones — the men of the former being selected, it is supposed, for their social position and qualities of good-fellowship, while those of the latter are usually good scholars or prominent athletes.

Thus we have the three classes of student societies — the old literary societies, still flourishing in the older colleges of the South, but languishing elsewhere, except at Princeton, where Clio and Whig are still the great institutions of the student body, and at Lafayette, where the Washington and Jefferson are scarcely less prosperous; the peculiar local institutions of Yale and Harvard, *sui generis* and not to be propagated; and the Greek-letter system of chartered fraternities, the chartered corporations of which are to-day the most prominent characteristic of American undergraduate social life.

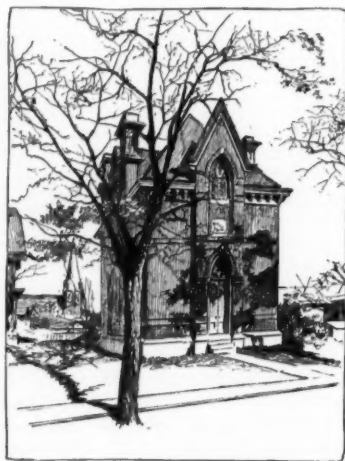
The interval of thirty-five years from the founding of Kappa Alpha to the outbreak of the civil war was the golden age of these fraternities. They sprang up and multiplied with a persistency that should forever make firm the doctrine of the strengthening power of persecution. They were not confined to any one grade of college or to any particular part of the country. They flourished every-



ALPHA TAU OMEGA HALL, SEWANEE.

where, and increased in number through almost every imaginable combination of the letters of the Greek alphabet. Many, of course, have vanished from the face of the earth. Of those that still remain, Delta Kappa Epsilon, founded at Yale in 1844, is the largest, and has now above 9000 members, representing 32 active chapters situated in 19 different States; Psi Upsilon, originated at Union in 1833, enrolls some 6600 members, distributed among 19 chapters in 10 States; and Alpha Delta Phi, founded at Hamilton in 1832, has a membership nearly as large. Delta Kappa Epsilon appears to have made good its claim to be recognized as a national institution; and while certain smaller fraternities are favorites in particular parts of the country, all barriers are rapidly disappearing before these three favorite societies in their march towards representation at all the important colleges of the country.

Though fraternities are organized less frequently now than formerly, because of the



DELTA KAPPA EPSILON HALL, ANN ARBOR.

increased difficulty of competing with those that have been long established, still, as the colleges themselves grow, the chapters of the most flourishing fraternities grow with them; so that the increase of the system, as a whole, is both very regular and very considerable. Up to 1883, the date at which the latest general manual of the fraternities appeared, there were enrolled among the 32 general college fraternities of this country, forming an aggregate of 505 active chapters, no less than 67,941 members, representing every possible profession and branch of business, every shade of religious and political opinion, and every State and Territory of the United States. But these figures by no means tell the whole story of



ALPHA PHI (LADIES') LODGE, SYRACUSE.

the growth and spread of the "little" college fraternities. Many colleges and advanced technical schools in every section of the country, besides welcoming the general fraternities to their privileges, have ambitiously started and preserved local fraternities that are limited or have no branches at other institutions, but nevertheless often enjoy a large share of local patronage. These societies, of which there are 16 now in existence, had a membership of 4077. But this is not all. The female students, not to be outdone, about a dozen years ago began to organize sisterhoods, from which males were ignominiously debarred from membership, and had meantime succeeded in building up 7 prosperous societies, with 16 chapters and 2038 members, situated mostly in co-educational institutions. When to this grand total of 74,056 names are added the large membership of the Princeton halls, the Harvard clubs, and the Yale senior societies, already described, together with the very numerous class organizations in various colleges, it may be seen how firm a hold the spirit of co-operation has taken upon the collegians of the country. The fraternities have grown far away from the persecutions of their early days, when the hands of all men and faculties were raised against them. Because they met in secret, and held themselves free from the intrusion of the faculty for one night in the week, and adorned their poor little badges with Greek letters, all evil and rebellious conduct was charged against them. Though their purposes were sensible enough, and good rather than evil has come from them, a nameless stigma of bad parentage still rests upon the whole system, to live down which, by an overplus of actual and visible good attainment, has not been possible till within recent years. But prejudice has an unequal contest with conviction. Through persecution, and poverty of opportunity, and lack of means the new society men fought their way towards solid ground, finding in their struggles and in their ambitions for the success and honors of their fraternities an incentive and charm college life had till then never yielded.

Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the American college boy of a quarter of a century ago, want of energy was not one of them. To take off his coat and go to work with his hands seemed to him the most natural thing when he needed a society lodge. In this way was built, in 1855, the famous "log-cabin" of Delta Kappa Epsilon at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio. The site selected was a deep ravine, far away from any human dwelling. Neighboring farmers were hired to fell the trees and to raise the frame of this ark of a house, forty-five feet in length by ten in height. The entire chapter (including its youngest member, now an orator of national reputation several times elected to Congress) rested not until they had plastered the outside crevices with mud. Inside the room was nicely ceiled, and furnished with good tables and chairs, a carpet, and several pictures. The walls and roof of the building were ingeniously deadened with saw-dust and charcoal, so that not the remotest whispers could reach the ears of curious eavesdroppers, if any such should have the temerity to penetrate to the recesses of this sylvan retreat. "A cooking-stove, with skillet, griddles, and pots complete, was the pride of the premises," writes an old member, "where each hungry boy could roast his own potatoes, or cook his meat on a forked stick, in true bandit style."



DELTA KAPPA EPSILON LOG-CABIN, KENYON.

The building of this lodge gave a great impetus to the owning of society homesteads. Before this the various chapters had been accustomed to rendezvous stealthily in college garrets, at village hotels, or anywhere that circumstances and pursuing faculties made most convenient. But when the assurance was once gained that the fraternities might own their premises and make them permanent abiding-places, the whole system became straightway established on a lasting foundation. In 1861, at Yale, the parent chapter of





ALPHA DELTA PHI LODGE, ANN ARBOR.

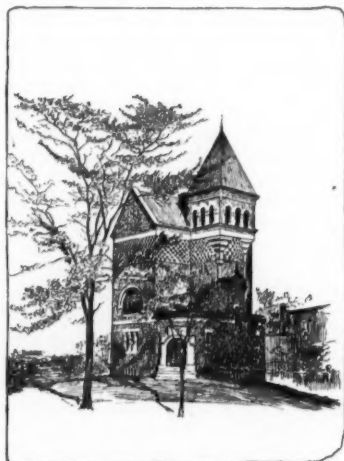
the same fraternity, Delta Kappa Epsilon, built for itself a two-story hall in the form of a well-proportioned Greek temple, and this proved to be the beginning of a long epoch of more and more elaborate house-building, the culmination of which has scarcely been reached at the present day.

From the temple-shaped hall with its facilities for the routine work of the chapter, its dramatic and social festivities, the most enterprising fraternities progressed gradually towards ample homesteads, thoroughly equipped for dealing with every phase of student life, including the furnishing of comfortable board and lodging, which, in some features, excelled the average dormitories. The work began in earnest about fifteen years ago, but the past two or three years have excelled all the others combined, both in an intelligent understanding of what was needed to make the houses thoroughly habitable and creditable in appearance, and in the amount of superior work planned in detail or actually accomplished. A critical comparison of the specimens in existence reveals the fact that pretty nearly every kind of known architecture has been tried. At Princeton one may see in the twin temples of Whig and Clio copies of the Ionic architecture; at Cambridge, should he visit the A. D. Club, he could scarcely fail to notice



CHI PSI LODGE, AMHERST.

that this hospitable mansion is the veritable traditional New England homestead, with its air of little pretense and much comfort. At Yale, "Bones Hall" is venerable and picturesque when covered by the foliage of its ivy; the magnificent building of "Keys" is of Moorish pattern; the new "Wolf's Head" society, at the same college, honors our ancestors in the "Old Home" by choosing a corbel-stepped gable, "fretting the sky," to which the English and the Dutch of several centuries ago were noticeably partial; the stone Delta Psi lodges at New Haven and Hartford are veritable castles for strength and ruggedness of outline; no gentleman would need a more tasteful or finely located villa than one of the fraternity houses which he would find at Ithaca; while by Delta Kappa Epsilon at Amherst has been



DELTA PSI HALL, S. S. S., YALE.

introduced, and by Sigma Delta Chi at Yale has been elaborated, what seems probable to become the reigning type—that of "cloisters," in which are lodged the members, joined by gallery or covered way to the "chapel," where are celebrated the rites of the chapter.

If the fraternities as a whole have had a weakness, it has been for what they were pleased to believe was the "Queen Anne style"—a "spread" of red bricks, irregular, very irregular, tile roofs, and an unknown quantity of bowed windows, with the usual accessories of modern stained-glass "Venetian" blinds, and unlimited opportunity for portières. These experiments, as embodied by some amateur architect, most likely a well-meaning but untrained member of the chapter, have not always been successful; but lately the bizarre mode has given way to better taste, and in all probability the next efforts of the fraternities

at house-building will be characterized by solidity rather than show, by harmony rather than conspicuousness. Several of the college faculties have, with the consent of their boards of trustees, presented enterprising societies with valuable building-sites on their grounds; and where their invitations have been accepted, they have no cause to regret their generosity.

In interior decoration the houses of the American college fraternities differ no less radically than in external appearance. At a Western lodge the members are often content with, and indeed think themselves fortunate if



SIGMA PHI LODGE, WILLIAMS.



DELTA PSI LODGE, TRINITY.

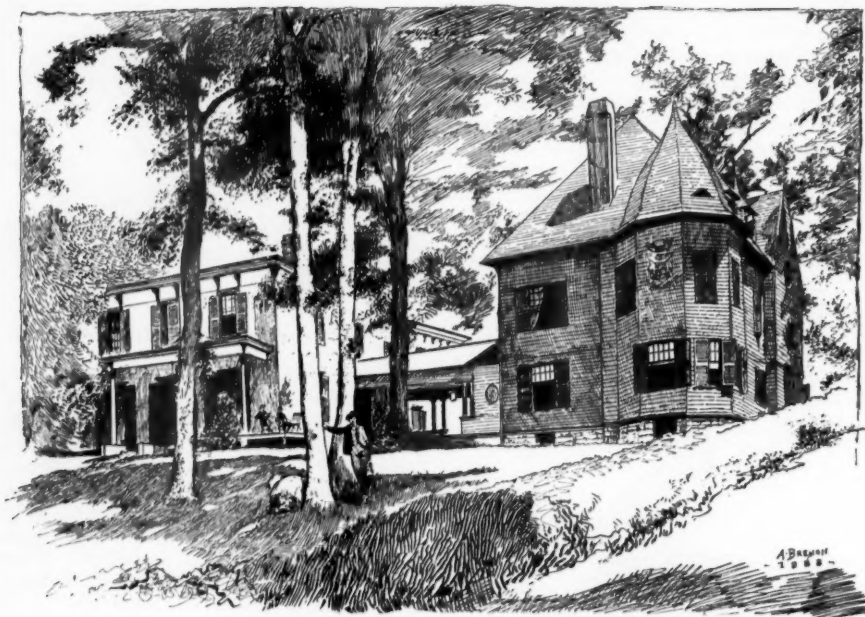
they have at their command, the bare necessities of life, while not a few of the wealthy chapter-houses of the East are furnished with all the luxury and refined taste of the highest modern art as applied to club life. For instance, the lodge-room of the Delta Psi fraternity in New York City is magnificently furnished in Egyptian designs especially imported from Thebes for this purpose, at a cost of several thousands of dollars; and in the buildings of the Alpha Delta Phi at Wesleyan, the Psi Upsilon at Cornell, the Chi Psi at Amherst, and the Sigma Phi at Williams may be found wood-work, furniture, and objects of art which would be in no wise out of place in the most attractive of modern city homes. Several of the foremost chapters, such as the Sigma Phi, the Alpha Delta Phi, and the Kappa Alpha of Williams College, have been presented with valuable memorials by the friends or relatives of deceased members, which are introduced so as to form conspicuous features of the buildings. Thus the last

of the three societies just named contains a strikingly beautiful emblematic window, designed by Tiffany & Co. of New York. The Samuel Eell's Memorial Hall, at Hamilton College, is itself a tribute to the brilliant young founder of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, who died after a short career of great promise at the Cincinnati bar as a law partner of the late Chief-Justice Chase. Other representative lodges have been built or beautified by the generosity of individuals.

With the aid of rich sons and generous parents and friends, the loading down of college lodge-rooms might easily be carried to an unfortunate extreme, especially if a false spirit of rivalry should gain a foothold in our college world. But at present there seems little danger of this. An honorable ambition prevails among the leaders of the best fraternities to make their homes complete and attractive in every particular, but beyond this they do not seek to go. The energies of those who



DELTA PSI HALL, NEW YORK CITY.



DELTA KAPPA EPSILON LODGE AND HALL, AMHERST.

have charge should be directed especially to adorning the chapter-houses with what illustrates and improves student life in general, and with what is of particular importance to the members of the college or university at which the chapter-house is located.

Of the value of the real and personal property belonging to the ten American college fraternities that are represented by at least one chapter-house each, and the leaders by

five or more, it may safely be said that the sum is fast approaching a million of dollars; while numerous other fraternities and chapters have well-invested and rapidly accumulating building-funds.

The fraternity literature is another interesting subject. The hideous reptiles and winged monsters, the burning altars and dungeon bars, and other such fantastic symbolism with which the magazines and newspapers of some of the fraternities are decorated, prove to cover interesting and oftentimes useful tables of contents, including reminiscences of college life and literary articles by prominent graduates, news-letters from the chapters at the different colleges, personal gossip concerning alumni, official notices from the officers of the fraternity, editorial comments, and notes from exchanges. Two or three of these society periodicals have attained a large circulation. The fraternities have not confined their energies to current papers, however, but have compiled elaborate record books of their members, in the form of catalogues, which, besides containing the names and occupations of members, give succinct sketches of the chapters and the colleges at which they are situated, interesting tables of residence and relationship, and brief biographical sketches of the most distinguished graduates. But decidedly the freshest and most characteristic literature possessed by the fraternities are their song-books, where,



ALPHA DELTA PHI LODGE, WILLIAMS (MEMORIAL PORCH).

in varied and not always correct verse, the youthful laureates have sung the praises of their clans, comrades, festal nights, the charms of good-fellowship, and many other such tempting themes for the imagination and the heart.

Till about a dozen years ago few or none of the fraternities had a strong executive government, but were managed by the oldest chapter, or by several chapters in turn, and by the hasty edicts of the general conventions of the order. But this system proving inadequate, the leaders conceived and boldly acted on the idea of taking the general executive administration of the college fraternities out of the hands of the undergraduate members, at the same time appealing to the graduate members to assume an active share in their welfare. So far their success has been noteworthy. The graduate councils, which now form the executive department of most of the leading fraternities, are ably managed, and graduate associations of the larger fraternities have been formed in most of the important cities. They hold reunions, banquets, and business meetings, and in most essentials serve as graduate chapters of their orders, cementing old college ties and forming new ones between members of different colleges; and several of the fraternities, such as the Delta Psi, the Delta Phi, the Delta Kappa Epsilon, the Alpha Delta Phi, the Psi Upsilon, the Zeta Psi, and the Delta Upsilon, have lately taken the advanced step of establishing in the large cities regular club-houses, which are well equipped, and well patronized by men of all ages; while at Chautauqua, the "Wooglin" club-house, with its ample accommodations and grounds, is the summer headquarters of the Beta Theta Pi, by a graduate corporation of which it is owned.

The legislative functions of the fraternities still rest with the annual conventions, which are usually held with the different undergraduate chapters in turn, when, be-



FIELD MEMORIAL WINDOW, KAPPA ALPHA LODGE, WILLIAMS.

sides the transaction of routine business, the several hundred students present from all parts of the country are occupied with social courtesies extended to them by local residents, and with literary efforts in the form of orations and poems, often delivered by members of the fraternity who have attained eminence in public life.

In view of the facts already presented in the course of this narrative, a defense of the fraternities, a summing-up of all the reasons on which their existence and continuance might be justified, seems altogether superfluous. This one significant feature of the case may however be offered to the dubious without comment, as pointing its own moral—that so far, whenever the majesty of the law has been invoked by still obstinate faculties or trustees to drive the fraternities from their institutions, the law has upheld the continuance of the societies and the free rights of the students to join them, provided that in doing so they do not violate any of the proper functions of the college. It was so in 1879, when the faculty of the University of California tried to disband a society which had been allowed to erect a house on college land, and was met by the hostile criticisms of the entire press of that State; it was so in 1882, when the president of Purdue University, Indiana, striving to compel students entering his university not to join any of the societies, was prevented by a decision of the superior court of that State, and in the end resigned his office. The one notable exception to this rule is the case of the College of New Jersey. Here the faculty succeeded in expelling all the fraternities; but it was before the era of their house-building. All of those chapters



KAPPA ALPHA LODGE, WILLIAMS.





PHI KAPPA PSI (MEMORIAL) LODGE, GETTYSBURG.

which have built houses are now incorporated institutions, paying taxes on their real and personal property, and entitled to the full privileges and protection of local and State laws.

They therefore appear to rest on a more solid basis than mere sufferance; and however ardently certain individuals may wish to see them abolished, it is extremely doubtful if even an organized crusade against them, headed by all the college presidents in the United States and the majority of the faculties under them, could succeed in doing more than to drive the reputable societies into a temporary seclusion, from which, in a few years, they would emerge stronger than ever. Such at least has been the case at many representative institutions.

But the above supposition is relegated to the realms of the impossible when one discovers that a large portion of the educators referred to are themselves members of the fraternities, and in many cases actively associated with their progress. This list includes such men as President Eliot of Harvard, Dwight of Yale, Walker of the Boston Institute of Technology, Seelye of Amherst, White of Cornell, Dwight of the Columbia Law School, Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, Johnston of Tulane, and Northrop of the University of Minnesota. There is not a faculty of any size in the United States that does not contain society members, and few professorial chairs at the largest colleges are not filled by representatives of the leading fraternities. These "little societies" had supplied forty governors to most of the largest States of the Union; and had in the last administration the President of the United States and the majority of his Cabinet. On the Supreme Bench of the United States the fraternities are now represented by five of the associate justices. A summary, published in 1885, showed Alpha Delta Phi, Psi Upsilon, and Delta Kappa Epsilon to have furnished of United States senators and representatives 39, 25, and 36

respectively; while in the last Congress 13 representatives and 2 senators were members of the last-named fraternity alone; and in the membership of these 3 fraternities are included 24 bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In the class-room they are represented by Whitney and Marsh; in the pulpit, by R. S. Storrs and Phillips Brooks; in the paths of literature, by James Russell Lowell, George William Curtis, Donald G. Mitchell, Charles Dudley Warner, Edward Everett Hale, and E. C. Stedman; in recent public life, by Presidents Arthur and Garfield, by Wayne MacVeagh, Charles S. Fairchild, Robert T. Lincoln, John D. Long, William M. Evarts, Joseph R. Hawley, and William Walter Phelps. These gentlemen were not elected into the fraternities after graduation, but were active supporters of these organizations during their undergraduate days. Whatever, then, may be the shortcomings of college secret societies, it is to their credit that their exponents are men noted for ability and prominence in every useful sphere of life, as well as for mere culture and congeniality, while from end to end of the catalogued chapter-lists run in thick procession the starred names of the most brilliant and lamented of the young officers who fell in the battles of our civil war—in the blue and gray ranks alike. Judging the system by its deeds only, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the best societies have in reality been groups of picked men among the fortunate few, comparatively speaking, who are able to incur the expense of a college education.

In almost every college where the secret societies have flourished attempts have been made, some of them quite successful, to carry on local anti-secret societies; and there has existed for many years an anti-secret fraternity, with chapters placed in different colleges, which has been patterned very closely after the societies calling themselves secret, both as to means and ends. But in one case only, that of Delta Upsilon, have the anti-secret orders



DELTA PSI LODGE, WILLIAMS.



PSI Upsilon LODGE, HAMILTON.

been able to keep pace with their secret rivals, in either the quality of their membership, their activity in college affairs, or their increase in material resources. Even here this has been the result of assimilation to the secret fraternities, till now, so far as Delta Upsilon can effect it, the distinction between itself and the secret fraternities is simply that the latter exposes somewhat more private business than do they, and, as to the rest, terms "privacy" what they call "secrecy."

Mr. Warner has said:

Notwithstanding their formation is only in obedience to an ancient and universal love in human nature, they are attacked because they are secret. I suppose that some of them are guardians of the occult mysteries of Egypt and India, that they know what once was only known to augurs, flamens, and vestal virgins, and perhaps to the priests of Osiris; others keep some secret knowledge of the formation of the alphabet, or preserve the secret of nature preserved in the Rule of Three, and know why it was not the Rule of Four; while others, in midnight conclave, study the ratio of the cylinder to the inscribed sphere. It matters not. I have never yet met any one who knew these secrets, whatever they are, who thought there was any moral dynamite in them; never one who had shared them who did not acknowledge their wholesome influence in his college life. I mean, of course, the reputable societies; I am acquainted with no other.

The constitutions of many college fraternities are now open to the inspection of faculties; the most vigorous publish detailed accounts of their conventions and social gatherings; nearly all of the homesteads are on occasions opened for the reception of visitors; their rites, ceremonies, and even the appearance of their *sancta sanctorum*, are quite accurately apprehended by rival societies—in short, the old shibboleth of secrecy is a myth rather than a reality.

The shrewdest college presidents have long since discovered that to control undergraduate action with a firm though gentle hand they have only frankly to bespeak the aid and win the confidence and assistance of the fraternities represented at their institutions. It is thus

that we come to see and to realize the importance of such unique departures from the traditional, ever-antagonistic relations between the faculties and the students of large colleges as those lately put into operation at Amherst, Bowdoin, and other colleges; where all matters relating to the privileges and penalties of the students are adjusted to a code of laws which is administered, and from time to time amended, by a council of undergraduates, representing the fraternities, acting in concert with one or more members of the faculty. This simple and amicable relationship between those desiring to obtain knowledge and those desiring to impart it has already been attended with very gratifying results.

Illustrated by such cases as that of Amherst and Bowdoin, and reinforced by the healthy tone of the fraternity press, which has not failed to wage war on what is reprehensible or deficient in our college life, and has labored to inculcate in their members the obligations which they owe to their college and to the members of rival societies as well as of their own, the words of General Stewart L. Woodford, in speaking of the early days of the societies, seem amply justified, and to promise even larger and still more excellent fruit in the near future:

To no one cause more than to the fraternity movement has been due the altered conditions of college culture. . . . In matters of study and discipline each student is now largely guided by his personal predilections, by the advice of those whom he sees fit to consult, by the moral force of his chosen associates. These associations are now determined in many colleges by the Greek-letter societies or fraternities.



PHI NU THETA LODGE, WESLEVAN.



DELTA UPSILON LODGE, MADISON.

That they can use without abusing their privileges was very well expressed by President White, at the dedication of the new Psi Upsilon house at Cornell:

Both theory and experience show us that when a body of young men in a university like this are given a piece of property, a house, its surroundings, its reputation, which for the time being is their own, for which they are responsible, in which they take pride, they will treat it carefully, lovingly, because the honor of the society they love is bound up in it.

He added the following profound observations as the result of his long experience, both here and abroad:

One of the most unpleasant things in college life hitherto has been the fact that the students have considered themselves as practically something more than boys, and therefore not under tutors and governors; but something less than men, and therefore not amenable to the ordinary laws of society. Neither the dormitory nor the students' boarding-house is calculated to better this condition of things, for neither has any influence in developing the sense of manly responsibility in a student. But houses such as I am happy to say this society and its sister societies are to erect on these grounds seem to solve the problem in a far better way. They give excellent accommodations at reasonable prices; they can be arranged in such a manner and governed by such rules as to promote seclusion for study during working-hours; they afford opportunities for the alumni and older students to exercise a good influence upon the younger; they give those provisions for the maintenance of health which can hardly be expected in student barracks, or in the ordinary student boarding-house, and in the long run can be made more economical. But what I prize most of all in a house like this is its educating value; for such a house tends to take those who live in it out of the category of boys and to place them in the category of men. To use an old English phrase, it gives them "a stake in the country."

President Seelye of Amherst College, in an address on June 28, 1887, states, referring to the Greek-letter fraternities:

The aim of these societies is, I say, improvement in literary culture and in manly character, and this aim is reasonably justified by the results. It is not accidental that the foremost men in college, as a rule, belong to some of these societies. That each society should

seek for its membership the best scholars, the best writers and speakers, the best men of a class, shows well where its strength is thought to lie. A student entering one of these societies finds a healthy stimulus in the repute which his fraternity shall share from his successful work. The rivalry of individuals loses much of its narrowness, and almost all of its envy, when the prize which the individual seeks is valued chiefly for its benefit to the fellowship to which he belongs. Doubtless members of these societies often remain narrow-minded and laggard in the race, after all the influence of their society has been expended upon them, but the influence is a broadening and a quickening one notwithstanding. Under its power the self-conceit of a young man is more likely to give way to self-control than otherwise. . . .

To represent all the fraternities as standing on anything like the same high plane as to membership, progress in the past, and prospects for the future would be misleading. My thoughts have naturally turned to the standing, the equipment, the aspirations, or perhaps only the pretty dreams of those fraternities which deserve to be ranked as the leaders in the race — that some day all the colleges of the United States will be veritable and acknowledged student democracies; that the fraternity buildings, though smaller than the college halls, will equal the latter in durability and completeness of appointment; that all the large cities will have graduate clubs, where the college fraternity man can renew the old associations that he cherished when a student.

The leading fraternities are fond of affirming the difference in their standard qualifications for membership. Some venerate high scholarship; others pride themselves on the aristocracy of birth or wealth; still others recognize the claims of a heartier and more democratic spirit. This may be true; and yet in all of them there is enough good-fellowship to attract the cultured and enough culture to



PSI UPSILON LODGE, TRINITY.

improve the sociable. They illustrate a law of nature and a law of man, in the tendency of atoms with affinities to form into groups. Having outgrown weaknesses and prejudices, they may be expected to enjoy a career of prosperity.

*John Addison Porter.*

## HARD TIMES IN THE CONFEDERACY.



WITH emotions of mingled pain and pleasure, akin to those that come at hearing once again a familiar air, the echo of whose last cadence vanished years ago, so the reminiscences of the many makeshifts and expedients for maintaining life and a degree of comfort recur to the minds of those who, in the Southern Confederacy, struggled through the period embraced within the years 1861 and 1865. The blood-stained battle-fields where the hosts of contending armies met in deadly conflict witnessed no finer examples of courage and self-abnegation than did the chimneysides and roof-trees of those times, where the ragged rebels had left wives and mothers and children and slaves to keep the household gods together, to raise the stint of corn and wine and oil, and to tend the flocks whereby they all might be clothed and fed.

It savors more of the ludicrous, perhaps, than of the desperately serious to be told in these latter days of how great an amount of money it took then to buy even the scant supplies of food and clothes which served to ward off cold and subdue hunger. If the State militia officer of the present who arrays his fine figure in the prescribed uniform of his command, at the moderate cost of some fifty or sixty dollars, had worn the Confederate "army worms" on his sleeve some twenty odd years back, he then could not have disported himself in such an outfit of trousers, coat, and vest for a less sum than twelve or fifteen hundred dollars of the currency at that time in vogue south of Mason and Dixon's line. Or had he been then as now, perchance, a *beau sabreur*, as some of that day were, with a love for the pomp and circumstance of war, though possessing withal the fine spirit of the *gants glacés* of De Preslin at Rethel, in the war of the Fronde, he doubtless would have affected the popular fashion of a soft slouch hat with a black plume waving from it and the brim upheld by a glittering star; and this gay headgear would have cost him a cool two hundred dollars of Confederate currency. But they were few in number who could wear fine uniforms even in the earlier days of the conflict; and in the latter years the prices of all commodities rose in a steady scale—save only that of one, which remained for the most part steadfast

and immovable from first to last, and that one was military service.

The privilege of fighting, bleeding, and even dying for one's unhappy country was in those days an inestimable boon which outweighed every sordid consideration of Confederate promises to pay—at least in the opinion of the higher authorities; and when a pound of tea from Nassau brought five hundred dollars, and a pair of cavalry boots six hundred dollars in that ridiculous medium of exchange, the pay of the private soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia was about eight dollars a month! Though there be something ludicrous in it all, the humor of it touches so nearly the outer edge of the heroic as to seem strangely like pathos.

Even where the money was to be had, the materials for handsome uniforms were not; and it is said that the insignia of rank on the sleeves and collar of a distinguished Confederate general were made by his wife from pieces of yellow flannel which before the war had been one of his children's petticoats.

Style and material were, after all, mere matters of individual gratification; for the army cared little what manner of raiment officers or comrades wore, save to make "b'iled" shirts, and a superfluity of finery wherever visible, subjects of infinite jest. The soldiers were as ready to cheer the dingy little forage cap of the puritan Stonewall Jackson when he trotted down the lines as to salute with applause the plumed chapeau of the dashing cavalier Stuart.

The traditional rebel soldier in the persimmon tree, who told his captain that he was eating the green persimmons in order to fit his mouth to the size of his rations, epitomized in his epigrammatic speech the history of the economic conditions of the Southern States, both in the field and at home, during the war of the Rebellion. After the seaports of the South had once become thoroughly blockaded, it was a continuous, and in the end unavailing, struggle on the part of the people of the Confederacy to accommodate the status of supply to that of demand.

After the war ended, a monthly magazine dedicated to perpetuating the records of the war from a Southern standpoint, and soon perishing in the vain endeavor, published a rude wood-cut, which, with its concomitant inscription, expressed with great pith and point



the extremities to which soldiers and homelike alike were reduced in the latter days of the contest. It represented two lank, lean, lantern-jawed Confederates in a blackberry patch. One of them, on his knees, the more readily to reach the palatable fruit, is looking upward at his comrade with a grim smile, and saying:

"They can't starve us, nohow, as long as blackberries last."

The vein of his self-gratulation and assurance is readily acquiesced in and reinforced by the other, who responds in a spirit of apt commendation, and with an even larger and more catholic faith:

"Naw, sir! And not as long as thar 's huckleberries, nuther. And when they 're gone, come 'simmons!"

To the uninitiated stranger who saw and read, the rude cut and its underwritten legend, if considered at all, doubtless were held coarse and witless; but to him who knew the bitter meaning thereof, through his own harsh experience, they spoke with the emphasis of a stern and powerful significance.

We read with a shudder of the dire straits to which the denizens of beleaguered cities are often subjected, when unclean animals and unwholesome refuse become the sole means of subsistence, and rejoice to think that such vicissitudes are few and far between. But it is no exaggeration to say, that, while only in exceptional instances were the Southern people reduced to such a pass, yet, from the day when the Federal fleet blockaded the harbors and forts of the Confederacy, their wants often left them not very many degrees removed from the condition of besieged people in the latter stages of beleaguement.

While the ratio of cold and hunger experienced was in an inverse order to that of comparative physical comfort the country was full of suffering, and thousands of people who had been reared and had lived in the extremes of ease and affluence were for months and years without what are believed, from the standpoint of the present, to be the commonest necessities of daily life.

The blockade-runners made at intervals perilous trips from Wilmington and Charleston to Nassau and back, carrying out cargoes of cotton and bringing in supplies. But these scanty imports were only a drop in the great empty bucket of want; and the South was forced to rely upon its own products, its own industry, and its own ingenuity to meet the demands of physical and social existence. The sudden realization of this duty of the hour was a greater shock to the inert and indolent South of that time than even that of arms; yet the deductive philosopher, speculating upon the origin and progress of the great

material growth and prosperity attained within the last two decades by the States once in rebellion, may well be led to attribute to this growth and prosperity the initial leaven of a highly wrought self-reliance and courage born of the sacrifices and struggles of that period. The women of the Confederacy learned the moral of the chapter even between the hard lines of its beginning; and it is by the men born of these mothers that the new South has been enabled to rise from the ashes of the old.

Forcing its producing capacity to the utmost limit that the crippled condition of labor would allow, and straining its ingenuity until that ingenuity threatened to give way, food and clothing at last failed the people of the South. The want of these things was the indomitable engineer who cleared the way for Sherman's march to the sea, the unanswerable herald who summoned Lee to Grant's presence at Appomattox Court House. It is no reflection upon the great generals of the Union to say, as the historian must, that the Federal navy, bringing the blockade, brought the hard times to the Confederacy, and that the hard times hastened its fall.

With the markets of Europe left open to its cotton, and with powerful friends at the courts of England and of France, whose friendship perhaps would have assumed a more substantial form but for the environing Federal fleet, who can prophesy what might not have been the fate of the young Government? But with its most important staple thrown almost valueless upon its hands, the moral no less than the physical effect of the blockade upon its fortunes was tremendous. The land that had laughed aloud with plenty under the bounteous and beneficent rule of King Cotton saw the scepter of that sway depart from it, and was sad. The free-trade, carried on without let or hindrance, wherever any trade was possible among the seceded States, which lay for the most part in a common latitude, and the variety of whose products was very slight, constituted a profoundly insignificant item when weighed in the balance against the no-trade of a vast outside world, producing all things that the wants of man might require. Of manufactures the South of that time knew absolutely nothing. She had no fisheries—or, having them, the blockade would have ended them. The mineral wealth that lay beneath the surface in many of her States was enveloped in a density of ignorance that was only accentuated by the scattered charcoal iron-furnaces set at wide intervals here and there in the Virginia or Georgia or east Tennessee hills, like faintly glimmering stars on the border of the great dark.

And yet during the hard times rude manufactures of various kinds were initiated, and the charcoal furnaces were multiplied. The cotton which could not be sold to Europe was made into cloth at home, and from the iron that ran molten from the scattered furnaces were wrought the death-dealing cannon of an historic army.

The currency of the new Government was from the beginning weighted down with a collateral condition which, though it had small effect on patriotism, caused no slight anxiety in the breast of far-seeing and circumspect men. This weighty condition was the promise to pay the stipulated amount of each note to the bearer of the imprinted piece of paper only at the expiration of a specified period of time "after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States of America." In the final issue the anxiety and doubt of caution were fully justified, for no treaty of peace was ever concluded between the Governments named in the elusive bond. Neither blood nor flesh might redeem the ill-starred paper from the Shylock of defeat.

This element of uncertainty made the value of the currency as shifting and mutable as the fortunes of the armies of its Government; but a cause of depreciation much more potent and far reaching was the diminution and final cessation of the cotton traffic by reason of the blockade.

The continental currency of the Revolution, floated on the tentative credit of a feeble and undeveloped country, did not lose its value any more rapidly than did this money of a confederation of some of the wealthiest and most prosperous States on the North American continent.

The dollar and ten cents of Confederate money which in September, 1861, would buy as much as a gold dollar of the United States, was worth in September, 1864, only about one-twenty-seventh of a gold dollar, and would buy scarcely anything, because it had no circula-

tion anywhere except in the Confederacy, and at that time there was hardly anything in the Confederacy for sale.\* The very color in which the calamitous currency was printed seemed ominous; and with its systematic and rapid decline the fortunes of the embryo Government which it represented took on a cerulean and unpropitious hue. Finally it became so valueless for all purposes of trade that many, looking for an early and untoward ending of the struggle, refused to accept it at all. It was in vain that in many sections indignation meetings were held by the more patriotic in which those who declined it were denounced; for numbers of tradesmen and professional men alike advertised in the current newspapers that they would none of it, and that their dealings would be "by way of barter and exchange alone."

At an earlier period the theory had seemed to prevail that it was impossible for too much money to be afloat; and though the Government presses groaned beneath their steady output of Confederate treasury-notes, and the Register and the Treasurer of the Confederate States were reduced to the extremity of hiring men to sign the almost innumerable bills for them, State treasury-notes were circulated in profusion, while "wild-cat" bank-notes of all sorts, shapes, and sizes vied with the "shin-plaster" utterances of municipalities, private corporations, firms, and individuals in supplying the popular demand.

Counterfeiting must have been an easy task; but if counterfeits were circulated, they were received without question when every man who could hire a printing-press and write his name had the power to make as much money as he would.

This overflowing deluge of fiat money alarmed and dissipated the old-fashioned gold and silver coins of our progenitors, which fled incontinently, as they will do under such circumstances, to the coffers of the cautious and the stockings of the saving. Supplies of food and clothing, with a sturdy contempt

\* The following is a table of values of Confederate money adopted by the courts of Virginia after the war for convenience in settlements of transactions in that currency:

	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865
January.....	.....	\$1.25	\$3.00	\$20.00 to 20.50	\$45.00 to 60.00
February.....	.....	1.25	4.05	22.50 to 25.00	45.00 to 65.00
March.....	.....	1.30	5.00	23.00 to 24.50	60.00 to 70.00
April.....	.....	1.40	5.50	22.00 to 23.00	60.00
May.....	\$1.10	1.50	5.50	18.00 to 21.00	.....
June.....	1.10	1.50	7.00 to 8.00	17.00 to 19.00	.....
July.....	1.10	1.50	9.00	20.00 to 23.00	.....
August.....	1.10	1.50	12.00 to 13.00	22.50 to 25.00	.....
September.....	1.10	2.50	12.00 to 13.00	22.50 to 27.50	.....
October.....	1.15	2.50	14.00	26.00 to 27.00	.....
November.....	1.15	3.00	15.00 to 17.00	27.50 to 33.50	.....
December.....	1.20	3.00	18.00 to 20.00	34.00 to 49.00	.....

for such an absurd financial theory, stoutly declined to lend it any countenance, and became monthly less purchasable than before.

Such a staple and necessary article of food as salt advanced within two months during the first year of the war from ten to eighteen dollars per sack, and from this time on continued to show a steady increase in price to the end, in spite of the fact that the salt springs and "licks" of Virginia, east Tennessee, and the Indian Territory were furnishing constantly large quantities of it.

Every article of food increased in price in a similar ratio; and the market reports of produce and supplies in contemporaneous Confederate journals present a strange contrast from month to month and year to year. Perhaps the most striking instance of the advance in prices of food supplies occurs in the case of flour, which in March, 1863, sold for \$25 per barrel; in January, 1864, for \$95 per barrel; and in January, 1865, for \$1000 per barrel. The spectral army in the Confederate rear, led by General Hard Times, was closing up its ranks, touching elbows, and moving at a double-quick in those days of January, 1865. There was death at the cannon's mouth in front of the hungry, footsore, shivering rebel, and starvation in the rear.

Even so early as February, 1863, the money value of a day's rations for 100 soldiers, which had in the first year of the war been about \$9, was at market prices \$123. In the corresponding month of the following year a day's rations had no estimated market value. From the soldier who possessed them money could not buy them, and he who was without them was unable to procure them at any price.

Side by side with the reports of battles and the records of peace commissions, congresses, and legislatures, the blurred columns of the Confederate press were wont to teem with domestic recipes for cheap dishes, directions for raising and utilizing various vegetable products, instructions for making much of little in matters pertaining to every phase of household life. Hard by a list of dead and wounded would stand a recipe for tanning dog-skins for gloves; while the paragraphs just succeeding the closing column of the description of a naval engagement off Hampton Roads were directions for the use of boneset as a substitute for quinine.

The journals of that day were printed usually upon the poorest paper, made of straw and cotton rags, and so brittle that the slightest touch mutilated it. The ink, like the paper, was of the cheapest and commonest, and left its impression, not only on the face of the

sheet, but on the hands no less than on the mind of the reader. Few fonts of new type found their way into the Confederacy during the war, and at the end of four years the facilities for printing had come to a low ebb. It was no uncommon thing for publishers to issue half-sheets in lieu of a complete paper, with scarcely an apology to subscribers for the curtailment of their literary and news rations. It was generally understood that this happened only through stern necessity, and not from any disposition on the part of the newspaper men to give less than an equivalent for the subscription price. Sometimes the journal which on yesterday appeared in all the glory of a six-column page was to-day cut down to a four-column half-sheet; or publication was suspended with the announcement that the stock of materials had been exhausted, and that as soon as the office could be replenished publication would be resumed. Eagerly as the rough sheets were looked for and closely as they were read, a diminution of matter in them, or a failure to appear, caused only passing comment or dissatisfaction. Men's minds were so filled with the thousand things that each day brought forth about them, there were so many rumors in the air, and news flew so rapidly even without newspaper aid, as to cause them not too greatly to miss that which to-day has come to be one of the veriest necessities of American life—a daily journal full of all the doings of all the world.

Sometimes even the coarse straw-paper failed the publishing fraternity when an edition was absolutely imperative; yet in such emergency the inventive talent never deserted them. It was considered a wonderful journalistic feat on the part of its publishers for the Vicksburg "Citizen," during the siege of that city, to make its appearance, when all other resources had failed, upon wall-paper.

Publishers of books and sheet music occupied a scarcely less helpless condition than the newspaper people. Their sole grounds of superiority consisted in the fact that the demands upon them were not so urgent. The girl who sang to her soldier lover the popular songs of that time, "Lorena," "When this Cruel War is Over," "The Standard-bearer," or "Harp of the South,"—which were all duly advertised "at the retail price of one dollar per sheet; the trade supplied, however, at half off, with an additional discount where one hundred of one piece are ordered,"—did not experience that immediate and insistent need of the song and its music which men and women alike felt for the newspaper that would tell them where the last battle had been fought, which army had been victorious, who had been promoted, and who had fallen. The

fateful column might contain evil or good report of some dear one, and its coming was full of interest and apprehension. Yet the sheet music, printed, like the newspapers, in the roughest style, upon the commonest paper, with now and then a caricatured lithographic likeness of some Confederate general on the title-page, continued to be sold and sung, even though its price ran from one to two dollars per sheet.

War songs and war music were the order of the day; and the soldiers in the camps and the small boys in ragged jackets shouted, with an equal zest,

"The spot's heel is on thy shore!"

or

"Farewell forever to the Star-spangled Banner!"

from diminutive paper-covered books of martial ballads. The little song-books cost anywhere from two and a half to five Confederate dollars; and their contents, with a few notable exceptions, were as mediocre as the paper on which they were printed. The sentiment was there, nevertheless; and this was cared for by the singers more than the music or the lyrical or literary excellence of the songs.

The missionary and religious publishing houses never ceased their praiseworthy labor of printing tracts and pamphlets for distribution among the soldiers; but publications of a more ambitious or secular standard were very few. Now and then some adventurous firm in Richmond or Charleston or New Orleans would issue a badly printed edition of a new novel, reproduced from a copy smuggled in "through the lines" or brought by the blockade-runners from Nassau. Still, even "John Halifax, Gentleman," and "Les Misérables," which first appeared in the South in this way and this dress, lost much of their attractiveness in their Confederate garb of inferior ink, bad type, and worse paper.

Reminiscence of books and papers of the period recalls the dire and unfilled want of every species of stationery in each household, and the rough devices which were resorted to for supplying such deficiencies. It was a time when any individual who wished to use an envelope might be compelled first to make it, after the theory of "first catch your hare," etc. The manner of their making was to cut them out of paper by a tin or pasteboard pattern, and fasten the flaps either with glue manufactured from the gum of the cherry-tree, or with ordinary flour-paste. Old desks and secretaries were ransacked, and frequently not unsuccessfully, for the red wafers or the sealing wax of an earlier date. Even the most stylish

and fashionable note paper for correspondence had an extremely unstylish texture, to say nothing of its hue, that ill comported with the red wax stamped with a crested coat of arms. The juice of poke-berries, compounded with vinegar, or the distillation of a vegetable product known as "ink balls," usurped the place of ink, and faded from its original purple or crimson color with great rapidity to one of ugly rust. Steel pens were scarcely to be had for love or Confederate money; and the forgotten accomplishment of trimming a gray goose-quill to a good nib came to be once more an accomplishment with an ascertained value. The mucilage on the backs of the ill-engraved blue ten-cent stamps, adorned with the head of Jefferson Davis, often failed of its purpose; and the fingers, which were not infrequently tired enough after cutting out and making the envelope, trimming the pen, and writing the letter, must need still go through the labor of separating the stamps from each other with a pair of scissors or a penknife, and applying flour-paste to the back of the recalcitrant stamp, to insure the safe carriage of the missive of affection to the far-away soldier whose eyes might never read it.

The boys of that day, bereft of pencils, made them for themselves by melting bullets and pouring the molten lead into the cavity of small reeds from the cane brakes. Trimmed to a point, the home-made pencil, though its mark was faint, sufficed to serve the purposes of the young scribes and mathematicians.

It seems almost a figment of the fancy to recall in detail the array of makeshifts and devices which the hunger and thirst of the hard times compelled. We read with curious interest the item of news in the Virginia newspapers of January, 1865, that

Thompson Taylor, Esq., who had charge of the cooking of the New Year's dinner for the soldiers of General Lee's army, sold the surplus grease from the meats cooked to one of the railroad companies for seven dollars per pound.

If we might shut out the memories of the depreciation in value of Confederate money, and of the hardships and want prevalent in the Southern Confederacy at the time, we should doubtless wonder what strange army was this the remnants of whose magnificent viands could fetch so marvelous a sum; and haply recollections of the luxury and effeminacy of that innumerable array which the great king led into ancient Hellas would flit across our bewildered minds. Yet how different the reality; and how sharply the little item accentuates the story of privation and suffering! Provisions, which were plentiful enough in the days when the Yankees were to be "whipped



with corn-stalks," grew constantly scarcer and higher priced. The necessities of the life of to-day were the luxuries of that storm-and-stress time. With "seed-tick" coffee and ordinary brown sugar costing fabulous sums and almost impossible to be obtained, it is small matter of wonder that the unsatisfied appetite of the rebel sharpshooter at his post far to the front often impelled him, though at the risk of detection and death, to call a parley with the Yankee across the line, his nearest neighbor, and persuade him to a barter of the unwonted delicacies for a twist of Virginia home-spun tobacco. Perhaps it never affected the mind of either with a sense of incongruity in their friendly dealings to reflect that the duty and the purpose of each was to shoot the other at the earliest opportunity after the cessation of the temporary truce and the return of each to his post.

Lovers of the fragrant after-dinner Mocha were forced to put up with a decoction of sweet potatoes that first had been cut into minute bits and dried on a scaffold in the sun as country housewives dry fruit, and then roasted and ground in a worn-out coffee-mill, or brayed in a mortar with a pestle. In yet more northern latitudes parched rye furnished even a poorer substitute for the Eastern berry; while coupled with the use of this last makeshift was the vulgar superstition that it produced blindness.

The old women and Dr. Johnsons of the Confederacy who could not exist without their fixed number of cups of tea a day drowned their happy memories of hyson in a solution of raspberry leaves, or the more medicinal preparation of the root of the sassafras bush. It was a gruesome time, and there were those who survived bullet and blade to surrender at last to indigestion and acute dyspepsia.

The number and character of intoxicating drinks were many and varied. Corn and rye whisky abounded; while in some latitudes pine tags and even potato peelings went into the impromptu still to come out pure "mountain dew." No internal revenue system aroused the ire of the untrammelled distillers, and alcoholic liquors were cheaper in proportion than most other commodities; yet the amount of drunkenness was not what might have been expected. A favorite small beer in those sections where the persimmon-trees flourished best was made of the fruit of that tree, and was called in the vernacular of at least one part of the Confederacy "'possum toddy."

Housekeepers and cooks racked memory and imagination to make dishes that combined the absolutely essential conditions of being at once cheap and nutritious. Housekeeping, even in old Virginia, famous for its cookery,

hung a dejected head; and the whole South was less in want of the army of cooks, which Horace Greeley said it so much needed when he visited it after the war's end, than of something for the army to cook. A rare and famous dish of those days was "Confederate duck" — a dish which would have done no discredit to the piping period of peace, and which grew rarer and more famous as the hard times came nearer home to the Confederacy. This peculiarly named fowl was no fowl at all, but a tender and juicy beefsteak rolled and pinioned around a stuffing of stale bread crumbs, buttered and duly seasoned, and roasted before a roaring fire with spit and drip-pan.

At home and abroad sorghum came to take the place of the vanished sugar. The children at home ate it in their ginger cakes, and the soldiers in camp drank it in their rye-coffee. The molasses and sugar of Louisiana were procurable in degree till the fall of Vicksburg; but the spirit of independence was rife, and each State desired and determined to rely as much as possible on its own products. The theory of State sovereignty was extended even to sorghum; and its introduction was hailed everywhere as one of the greatest boons of a beneficent Providence. The juice of the cane, extracted in a primitive fashion by crushing the stalks between wooden rollers revolving upon wooden cogs and impelled by horse-and-little-darkey power, was caught in an ordinary trough, boiled down into proper consistency in preserving kettles, kitchen pots, or whatever might be utilized for the purpose, and barreled for use as sorghum molasses. The syrup thus produced was quite a palatable one, with a slightly acidulous and not disagreeable flavor, but with an unpleasant tendency to make the mouth sore. It was known as "long-sweetening," in contradistinction to its predecessor, "short-sweetening," the sugar that was scarce.

From its use in the place of sugar sorghum soon leaped into high repute as an almost universal food staple. It was warranted to cure any case of hunger in man or beast. Writers in the suggestive daily press undertook in elaborate and exhaustive essays to show that sorghum syrup was nearly as nutritious as meat and an exceedingly good substitute for it, while the seed of the sorghum cane was 'capable of being ground into a meal that made a most excellent and wholesome brown bread. They claimed that the problem of blockaded existence had been solved in the discovery of a plant which produced in itself meat and bread for the human family and provender for cattle. Yet the average denizen of the Confederacy, whether at home or in the army, while rendering due credit to the inge-

nuity and skill with which the cause of the "food staple" was advocated by its champions, appealed to the higher arbitrament of his own digestion; and though willing to accord sorghum its real merit as serviceable and useful in the place of something better, he was always ready to exchange it for the more certain and familiar nutriment of bacon and "corn pone." To see it fulfill the functions of sugar in the latest recipe for Confederate coffee and tea was well enough; but quietly to submit to its usurpation of the high places of pork and corn was more than the appetite of hungry rebellion would endure.

There was a secondary use to which sorghum was put, in which it met with decided favor from a select few. This was its use in the manufacture of blacking. The manuscript recipe books of that day say that "wonderful shoe blacking, as good as Mason's best," can be made of sorghum molasses, pinewood soot, neat's-foot oil, and vinegar.

Yet, on the theory of the survival of the fittest, the average Confederate must have been right and the theoretic writers in the newspapers wrong about the value of sorghum; for bacon and corn bread have long since regained their wonted ascendancy in the South, and sorghum has vanished entirely from the fields where it once flourished, save, perhaps, where here and there some man and brother cultivates it yet in his little "truck patch," making "long-sweetening" for the consumption of his family in as primitive a method as that in which he helped his quondam owner to make it "endurin' o' the wah."

In the hardest times of the war period, when provisions were the scarcest, the latch to the larder of every Southern housekeeper hung out to each Southern soldier, no matter how ragged or humble. For him the best viands about the place were always prepared; and his was the high prerogative of receiving the last cup of real coffee, sweetened with the solitary remnant of sugar. With compassionate pity the women recognized the hardships in the army life of the Confederate soldier, and were always ungrudgingly ready to mitigate its severities in every possible manner.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy" was a maxim of necessity in the hard times; for there was no raiment the subject of barter or sale which was inexpensive. Sporadic instances taken at random prove the general rule. In August, 1864, a private citizen's coat and vest, made of five yards of coarse homespun cloth, cost two hundred and thirty dollars exclusive of the price paid for the making. The trimmings consisted of old cravats; and for the cutting and putting together, a

country tailor charged fifty dollars. It is safe to say that the private citizen looked a veritable guy in his new suit, in spite of its heavy drain upon his pocket-book.

In January, 1865, the material for a lady's dress which before the war would have cost ten dollars could not be bought for less than five hundred. The masculine mind is unequal to the task of guessing how great a sum might have been had for bonnets "brought through the lines"; for in spite of patient self-sacrifice and unfaltering devotion at the bedside of the wounded in the hospital, or in ministering to the needs of relatives and dependents at home, the Southern women of those days are credited with as keen an interest in the fashions as women everywhere in civilized lands are apt to be in times of peace. It was natural that they should be so interested, even though that interest could in the main not reach beyond theory. Without it they often would have had a charm the less and a pang the more. Any feminine garment in the shape of cloak or bonnet or dress which chanced to come from the North was readily awarded its meed of praise, and reproduced by sharp-eyed observers, so far as the scarcity of materials would admit.

But fashion's rules were necessarily much relaxed in the Southern Confederacy so far as practice went when even such articles as pins brought through the blockade sold for twelve dollars a paper, and needles for ten, with not enough of either.

The superstition expressed in the couplet,

See a pin, and pick it up,  
All the day you 'll have good luck,

gained its converts by the score; more, however, as can be readily imagined, for the sake of the pin itself, which it was a stroke of happy fortune to find and seize, than of any other good luck that was to accompany the finding. The broken needle of Confederate times did not go into the fire or out of the window, but was carefully laid aside until the red sealing wax of the ransacked desks and secretaries lent it a head wherewith to appear as a handsome and useful pin. To obtain the bare materials out of which to fashion garments for the family and for the servants soon became a serious question. The house-carpenter and the blacksmith were called into service to this end, and cotton once more became king, though of a greatly diminished sovereignty. Carding-combs of a rough pattern were constructed for the purpose of converting the raw cotton into batting, and thence into rolls of uniform length and size for spinning. The hum of the spindle and the clank of the loom-treadle were the

martial music with which the women at home met the fierce attacks of the legions of cold and nakedness.

Spinning-wheels, reels, bobbins, looms, and all the appurtenances for the weaving of cloth were made and used at home; and the toilers in the cotton-fields and the spinners in the loom-shed worked on contentedly, with a seemingly sublime indifference to the mighty struggle that was convulsing a continent for their sakes.

Of this dusky people it may here be said that, no matter what philanthropists, politicians, or philosophers have said of them in the past or shall prophesy of them in the future, they were true to every trust reposed in them; and with a most tremendous power for direct evil in their possession, the negroes of the South in the days of the civil war did naught but good. If the "colored troops" of the Union army "fought nobly," the slaves of the Southern plantation so bore themselves in those stirring times as to merit no smaller meed of praise.

Cotton and woolen fabrics of firm and substantial texture were woven, cut, and fashioned into garments for whites and blacks. Plentiful crops of flax reinforced the array of wool and cotton; and many a little flax-wheel which in the days of peace has since moved North to adorn in its newly gilded and ribbed state the boudoir of some æsthetic girl might tell pathetic tales of its former place of residence if the tongue of its tiny spindle had but speech.

The dyes of the forest wood-barks, of the sumac, of the Carolina indigo, and of the coppers from the numerous copperas wells were utilized to color the cloth thus woven. We read in the current newspapers that "a handsome brown dye" is made by a combination of red oak-bark and blue stone in boiling water; and that "a brilliant yellow" may be obtained by pouring boiling water upon other component parts of "sassafras, swamp bay, and butterfly root." The same authorities tell us that "vivid purples, reds, and greens" were produced from a composition of coal-oil and sorghum, tinted with the appropriate tree-bark; though of coal-oil for other purposes there was all too little. If a great similarity of quality and texture existed in the homespun cloth, the enumeration of the foregoing means of dyeing clearly demonstrates that there was at least opportunity for as great diversity of color as distinguished the famous coat of Joseph; though the reader of to-day is apt to look with some suspicion on the conspicuous forwardness of the adjectives "vivid," "brilliant," and "splendid," which always accompanied these talismanic recipes.

Strong thread for sewing was evolved from the little flax-wheels. For any unusually handsome work, if by any odd chance such work should happen to be demanded, sewing silk was procured in an emergency by raveling the fringes of old silk shawls or picking to pieces silk scraps which had survived time's touch, and carding, combing, and twisting them into fine threads. These little silken "hanks" were sometimes so prettily colored by means of the dyes that have been described, as to become in the eyes of the womankind of that generation almost as beautiful as the many shaded, dainty *filoselles* of the present are to the women of to-day.

In the old Greek philosophy the limitations of desire were the boundaries of happiness. Stern necessity inculcated in the minds of the people of the South the folly of desiring much, and they learned the lesson fully; but its knowledge disproved in their case the truth of the old pagan doctrine. There were so many cares and anxieties and apprehensions treading close upon each other's pinched and starving steps that happiness could not always sit, a tranquil guest, at the poverty-smitten fireside.

For hats and caps many were the quaint devices contrived. Men's silk hats were seldom seen, save in some battered and forsaken shape and style that bespoke the halcyon days "before the war." When in occasional instances they appeared trim and new with the nap lying smoothly one way, they were generally recognized to have come from Nassau with a blockade-runner, and known to have cost much money. Their wearers, however, were not objects of envy to those who saw them run the gauntlet of the soldiers' gibes, who with rough wit and often rougher words scoffed at the wearers at Rome of apparel that self-respecting Romans had long since ceased to wear. Even the conventional slouch hat of the South, which had divided the affections of its *jeunesse dorée* with the voluminously skirted broadcloth coat before Fort Sumter fell, and whose popularity was easily renewed after Appomattox, and still holds perennial sway, passed away in large measure with the later months of the Confederacy.

With the growth of "substitutes" in the matter of things inanimate to eat or to wear, "substitutes" decreased in the acceptance of the term as descriptive of those who for pecuniary consideration were willing to take others' places in the ranks. The military draft, which enrolled old men and boys, took also many of the hatters of military age who had been left scattered through the Southern States, and then winter headgear got down to the bed-rock of coon and rabbit skins.

For making summer hats the Carolina palmetto leaf was in the greatest repute. Next in availability came wheat or rye straws, carefully selected with a view to size and quality, and bleached in the sun. The palmetto strips or the straws were first steeped in water to render them more pliable, and then plaited together by hand and sewed into proper shape. What constituted proper shape was usually a question to be solved only by the maker, and varied from the eminently picturesque to the decidedly grotesque or uncouth. If the hat of palmetto or straw was intended to adorn some feminine head, perchance a faded ribbon, redyed, or a gray partridge wing, lent it additional grace and beauty. In winter, home-woven hats, or knitted caps of the Tam o' Shanter type, were frequently seen. In spite of fashion's adverse though half-hearted decrees, young faces of those days seemed as sweet and winning under wide-brimmed "sundowns" or old-time "pokes" as ever did those that have laughed beneath a "love of a bonnet" of a more *de rigueur* mode.

With the adjuncts of the female toilet the blockade made sad havoc. Silken stockings became undreamed-of luxuries; and their accompanying articles of apparel, which when first donned by a bride must always be composed of

Something old and something new,  
Something borrowed and something blue,

fell far short of easy silk elastic, being made of knit yarn or cotton. Stockings of wool or cotton were the best that the most luxurious might aspire to. Shoe-strings were made in quantities by the children on little bobbins, or by plaiting or twisting threads together. Ladies' button boots were things almost unknown. Shoes were sometimes made of the pliant leather found in the flaps of disused cartridge-boxes and of the discarded belts of the soldiers. Oftener they were fashioned of cloth cut on the pattern of old shoes and sewed to leathern soles. Crinoline and corsets were constructed of hickory splints in lieu of whalebone and steel springs; and the prepared bark of certain kinds of trees or certain plants furnished the ladies with a supply of braids and switches. Then as now, however, the style of arranging the tresses of the female head frequently changed under the dictates of a fashion feebly endeavoring to assert itself wherever possible; and at one time even a small amount of natural hair easily served the purpose of covering the crescent shaped pillows on which it was put up, the startling names of which were "rats" and "mice."

Buttons, pins, buckles, hooks and eyes dis-

appeared by degrees from the face of the Southern Confederacy. Some wooden buttons were turned upon lathes from maple and similar wood, and there were horn buttons here and there; but both species were for the most part clumsy and ill-shapen. The whites of the Confederacy were content with them, while the slaves skewered their "galluses" to their trousers with wooden pins or the thorns of the locust.

Combs were made of horn or wood; and bristle tooth-brushes were replaced with twigs of the dog-wood, the black-gum, the sweet-gum, and the althea. The latter was especially valued as serving the double purpose of brush and dentifrice at once.

Turkey-wing fans and fans of peacock feathers supplanted those of a more or less artistic and elaborate design and finish; and many other articles of use or ornament, dear to the feminine heart and not easily attainable, were ingeniously simulated.

In February, 1864, it was officially announced that two hundred soldiers of the Stonewall Brigade were entirely without shoes. The statement indicates the great stress of poverty in respect to leather. The slave population in the farther South went barefoot in the summer and wore "wooden bottoms" in the winter. Men of the easiest circumstances, as easy circumstances then went, were forced to be content with shoes of the coarsest. To shoe the Army of Northern Virginia had made a dearth of leather in the South, and every method of economy was practiced to avoid further trouble on this score. The "wooden bottoms" of the slaves resembled in some respects the wooden shoes of the French peasantry. The upper-leather was that of the ordinary shoe, and was fastened by means of small wrought-iron nails to a sole and heel cut carefully to fit the bottom of the foot from a solid block of cypress wood. Their novelty, when first introduced among the negroes, made captive the fancy of the children of both races; and juvenile wooden bottoms were the rage for a long time.

As the years went by and the war went on, household furniture perished in the using and had to be replaced. Worn-out carpets saw themselves renewed in pretty colors and patterns, as bright and serviceable though not so handsome as Wilton. They came from the busy loom rooms with restored capacity to keep out the cold and deaden the clatter of the little wooden bottom shoes. Cozy rugs were made of the most unexpected materials, such as old shawls, flannel petticoats, stockings the heels and toes of which had forsaken them, and the like. Curtains of quaint stripes and figures, woven of stuffs from similar sources,



shut out the winds of winter, and gave comfort and beauty to the rooms. Broken chairs and decrepit sofas were replaced with others constructed of homespun cloth and cotton stuffing upon frames of wood roughly put together, or fashioned entirely of broom straw from the old fields, bound together in ornamental shapes with hickory withes. Sometimes interlaced grapevines made a pretty and not uncomfortable chair or sofa; and the common wooden frames, bottomed with twisted shucks or oak splints, abounded everywhere.

Many persons had their glass and china ware destroyed during the war; and it was almost impossible to replace it, even at ruinous prices. Such articles were always eagerly sought for at auction sales, and he who came determined to purchase must needs have a plethoric purse. Porcelain and earthenware of a coarse kind were manufactured from kaolin found in the Valley of Virginia and at other points in the South.

In their many exigencies and narrow straits the people of the Confederacy were nowhere put to a more crucial test than in the matter of lights. In the cities, gas, the fumes of which were as offensive to the olfactories as its radiating power to the eye, afforded a wretched pretense of illumination. In the country, where even the miserable gas was not to be had, the makeshifts to supply light were many. There was but little coal-oil in the South, and as little sperm-oil; and the tallow of the country went in large measure to the armies for military purposes.

A favorite lamp, and one easily fitted up, was a saucer of lard with a dry sycamore ball floating in the midst of it. A blaze applied to the sycamore ball readily ignited it; and it burned with a feeble, sickly glare until its sea of lard disappeared and left it no longer a fiery island. In the recipes printed in the current newspapers setting forth the proper manner of preparing the sycamore balls for use as candles, special insistence is made that they are to be "gathered from the tree and dried in the sun." If allowed to become over-ripe and fall to the ground before use, their fibrous covering would lose its hold upon the core, and drop away into the lard.

In the slave-quarters, "fat" pine knots blazed upon the hearth through winter and summer nights alike; while the night scenes of the negroes' merry-makings in the open air were illuminated by means either of the same material, or of crude tar piled upon the bowls of broken plantation shovels, set high in the midst on tripods made of three-limbed saplings. The juba-dance and the corn-shucking were equally invested with elements of the unreal and the grotesque, where the flickering

and shifting lights of the unconventional lanterns touched the dusky faces and forms and the smoke of their strange altars rose over them.

Another light in great vogue was the "Confederate," or "endless," candle. It was constructed by dipping a wick in melted wax and resin and wrapping it around a stick, one end of the wick being passed through a wire loop fastened to the end of the stick. The wick burned freely when lighted, but the illumination was very feeble; and unless the candle was watched, and the wick drawn through the loop and trimmed every few minutes, the whole affair was soon aflame. A great advantage of the Confederate candle was the length of time which it would last, its duration, when properly attended, being commensurate with the length of its wick and stick.

By the light of the sycamore ball or of the endless candle thousands throughout the South pored over the news columns of the papers at night to learn how went the battle, or scanned the lists of the wounded and the dead with eyes that ached with their hearts.

At no season of the year did the hard times draw so bitterly near the hearts of the adults as when the little homespun stockings hung about the chimney-place at Christmas, to await the coming of Santa Claus "through the lines." If he did not always bring bounteous profusion of gifts, the innocent fiction of his having been robbed by the armies on his way from the country of sleds and reindeers found many ready little believers, who, taking it for truth, yet did not really know how much of truth there was in it. To the younger children, who had no personal knowledge of the existence of many of the things that made the Christmas times so attractive to their elder brothers and sisters, the season was not so forlorn and pathetic as it often seemed to those who would have done so much for them and yet could do so little. Nor did they comprehend, if perchance they ever saw, the tears that oftentimes crept into unwilling eyes at the severe leanness of the little Christmas stocking, and the poverty that constituted its chief ingredient. Peanuts, known in the vernacular as "goobers," both raw and parched, pop-corn in balls and pop-corn in the ear, Florida oranges, apples, molasses cakes and molasses candy made up the list of confectionery dainties for the young people at that season. There were few of the many thousands of children living in the South when the war ended who had ever seen, even in a store window, a lump of white sugar or a striped stick of peppermint candy. The sorghum cakes of the hard times took the shapes of soldiers with im-

possible legs and arms, waving equally impossible banners; there were also guns, swords, pistols, horses with wonderful riders, and a multitude of curious animals not to be found described in any natural history then or now extant. So the molasses candy of the period was fashioned into baskets, hats, dolls, and manifold kinds of figures. Jumping-jacks, or "supple sawneys," were made of pasteboard, and worked their arms and legs through the medium of a cotton string. Rag doll-babies with eyes, noses, and mouths of ink were in great favor in the absence of those of wax or china; while here and there was the ever-welcome Noah's Ark with its menagerie of animals and its crew of men and women, all curiously carved out of pine-bark. Indestructible linen books for the little ones were made of pieces of cotton-cloth stitched together, on which were pasted pictures cut from old illustrated papers and magazines. Knitted gloves, suspenders, comforters, wristlets, and the like filled up the measure of the Christmas gifts.

Yet none the less gayly for the privation and distress standing so near at hand did the girls of that era trip it in the dances of the Christmas-tide with their brave soldier partners whenever opportunity offered; and none the less beautifully for the hard times did the red holly-berries of the season show from their waxen green, or the mistletoe hang overhead, in the light of the endless candles. For the

young women of the South, full of vim and life and spirit, the period of the war was in many respects a happy one. The girls and their lovers danced, as the soldiers fought, with all their might, and enjoyed it while it lasted. But with them, as with their elders, sorrows crowded on each other's heels, and the bride of yesterday was often the widow of to-day. They affected military dress, and wore brass buttons and epaulets whenever attainable. The demands of society upon them made sad havoc with many relics of earlier days which had been religiously preserved up to that time. The chests of every garret were ransacked; and morocco shoes and satin slippers of a by-gone generation, that had never tripped a livelier measure than a minuet, were held a veritable treasure-trove, and were dragged forth and danced in merrily. Many a lassie at the military "hops" showed her white arms and shoulders above the moth-eaten velvets and time-stained silks that had been worn by her young-lady grandmother.

Out of sight and hearing the hard times in the Confederacy have vanished. The recollection of them is attuned to melancholy; there is many a touch of bitter sorrow and of sharp regret in the strain; but the lapse of years has softened the once familiar air until the minor notes of joy are eloquent amidst the chords of grief.

*A. C. Gordon.*

## THE MOUNTAINEERS ABOUT MONTEAGLE.



**M**ONG the first signs that the exhausted and poverty-stricken South of 1866 was neither dead nor paralyzed were her attempts to utilize certain natural resources, little valued or considered in the old easy-going ante-

bellum days. One of the early movers along this line was a Tennessee company that opened some coal mines in the neighborhood of Monteagle, and then stretched up a daring arm from the Nashville and Chattanooga Railway, skirting the mountain's base, to their possessions on its summit. Then came the announcement that a house for summer boarders was opened near the arm's terminus.

Responding to this challenge, our party left the Nashville and Chattanooga Railway at Cowan, and from its primitive ticket-office followed a sooty train-man down the track, past several long coal-trains and into a queer

little box of a car, that had, however, its cushioned seats, its polite conductor (not yet visible), its painted tin cooler with the refreshing liquid ice-water, and its nickel-plated cup safely chained — all in grimy completeness.

Two passengers already were sharing these accommodations. One was a big-jointed, long-featured, shrewd-eyed, middle-aged man, dressed in a new suit of blue homespun, while his grave face and iron-gray hair were queerly surmounted by a small parti-colored straw hat — one of the sort oftener seen abloom on the head of some future sovereign, where its pristine freshness is wont to mark such high festivals as "the day of the big show."

On the opposite side of the aisle a small "pycart" old lady in a brown and white calico dress, and with a large white kerchief folded about her shoulders and crossed over her bosom, sat with bared gray head by an open window.

Before we had had time to choose our seats

after the shift-for-yourself fashion of travelers, our old lady had assumed the duties of hostess and was receiving us with a cordial hospitality the like of which, I venture to say, never before had been seen in a railway car.

"Yes, thes take a seat an' set down onter this yer settle—lemme bresh off the sut an' truck, ur 't 'u'd smudge yer frock. Hit 's sorter shaddery an' cool on this side er the kyar, an' a little wind a-stirrin'. Now yer perlisse an' yer redicule ken go right up hyer, yer bonnet too, ef yer a mind ter go 'thout'n hit whilse yer a-ridin'."

Her own black splint sun-bonnet hung from a hook above her seat, a striped shawl carefully rolled in a brown paper and tied with a white cotton string lay in the rack, and on the seat beside her was a curiously braided home-made basket.

"An' you—all back there—ken retch up an' fix yoren thes same, right 'bove yer own heads. Mighty handy they 're got it fixed off—all 'round too. Lige Tait, ez used ter work fer us an' now 's got hired ter help steer the kyars,—thes a-haftin' ter watch out, an' ter run backurds an' foruds on top, a-screwin' one ur nuther place down tight, soster hol' the wheels percizely onter their tracks,—he was a-showin' me all 'bout'n the 'rangements whilse I wair a-riden' down in this yer kyar lais week."

"Ah, then you live on this mountain. I 'm glad we have met you; because we are going to spend a little time up there. If this has been your first visit to the lower country, you must have found it interesting."

"An' so it have been, real excitin'; what with some ur nuther new piece er quar-ness, a everlastin'y a-comin' jam up agyins the one thes ahead'n it, an' the nex' a-jamin' agyins me both afore airy one could skeeter out 'n the way, so 't my min' 's in cunsider'ble er a jumble."

"Yes, I 've ended up my visit an' air now sot out on my back trip torge home. An' Square Cash there, a neighbor er our'n, ez wus a-goin' ter go an' take a journey down ter Winchester ter mind aiter some er his business, an' which bein' 't I had n't got no man-pyerson ter carry me home, he thes promust ez he 'd make out ter be ready agyins I wair, an' 'u'd inshore ter be in time before the kyars wus ter start, bein' a-aimin' ter ride back inside the kyar hisself. Square Cash knows all 'bout'n the kyars, an' 's a monstrous handy pyerson ter be along er."

But by this time 'Squire Cash hardly needed these commendations. The friendliness of his long arms and large hands in reaching racks, adjusting seats, and shading windows had convinced our young ladies that he was indeed

a handy person to be along with; and a half-concealed twinkling of his gray eyes suggested that he might be an entertaining one besides.

"You look some like yer head mout be a threat'nin' ter go an' set in fer a regler throbbin'," said this born hostess, as I leaned my head back and shut my eyes. "Lemme wet yer hankerch an' put thes a drib er sampfire—"

"Oh, no, thank you. I 'm not sufering—only a little tired."

"Well, I hyearn some valley folks a-goin' on mightily 'bout'n the mounting a-bein' a prime place fer restin'. I could n't skasely make out in my mind how folks 't did n't never haff ter do no scutlin' roun' a-yearnin' a livelihood—on 'count er bein' ez rich ez pine—could naiterly be so dreadful bad off fer a rest. But aiter stewin' roun' in that swulterin' valley fer nigh onter a week—lettin' alone fer a whole in-dyo-rin', livelong lifetime—I feel ez slimsy ez a dish-rag. An' I hain't been a-doin' a smidgen er work, ur airy formed thing ez orter, in reason, ter tire a body; 'lessen you 'd count a little fiddlin' roun, aiter the virtuals wus all done cooked an' et up, a-reddin' up the dishes; ur else a-blairin' er my eyes at quar sights an' amazin' er my noggins at quar doin's."

Some one suggested that she would enjoy getting back to the mountain and having a good rest.

"That 's percizely what I 'm 'lowin' ter do, ef loppin' down an' lollin' roun makes restin'. But I wair thes a-studyin' ter myself, Mis',—Mis'— Now, don't hit 'pyear ruther onhandy not a-knowin' no names ter call one nuther by? Mine air Mis' Larkins, Aint Bashiby Larkins, folks mostly saiz."

Here, as I am glad to remember, my sense of courtesy prompted me to give, in addition to my own, the full name of every member of our party, with some short explanatory paragraphs, biographic and historical, attached to each. These recitals called out, now and then, equally interesting items in regard to numerous friends and kinsfolk of her own.

By the time that interchange of civilities was concluded and the various bags and bundles of our party had finally settled themselves into their several "handy places," and poor little Thad, after having been hustled out of three seats and fidgeting himself out of three others, at last had got his small person satisfactorily deposited beside 'Squire Cash, our train began to move. Almost immediately we found ourselves ascending the mountain—our little car clinging to a long empty coal-train that, in its turn, held fast to the puffing, straining locomotive as, far before and above us, it climbed a zigzag track up the mountain's side. The sight was a novel one even to those

of our number who repeatedly had crossed by railway the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains, giving, as all felt, a startlingly distinct impression of *climbing*. In fact, as we watched the locomotive, first from this side and then from that, now recklessly clattering along the brow of a precipice far up to the left, and now away off to the right fairly crouching for the spring to another height, it hardly seemed to belong to the tame lowland species suited to smooth ground and a level track. It was easier to fancy it some fierce gigantic savage, as well fitted out for life in the mountain wilds as any other "varmint."

But we had not a monopoly of that sentiment, as we soon learned.

Mrs. Larkins was now sitting a little apart from any of us but near to 'Squire Cash, and as we slowed up at a water-tank we heard her voice above the lessening noise.

"I'd never 'a' drump hit, afore I seen an' hyeem it 'ith my own eyes an' yers, ez anything 't ain't a livin', knowin' creetur could 'a' clum the mounting like that air engine do. Yer see hit a-staivin' 'long, 'thout nuther horn nur huff, a-pullin' an' a-catecornerin' this yer ways an' yander ways, so powiful knowin' 'bout'n all the steep places, hit thes puts me in mind er Uncle Peter Beans's idy—'lowin' 't ef they warn't a live, livin' varmint shet up insides, 't wuz ez plain ter be seed ez a Jack-i-lantern 'n a dark night 'at the Ole Nick hisself hed tinkered up the paturm—I reckon you hyeem 'bout'n hit, Square Cash?"

"Yes, I hyeard 'em a-tellin' er it. I ginerly listen at any jawin' 'bout what Uncle Peter Beans hes been a-sayin'; purty cute notions now an' agyin comes out er that quar ole head er his'n."

"Oh, please tell us about it—about him and what it was that he said about the locomotive," pleaded a listener.

"Well, I don't reckon 't 'u'd be skeersly time ter mighty little more 'n interjuce 'im, so ter speak, tell the train 'll start on, 'thout hit 's hendered longer 'n common," he replied.

"An' yer cain't hear yer own yers then, 'th all the hills a-boundin' er the noises all back-urds an' ever' which aways through other, like they keep a-doin'," said Mrs. Larkins. And she added, "Hit 's ruther agravatin' a-haftin' ter shet up an' be outdone that away."

But 'Squire Cash, like other good talkers, evidently appreciated an interested audience.

"Anyways," said he, "I'm a good mind ter set in an' tell you ladies some little 'bout 'm, an' then some day of ary y' all 'u'd jes recullec' ter put Aint Bashiby en mind er 'im she 'd be up ter tellin' a heap more."

"Yes," Mrs. Larkins agreed, "I'll be roun' ever' wonst an' awhile ter whur y' all ul be a-

boardin' out, at a-tradin' off my butter 'n' aiggs, an' liker 'n not we 'll fall in 'long er one nuther agyin 'n' agyin."

"Ter start on," began 'Squire Cash, as he lifted his little patchwork-pattern hat from its incongruous perch and reaching down carefully balanced it on some rusty saddle-bags at his feet—"ter start on, I reckon 't Uncle Peter Beans is some different frum anybody 't you all ever seen. He lives on the fur side er this yer rainge in a little cove, purty well shet in all roun', whur they say the Beanses hes lived ever sence the Revolution—'t any rate, it 's named Beans's Cove; an' only three ur four more families lives in it. They don't neighbor much with nobody besige thei'selves,—bein' so shet in like,—an' they say some er the women, an' even middlin'-sized boys, hain't never been nowhurs outsides."

"Raise their children, boys and all, shut up there that way for years an' years," interjected Thad, in a tone of deep disgust—"make them go to some little snippy sort of a Sunday-sch—"

"If they have really found a way to keep boys shut up they can make a fortune on the patent," came in a sharp treble voice from the third seat back.

But Thad's lucky head was proof against all such pop-gun missiles as that; it hardly checked his comment. I have not taxed the reader with a description of our prosaic party of "women folks"; but I have a mind to risk half a dozen lines on Thad. Not that he was in any sense a peculiar specimen of the budding American sovereign, but because—well, because he was *Thad*; and, like most other young animals, was an interesting object to watch, though not always a convenient one to have around. And a vigorous, thriving, natural young animal he was too; with, moreover, some embryonic human traits of a not unkindly sort. But his one point of distinction was his good-humor; a certain sturdy, equable, self-sufficient, and apparently self-generating buoyancy that forty times a day I looked to see collapse, and forty times a day saw rebound without the sign of a puncture. Beneficent Nature had given him a good, thick, snub-proof cuticle that (as there is scientific warrant for stating) she had specially hardened up to suit the exigencies of his environment. Perhaps it should be added that the word *environment* is intended here to refer to a family of critical older sisters who—ah, I had forgotten—who age not to be thrust upon the reader's attention, and therefore need not be described.

But to return to Thad. As I afterward found out, he had stowed away somewhere in his round head—that, like his pockets, was



an unassorted museum of queer odds and ends—a pretty correct idea of a *cave*; and at the word *cave*, that dark apparition had popped up like a Jack from his box, to symbolize before Thad's mental vision Uncle Peter Beans's place of abode—the place where they “kept boys shut up, year in and year out.”

I caught only enough of his last sentence to infer that it expressed no good opinion of a set of folks who chose to keep themselves, more particularly their boys, shut up so all their lives—“keeping up a snippy little Sunday-school and everything off to themselves inside their old cove-hole, rather than let the boys out even on Sundays.”

‘Squire Cash looked down at him a moment, apparently conscious that he was a little hazy as to the boy's point of view, and then replied at random, addressing the ladies rather than Thad:

“No, don't reckon they hold no meetin' in the Cove, none er 'em a-bein' exhorters ur class-leaders. But the circuit-rider holds his 'p'intment jes a few miles roun' the knob, ginerly ever' four weeks; an' some er the young folks goes, pertickler when the big two-days' time comes roun'. The ole folks hain't never tuck much ter meetin'-goin'; but that's nuther here nur there, ez ter techin' on the story I 'm a-aimin' at.

“Ez fer Uncle Peter though, he's 'mazin' fond er seein' an' hearin' what-all's goin' on roun' the mount'n—jes kinder collectin' up the news an' a-sortin' it out fer the use er his settlement. Off he puts thes a-ways ur thet a-ways, whurever anythin' 's happened, an' picks out the identical fax on it, 'cordin' ter *his* judgment, an' wraps 'em up inter a snug little budget, so ter speak, an' goes a-toatin' er 'em back ter Beans's Cove, bent on makin' shore 't the Cove folks gits the raal truck ur none 't all. 'Lows thet 's what he 's spared ter 'em fer, jes ter watch out 'n they hain't befooled inter swallerin' no lies.

“Fer a good long while now he 's been the oldest man-pyerson in the Cove, an' he 'lows 't the folks jest naiterly believes what he tells 'em ter an' shets their yers at all the rest. 'T ain't percizely that away, but the Cove folks thinks a cunsider'ble chance er Uncle Peter, an' never out 'n' out contends against his judgment.

“Well, now, when the word was fust tuck ter Beans's Cove 'bout what a' onaccountable, rampagin' cunsarn the company hed gone an' brung ter the mount'n, ez Ainse Hawes saiz, Uncle Peter was in a powifol pucker—'lowin' 'at Jim Counts, ez hed brung the word, wus everlaistin'y a-hatchin' up somepin out 'n nothin'; leastwise a-gettin' er it hine end formust ur wrong sides outurds, so's 't 'u'd naiterly

look quar, ef not skyeery. Not ez he reckoned 't Jim Counts p'intedly laid off ter tell sich whoppers; like 's not he 'd fooled hisself; liker too, that cimlin head er his'n a-bein' nigh er about ez green ez a gourd.”

“Pretty rough on Jim Counts—like callin' 'im a fool was the best could be—”

“Now, Thad, there you go again. I'll give you a quarter to hold your tongue till we get up the mountain.” And a second voice added, “Seen and not heard is the word for you, youngster. Please go on, 'Squire Cash.”

“But Uncle Peter,” continued 'Squire Cash, as he handed Thad a stout stick of striped candy and returned the parcel—a bulky one, some eight inches long—to the outside pocket of his blue coat; “but Uncle Peter 'lowed hit mout 'a' been wuss. S'posin' this wus week afore lais, an' his right knee ez stiff ez still-yurds, an' nigh 'n' about a-threat'nin' ter come onjinted ever' time 't wus teched, on account er that rumatiz ring roun' the moon; stidder like hit wus now, an' ever' laist one er 'em dependin' an' a-restin' easy beca'se they jedged an', in a manner, know'd 't he 'd naiterly concluded ter up an' go an' git a holt er the straight 'n it hisself.

“Fur hit warn't in reason 'at he wus a-goin' ter go an' set roun' on his hunches and see the Cove fairly et up alive wi' the oudaciousest pack er lies ez hed ever been let loose onter 'em. He 'd treed a middlin' good chance er that sort er varmint in his day an' time; an' he reckoned he 'd haf ter keep on a-trackin' 'em up an' a-reddin' 'em out ez long ez his ole laigs could waiggle. He 'd let that smarty gang ez hed befooled Jim Counts know 't the Cove hed ginerly been counted ez a-haf-in' a head ur so 'mong's 'em 't wus some better 'n a fros-bit cimlin; an' 'at the whole settlement did n't set roun' 'ith their mouth a-hangin' open, bent on swallerin' ever'thin' 't wus dropped inter 'em. But he hoped in the name er common sense 't aiter this Jim Counts 'u'd thes set in an' lay hisself out ter naiterly harden up that sap-head er his'n, so 's never aygin whilse the yeth stands still, ter git hisself inter airy nuther sech a flounder.

“So, nex' mornin', long 'nough afore crowin' time, up he bounces an' 'thout a-waitin' fer nuthin' but a swig er coffee—an' Aint Prindy had ter scuttle roun' middlin' pyeart less'n she would n't er got that b'iled in time—an' a-swallerin' er one cold snack an' a-puttin' unther 'n inter 'is pocket, out he puts fer the mines.”

“Must 'ave been a pretty long ride. I wonder how far,” began Thad.

“Oh, bother, we can hear you when we can't hear anything else! No, don't answer him, Mrs. Larkins; papa says every answer

you throw to Thad just knocks down half a dozen more questions." But Mrs. Larkins, leaning over towards Thad, was saying, "'T was a walk stidder a ride, sonny. An' how fur 'u'd you count hit, Square Cash?'"

"Well," said 'Squire Cash, leaning back in a deliberative attitude, "from eleven miles ter a right smart upurds both there an' back, 'pendin' on which a-ways he 'd 'ave went. Now the direction 't Uncle Peter mostly takes, a-follerin' the reg'lar waggin track down roun' by the two Creels, a-skyartin' 'long the aige er Owl's Holler, an' a-crossin' er the main park er Squaw Creek someurs 'bouts the deer-lick, an' then a-b'arin' out — I don't kyeer how sharp nur how direck he 'd b'ar out, ter strike the big road 't runs all the way across clear ter Ailemount 't 'u'd be a monstrous good thirteen miles. But ef he had jes 'ave tuck a straight shoot foruds, an' right up across the knob, an' then 'a' slainted off a leetle north-way-like from the p'int, torge Treasyer Cove, an' frum any-whurs long o' there ter the left er that ole b'ar-walker 'a' struck a bee-line right spang through the Big Woods, an' on inter that snaigly strip ersorter mixed chestnut timber — likely a-need-in' ter lean out some little north-ways agyin jes here, so 's ter miss the jump-off 't the head er Deep Gulch, tell he 'd 'ave come out onter the mill-road sorter catecornerin' across frum the ole Damurus clearin' — why, 't would n't skursly 'a' been, lemme see," — then looking up at the top of the car with the air of one making a very nice calculation, — "'t would n't nohow 'a' been — hit *could n't* 'a' been — mighty little upurds er a bare elevin an' a half, nuther a-goin' nur a-comin'."

"But Uncle Peter 'lows 't when he 's got the day ahead er 'm he don't mind a few miles more ur less. An' the nigh cut a-bein' ruther lonesome wi' no paissin' nur repaissin', he 'd ruther take his time, an' a mighty good chance ter strike up 'long er someun wonst an' awhile on the big road — hit mout be a stranger all the way from Pelham ur Ailemount. An' then a-comin' home he can drap in on Granny Creels, an' may-be take a cheer an' draw up fer a sup er Miss Peniny's coffee."

"Well, now, that night aiter the mornin' ez he 'd struck out fer the mines, 'long betwixt roostin' time an' candle lightin', when 't was most time fer him ter be a-showin' 'isself, Ainse Hawes an' Jim Counts tuck it onter themselves ter be a-startin' out a coon-huntin' 'long the waigin road 't he 'd be a-comin' by. An' what with foolin' 'long at a slow sainter, an' a-restin' ever' wonst an' awhile, they hed n't got fur tell they seen 'im a-comin'. An' ez soon ez they 'd got up nigh 'nough apart ter make out 'is looks they knowed 't he was might'y out er kilter — a-blairin' straight

ahead'n him ez vig'rous ez a wild-cat, an' that crabbed 'at he 'd skursly let on ter nodis 'em aiter they 'd up an' told him good-evenin' jes ez swiftly an' respectin' ez they knowed how. But they tagged 'long aiter 'im, a-makin' out ez how they 'd foun' the night was too dark fer huntin', an' ez they 'd done tuck the back track afore he come along.

"Then aiter a while they ventered ter sidle up besige 'im an' ter 'low ter 'im how 't the Cove folks was all a-stewin', not to say a fairly a-sizzlin', ter hear what was his concludin' 'bout that air fool cunsarn ez the company hed hatched up — ef 't was wuth talkin' 'bout.

"Then Jim Counts says he jes' flew all ter flinders. 'Lowed he 'd never laid off ter have no kunjurin's nur kulloquin's hisself, a-lettin' alone ez ter out 'n out dealin's an' compax; an' he hed n't no call yit ter go ter mommuckin' up his brains 'bout'n them ez hed — nuther their works. But he jedged they mout 'a' kivered up their tracks (which he mout thes ez well say horns an' huffs) better 'n they hed done, ef they 'd made out ter 'a' used a few grains more sense; — ef they hed 'ave says 't wair some vig'rous varmint ez they 'd got shet up insides, a-doin' er the pullin', same ez the puffin' an' the bellerin', hed 'a' been a sensible lie. An' he hoped fer the gracious sakes they war n't airy naiterl born simple nowhurs roun' Beanses Cove ez 'u'd go ter makin' a pesterment fer theirselves 'bout'n a' onhuman cuntrivance, which he 'd resk goin' so fur ez ter jedge ez nairy single mortrel creetur ez hain't a mind ter sell out baig an' baiggin won't never see through the inerds on it — not ef they wear theirselves ter solid frazzles a-tryin'."

"Someurs 'long 'bouts here Uncle Peter stumpt 'is toes agyins one er them snaigly little saissafra sprouts, an' keeled over inter the gully. An' by the time the boys 'd got 'im hauled out an' onter 'is feet, an' the begaumin's er the mud scraped off — you see it was sorter'n a loblolly at the bottom er that gully — he 'd 'a' cooled off a cunsider'ble, an' likely begun ter skyeer hisself, less'n longer furgittin' ter be kyeerful in 'is goin's on he mout 'ave went a leetle too fur. An' so up an' at it he goes ter work a-smoothin' it up sorter this a-ways.

"Says ze, 'Not ez I wuz uther a-saissin' ur a-floutin' ur a-bemeanin' at anybody which hit 's a part er their reg'lar business, 'long er bein' onhuman thei'self an' naiterly a-havin' a' onhuman sort er sense."

"'Pintedly,' says ze, 'I hain't got nothin' agyin *him*, an' I don't aim ter never say nothin' agyin 'im; an' ef ever he wus ter go an' git riled up ter come a-slashin' agyins me, like ez how 't he blieved he owed me a spite, 't 'u'd be on the a'count er a misonderstandin' 'bout'n who I was a-aimin' at.'"

Here a brakeman came up to speak with 'Squire Cash; but Mrs. Larkins chinked up the opening made by this break in the story to good advantage.

She said, "Uncle Peter is powiful skyeery 'bout gittin' the Ole Un sot agyins 'im, an' takes a heap er pains, mostly, ter keep on the good side er 'im; stidder blamin' er mean-nesses onter him ur a-callin' 'im by bad names sich ez Ole Harry, Ole Scratch, an' the like ez 'u'd gvin him a spite."

"An' what's more," said 'Squire Cash, going on with his quotation from Uncle Peter,— "What's more, 't ain't in reason ez anybody orter blame 'im fer his dealin's 'long er them ez banterers 'im ter trade that away."

"But hit 's a 'mazin' mean trick er them banterers; aiter he's went an' made a' up-an'-down square bargain with 'em, an' a-goin' right straight 'long in 'is dealin's, he's went on ter fix up a' onaccountable cuntrivance fer 'em,—leastwise he's tinkered up all hits main p'int,—an' then they thes ups an' goes ter flairin' er theirselves all over the top side er creation, a-paradin' roun' an' a-showin' off the cunsarn, an' actilly a-goin' so fur ez ter p'intedly claim the credit on it; a lettin' on like 't they thes naiterly studied it all up theirselves an' hatched the whole cunsarn bodacious out'n the insides er their own heads."

"Well, I was deturmd ter not go ter startin' up no jowerin's 'long er 'em, which they 'd 'a' bin the whole tribe ter 'a' j'ined in on me, besige er havin' er their dealin's an' their compax ter back 'em up. But 'thout a-purtendin' ur a-lettin' on ter counterdick 'em, I thes up an' 'lowed ter the feller ez hed done the main chance er the praincin' roun', how 't them all was mighty fine p'inters fer showin' off an' like 's not they growed naiterl ez chinkipins whur that cuntrivance was hatched up, but how ez I 'd hyearn tell 't outsiders had ter do some monsturs tall tradin' afore they 'd git a holt er 'em."

"What sorter p'inters you a-meanin'?" sez ze.

"Now ef I had n't 'ave kep' a' oncommon gripe onter ever' lais one er my seven senses I 'd 'a' actilly 'a' b'ilt over at 'is imperdence—a-upin' an' a-axin' er me what sorter p'inters I was a-meanin', right spang in the face er that air 'dacious piece er quarness, a-tearin' up the very yeth 'ith its fire an' its smoke an' its bellerin's, an' its stavin' 'long 'ith the wheels all a-whirlin' 'thout nuthin' a-pullin' nur nuthin' a-pushin', an' that air one termenjus quar-lookin' eye a-stairin' straight ahead, an' which them ez hes seed hit fer theirselves ull swor' afore the magister how ez hit ups an' 'blazes out like the moon afire ever' dark night."

"But you all take nodis now who I 'm a-

lettin' out at. Ez I wus a-sayin', I don't aim no saissin's nur floutin's nur bemeanin's at the one ez orter git the credit er the job. An' which I 'm a-layin' off ter allus stand up p'intedly fer 'im, bein' 't he hain't never done me no harm an' I hain't never knowed him ter meddle 'ith nobody ez did n't fust meddle 'ith him—uther a-banterin' ur a-agravin' er him."

"Now, don't you ladies say 't Uncle Peter's got a right cute ole head er his own, an' watches out middlin' sharp? Some ruther makes fun er 'is doctrine techin' the Ole Scratch an' 'is works, but fer all that hit's a doctrine ez hes some mighty good p'inters," concluded 'Squire Cash with immovable gravity of features as he went toward the door, "a-bein' fer one thing powiful handy 'bout gittin' roun' pesterments. Why, it styees Uncle Peter clean apaisa a whole raift-load er de-fic-ulties ez a plenty er folks flounders at."

"How? Please tell"—But by this time he was out, and soon we saw him taking long strides up the curving track on which stood our train, while Thad's short legs close behind "had to waggle themselves like everything," as he afterward expressed it. Some one suggested that they might be left, that it must be about time for our train to start.

"No, I don't reckon it can start on yit awhile," replied Mrs. Larkins. "Lige Tait was a-tellin' Square Cash how 't some kyars ahead'n us hed got off'n their tracks, an' he counted 't 'u'd be a right smart while afore our'n could budge."

After a while one of our party expressed the belief that 'Squire Cash had been playing on our credulity, that he had made up that whole story as he went, and appealed to Mrs. Larkins: "Do you think Uncle Peter Beans or anybody else believed such things?"

"Tubbe shore, tubbe shore," said she; "some does. A men-yer and a men-yer one is sorter skittish an' skyeery like 'bout'n haints an' signs an' so on. But mighty few has it all studied up an' fixed out reg'lar in their minds like Uncle Peter does." Then, in a very gentle and dispassionate but mildly argumentative tone she added:

"But hit 'pears ter me, hit shorely 'pears ter me, ef I wair a-goin' ter haf ter go an' swaller any sich doctrun, I'd ruther take it all strung tergether in Uncle Peter's way, so 's 't 'u'd look some like sense, or leastwise like hit aimed ter be sense, nur thes ter take up wi' snips an' patches er quarness which even Uncle Peter hisself would n't pertend ez they hed a grain er sense ur reason ter 'em—like a-bein' skyeered at a rabbit a-crossin' yer track, ur afyerd ter eat if they happens ter be thirteen, an' a-das-entin' ter begin no jobs on Friday, an' a 'lowin' 't which away they see the moon over one ur



UNCLE PETER BEANS.

er t' other shoulder ull have a heap ter do 'long which an' t' other a-happnin' that month. But lawsy ter massy, yer mout thes ez well argy at the man in the moon, 'gyinst sailin' roun' nights, ez ter waste yer breath on them ez takes up er sich notions.

"I hain't a-pes't'rin' my noggin nuthin' much 'bout'n 'em; they ken swaller hit in snips an' patches, ef they 'd ruther, fer all er me.

"An' Uncle Peter, he ken count ez they thes got the main p'int er that air engine 'long er their kulloquin's; ur he ken hold ez 't wair out 'n' out tradin' an' a-signin' over er their-selves ez bought hit all done tinkered up an' topped off,—primed an' triggered fer a-runnin' up hill ur down,—ur them ez wants ter ken 'low 't they 's a vig'rous varmint shet up in-sides, an' they won't none er 'em git up no jowerin's 'long er me.

"I 'll thes go 's fur ez ter say, ef 't ain't a-livin' an' a-knowin', hit 's shorely a-bein' an' a-doin', like that valley school-keepin' woman has it in her rigmarole over 'n' over agyin. An' hit 's bein' an' doin' suits me middlin' well, 's 'long

ez it 's a-hisetin' we all out'n that air br'ilin' valley. Blazes, jes ter think er all them nigger folks a-slatherin' roun' through the sun, an' the sweat a fairly sizzlin' out'n 'em, an' that mop er swinged wool atop er their heads—you 'd 'a' thought they wus naiterly boun' ter swulter. But they kep' ez pyeart ez crickets, a laughin' an' a-jawin' ter one nuther like they felt ez cool ez a kercumber. Quar, though, ter see their heads all swinged up thet away 'thout a-bein' burnt so 's ter blister."

"I don't understand about their being singed," said I, with vague thoughts of an accident floating through my brain. But in another half-minute these had given place to an idea that proved to be nearer the truth.

"Had you not seen negroes before, Mrs. Larkins, and don't you know their hair is naturally different from ours—woolly?"

"Yes, I 'd hyeard how 't their heads was kivered with wool 'stidder raal hair. But what I tuck pertickler nodis at, wus it all a-bein' scorched inter crisps, like evum black wool would n't naiterly be.

Did n't you all see none er their heads 't showed ez they 'd been swinged sense the hot weather come on?"

"No, we did n't think of such a thing."

"Well, 't looked quar. But now I mind how dreadful quick any yarn truck ull ketch a scorch,—'nough sight quicker 'n cotton ur flax, airy one,—'t ain't no wonder 't their heads 'u'd be more ur less swinged. Some er 'em wus a heap sight wuss 'n yuthers. Two ur three boys 't I seed hed got sich a scorchin'—may be longer bein' kyeerless an' goin' 'thout'n their hats over 'n' over agyin — 't was swinged clear down ter the roots, an' that bricky 't nigh 'n' about ever' laist smidgen on it wus breshed off tell their heads wus positive naked, 'less'n thes now an' agyin little sindery streaks an' spots lef'. Looked some like an ole field aiter hit 's been blazed over in a dry spell; which y' all know how 't 'u'd be mostly all burnt off plum down ter the yeth, and thes worst an' awhile little black patches er scorched up stubble a-showin'."

At last I remembered having seen heads that looked just that way; and I was almost



afraid of seeming stupid in not having thought of the sun's singeing them as the cause.

"There they come—yes, that 's 'Squire Cash leading the way; and there 's Thad at his heels. Of course Thad kept within question range. Now our train 'll start."

"Well," commented Mrs. Larkins, "hit 's time, I jedge. No, my patience ain't wore out, but hit 's a-beginnin' ter frey roun' the aiges. I never staid away from home but two nights hand runnin' afore; an' now 't I 've been a-jaintin' better 'n a week, I feel tolible keen ter git back. Besige, I 'd like the smell er some coffee."

"We might have got a cup of coffee at Cowan, if we had thought of being detained," said I.

"Well, fer my part I thes ez leve 'a' waited ez er drunk any er their'n—liver, too, I allow. Nuthin' 'u'd do Lige Tait ez soon ez we got inter Cowan the day I rid down in this kyar, but he must put right out an' borry a cup an' saisser an' fetch me some coffee from the tavern. Flattish truck Lige said he 'lowed 't wair afore he brung hit, but I reckoned ter 'im they was different fashions fer coffee, an' like 's not them ez follered that 'n' 'u'd count our'n sorter out'n date. An' I forced down a cun-sider'ble on it, 'long er my snack, aiter Lige 'd went on an' laid 't all off ter me, how 't I 'd haf ter thes set in an' set roun' the whole indyarin' day a-waitin' an' a-waitin' fer the carryall 't hauls folks backurds an' foruds ter Winchester, besige it a-bein' that ag'travatin' ter be hendered so, an' 't I wair boun' ter be wore threadbare. But threadbare hain't no name fer it, Miss R——; I wair plum frazzled out. Hafin' ter work goes mighty agyins the grain sometimes, but 'tain't a circumstance ter hafin' ter do nothin'. Hit 's a positive fac', I 'd a-gyin a purty fer evum a little knittin' ter piddle at."

"Well, I reckon y' all are jest about tired out, but we 'll get off dreckly now," said 'Squire Cash, coming in.

One of our young ladies reminded him that he had treated us rather badly in breaking off just where he did—that if Uncle Peter's way was such a good one, we wanted to hear its advantages explained.

"Lemme see now; whurabouts was I? Why, yes, now I ricollect. I orter 'a' p'inted out the advantages, ef y' all don't see 'em a'ready. But 't won't take you ladies more 'n seven secunts ter see the sense er the main p'int ef you could wonst git a good look at it."

"Pore little creetur, he's all frazzled out," said Mrs. Larkins. "See how his head's a-doddlin'."

Then it was a sight worth seeing when 'Squire Cash gently lowered Thad's limber-

necked head (with forehead drawn into a mimic frown and sunburnt nose thickly be-studded with small beads of perspiration) to a shawl-strap bundle and lifted his dusty, dangling little feet to the seat.

As he reseated himself on the other side of the aisle he began, "'T won't take you ladies more 'n seven secunts—" But the clatter of our train now in motion drowned his voice.

Talking, or rather hearing, being now impossible, all gave themselves up to enjoyment of the surrounding scene. In the shadowy solemnity of the mountain forest, the many colored wild-flowers, the long tendrils swaying from precipitous gray cliffs, even the clumps of azaleas here and there bursting into bloom, seemed, not gay, but tender and hallowed, like decorations in a cathedral.

As we rose higher and higher, now and then where the craggy cliffs receded a friendly opening in the forest permitted us to look far out across an illuminated sea of shimmering, silvery air that rolled in enchanted billows over all the lower world; or down through its blue-gray depths to where, pictured in miniature, lay the farms and hamlets, orchards and gardens, dark woods, and golden harvest fields of the wide-spreading valley. 'Squire Cash now had taken a stand on the platform. But Lige Tait (as we had come mentally to name our silent brakeman) signaled us to be on the lookout before coming to each of these openings. Then with the non-committal face and manner that are the common heritage of so many of his race, his pathetic eyes would watch our faces while we gazed. But he heard all comments and admiring explanations with a grave silence that seemed to say: "It is just as it always has been and always will be. It will do you good to see it, and you are welcome to the sight; but your praise is not needed."

As our car ran very slowly past the largest of these forest windows, and all silently drank in the wonderful beauty, Aunt Bashiby's strong face grew soft below the scanty gray hair that a breeze was slightly stirring, and after a long-drawn breath she said:

"Hit 's a beautiful sight to see. Don't look like they orter be anybody uther a-frettin' er theirselves ur a-bein' mean ter one nuther an' a-livin' in sich a world. An' the mounting shows grand from the valley too. I wush you could see hit, Miss R——, frum Clarinda's back door. Powiful difurnt, tubbe shore; but 't 'u'd puzzle a body ter say 't airy one 's better 'n t' other."

"Makes me think er folks, Aint Bashiby," said 'Squire Cash, taking his seat, "how they hain't obligated ter be all ezactly alike ur else they won't be the right sort, 'cordin' ter what



MR. CASH AND AUNT BASHIBY.

some 'pears ter reckon. Fur 's I ken see, I jedge they 's sever'l right sorts same ez they 's sever'l wrong sorts."

"Well," said Aunt Bashiby, after a pause, "I never studied 'bout'n hit that away afore; but they 's a heap er sorts er most ever'thin', animal creeters, an' varmints, an' trees, an' gyarden truck; an' one tree ur one creeter a-bein' one way, an' the nex' tree ur the nex' creeter thes t'other way, hain't no sorter sign 't airy one er'em ain't percizely like hit orter be."

This mountain-top scenery is a curious mixture; wide forests, level as a prairie, and long, sloping hills that stretch out to the sun, being as characteristic of the region as are its beetling cliffs and craggy chasms. One can easily fancy these level forests and sunny slopes to be remnants of booty, captured in titanic maraudings from the quiet valley below—in that dim past of "far-off, wild, and lawless times, when tempting plunder did warrant pillage."

Now we are in the heart of one of these captured forests. In a solitude that seems primeval it stretches away on every hand, and— But our train is stopping; and I hear Mrs. Larkins saying, "Shore 'nough, Jimsy an' the naig 's a-waitin'."

Looking out we see a sedate little horse accoutered in an ancient side-saddle and bestrode by a small barefoot, shirt-sleeved laddie; the last descriptive compound being literal, so far as the little blue cotton shirt is allowed any visible part in the costume. That primary garment is suppressed, and territory belonging to the absent "wescut" overrun by a coalition of forces, some transversely striped "galluses" of surprising width having made common cause with the small, high-shouldered butternut trowsers for the conquest.

The setting sun is sending a few long, level shafts through the tree-tops as from our slowly moving train we watch them down a narrow road into the forest. 'Squire Cash is striding ahead and the solemn little "naig" circumspectly following, with Mrs. Larkins sitting very erect, while Jimsy's queer little figure is outlined on her back like an immense fancy buckle clasping the blue girdle of his arms about her waist.

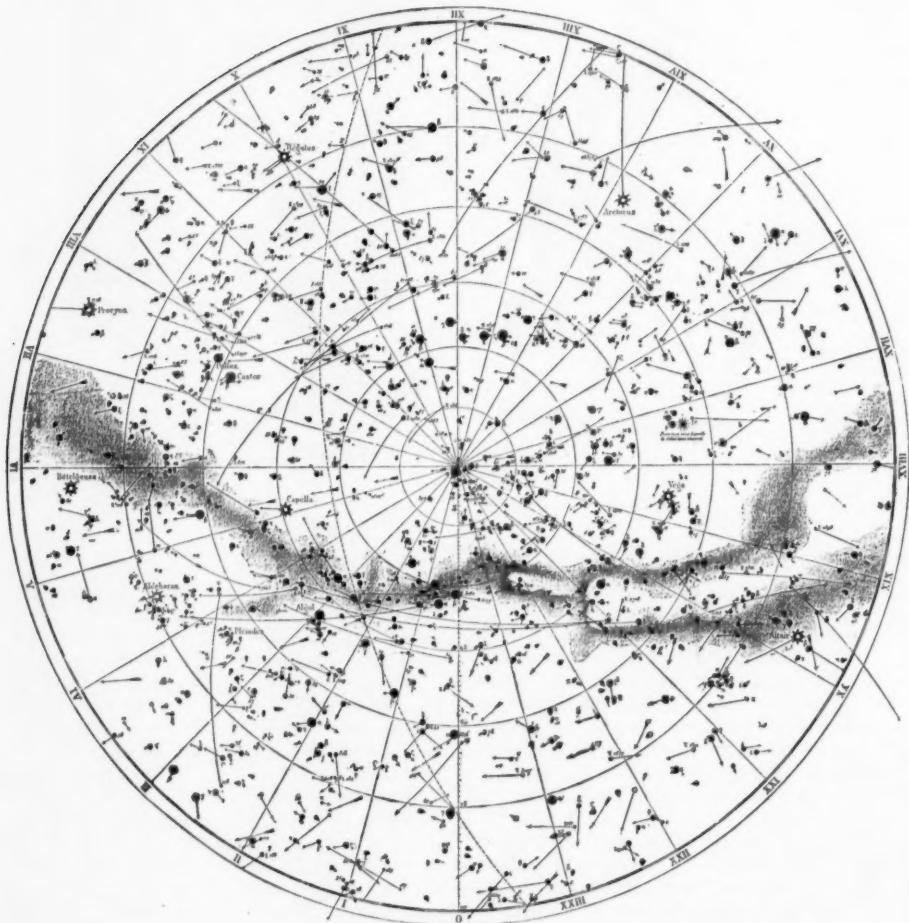
As the quaint figures disappear, I try to picture the little homes with the peach-trees about them. But my imagination fails to evoke any sort of human habitation from the darkening depths of the forest.

*Martha Colyar Rosebord.*

## SIDEREAL ASTRONOMY: OLD AND NEW.

### II. THE RESULTS THAT IT HAS ATTAINED.

HEMISPHERE DOREAL



FLAMMARION'S CHART, SHOWING THE SECULAR MOVEMENTS OF THE STARS AND THE STELLAR SYSTEM OF THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE. (FROM "ATLAS CÉLESTE," BY PERMISSION OF GAUTIER VILLIERS.)

**I**N the preceding article we collected the data which the ancient and the modern astronomy has placed at our disposition. We saw that a few hundred of the stars have their positions fixed with the last degree of precision; a few thousand are known nearly as well; half a million have their places approximately known, and half of these last are tolerably well determined. The brightness of some 10,000 stars is

well known, while the brightness of nearly half a million is known with fair approximation. The distances of a few stars (about fifteen) are known with precision; the distances of a few more are approximately known.

These are the data which have been amassed by the observing astronomers of the modern period, beginning with Bradley (1750). In the present paper we are to see some of the general conclusions which may be drawn from these data. What are the distances, what are

the dimensions, of the stars? What is the orbit in which our sun, with its group of planets, is traveling? What stars are our nearest neighbors and traveling with us? Are stars in general aggregated into systems of comparatively small size, or are the stars as a whole collected into one vast system, bound together by a common bond, and endowed with a common motion?

The stellar universe, as we see it at any moment, is quite complete. Change does not seem to belong to the region of fixed stars. Yet every one of the millions of observations has been made to fix a position so accurately that the slow changes which must be going on may not escape us; so that the laws of these changes can be formulated. If we know that a star retains its position invariably, if we know positively that its brightness and color remain the same, it becomes for these very reasons a most useful standard of reference, but it does not, as yet, help us to solve the problem of the stellar universe. We must seek a clue elsewhere, among the stars where changes are manifest, so that the unknown laws of these changes may be unfolded.

#### PROPER MOTIONS OF STARS.

As we said, nothing appears to be more invariable or unalterable than the region of the fixed stars, and, in a general sense, nothing is more so. But when we come to a closer view all is change there as well as elsewhere.

Since Rome was built the apparent situation of Sirius has changed more than a diameter of the moon, Arcturus has moved more than three such angular diameters, and so with other stars.

If gravitation is truly universal, if all the stars are bound together in one system by this law, as we believe, then no star can move without affecting every other. As one moves all must move. The real motion of any star is along some line or curve; we see this real motion projected on the ground of the heavens as an apparent change of its latitude and longitude. Knowing the latitude and longitude of the star now by observation, we may compare these with the positions of twenty, fifty, or a hundred years ago. It is possible to allow by calculation for every one of the complex changes produced in the apparent position of a star by every cause not in the star itself. Each one of the several observations, when so reduced to a common epoch, should give the same position, except for the small and unavoidable errors of observation and the proper motion of the stars.

For example, here are the observations made by Dr. Gould in the last twelve years on a

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southern star, all reduced to what they would have been if made on January 1, 1875:

Year of Observation.	Right Ascension.	South Declination.
1873 . . . . .	23° 58' 0.92"	37° 58' 13.9"
1876 . . . . .	2.19'	20.9"
1881 . . . . .	4.63'	34.1"
1885 . . . . .	6.60'	42.0"

These do not agree. They ought not to differ by more than 0.20' or 3''\* if the star were at rest. If we assume that the star is moving in right ascension by 0.482' and in declination by 2.45'' yearly, and apply these numbers, the positions will harmonize.

1873 is two years before 1875, and we add twice 0.482' and twice 2.45''; and subtract for the other intervals. The observations thus corrected give

For 1873 . . . . .	23° 58' 1.88"	37° 58' 18.8"
1876 . . . . .	1.71'	18.4"
1881 . . . . .	1.74'	19.4"
1885 . . . . .	1.78'	17.5"

and are harmonious within the errors of observation. If we assume that this star is as near to the earth as the very nearest of all the stars, it is certainly moving no less than 600,000,000 miles per year. Yet it will require more than 3000 years for it to move from its present place by so much as one diameter of the moon.

The calculation that has been outlined here for one star has been performed for several thousands of the better known stars, especially for the 3222 stars which were most carefully determined by Bradley in 1750. For each one of these the proper motion has been determined with the greatest nicety. The results at first sight are interesting only in a very special way. No. 1, for example, may be moving 21'' in a century along a path inclined by 10° to the equator. No. 2 moves 44'' in a century along another path inclined by another angle, and so on to No. 3222. Here seem to be 3000 isolated facts, each one useful in its narrow relations, but each having no connection with any other.

Let us suppose for a moment that the sun, with the solar system, and the earth, our point of view, are moving onward in space, and imagine how such a motion would affect the appearance of a universe of stars scattered all about us. If the sun alone has a motion, all the stars towards which we are moving will appear to be retreating *en masse* from the point in the sky towards which our course is directed. The nearer stars will move most rapidly; those more distant, less so.

In the same way the stars from which we are retreating will appear to crowd together

\* Errors of observation of this magnitude may exist.



and approach each other. It is as if one were riding on the rear of a railroad train and watching the rails over which one had just passed. As one recedes from any point the rails at that point seem to come nearer and nearer together. If we were passing through a forest we should see the trunks of the trees from which we were going apparently moving nearer and nearer to each other, while those at the sides would retain their distance apart and those in front would be moving wider and wider apart.

Here is a case in which we are sensible of our own motion and observe the effects of that motion in the positions of the fixed objects about us. We may turn the question about, and inquire whether the observed motions of the stars indicate any real motion of our own.

The outline of the problem is here much as it presented itself to Sir William Herschel in 1782. The details are extremely complicated. It is certain that we are *not* passing along through space among a vast number of *fixed* stars. Each star has a motion peculiar to itself. It also is moving along a vast orbit, and this real motion of the star is evident to our instruments. Combined with the veritable motion of the star itself is the parallactic motion produced by the shifting of our point of view as the earth sweeps forward through space.

It is for analysis to separate the effects of these two motions and to determine what is the real direction and the real amount of the solar motion. The processes of the analysis cannot be given here, but fortunately it is easy to exhibit both the data and the results graphically. This has been well done by M. Flammarion in the figure that we copy.

The circle marked "Northern Hemisphere" gives the positions of those northern stars which are known to have a proper motion. The size of the dot representing each star gives the magnitude (*i. e.*, brilliancy) of the star. The arrows attached to the star represent the directions in which the stars move on the surface of the sky by their proper motions. The lengths of the arrows represent the velocities with which the stars move. At the time of making the map the stars are in the positions marked by the dots. At the end of 50,000 years they will be at the ends of their respective arrows.

Thus the data are all presented graphically. Notice what variety there is. Notice, too, the striking fact that some of the largest proper motions belong to some of the smallest stars. One would think that the brighter stars would be the nearer, and therefore that on the aver-

age they would have the larger proper motions. For evidence on this point I have compiled the little table which follows from Argelander's list of the 250 stars with the best known proper motions. I have chosen the fainter magnitude classes in order to get a sufficient number of stars:

77 stars between 6th and 7th magnitudes have a proper motion of 0.54" yearly; 80 stars between 7th and 8th magnitudes have a proper motion of 0.56" yearly; 58 stars between 8th and 9th magnitudes have a proper motion of 0.71" yearly.

That is, the proper motions do not seem to diminish as the numerical magnitude diminishes.

But to return to the plate. In the middle of the triangle formed by the pole (center) of the Northern Hemisphere and the two points XVII and XVIII on the edge is a figure like the sun. That is the point towards which the sun is moving. It is in the constellation Hercules, not far from the bright star Vega, which is near our zenith in the summer sky. In the corresponding position on the map of the Southern Hemisphere, which we do not reproduce, is a similar point; it is the point from which we come. All over the map are arrows not attached to any stars. These show the direction and the velocity of that part of the proper motion due to the motion of the solar system alone. In general the arrows belonging to the stars should agree in length and in direction with these unattached arrows—and in general they do, for the latter were derived from computations based on the former. But there are many exceptional cases; and, at first glance, it is the exceptions which seem to be the rule.

There is no space to refer to special cases except in passing; but the reader should note a pair of stars marked 21,258 (of Lalande's Catalogue) and 1830 (of Groombridge's Catalogue). They were about 15° apart in 1880, and on the map they may be found about half way from the pole (center) to the edge, near the straight line marked IX. In 50,000 years one will be on the straight line VI, and the other near the straight line XIII, at the very edge. They will be more than 200 diameters of the moon apart then, while now they are not more than 30 such angular diameters. Proper motion alone will in time change the whole aspect of the sky.

So MUCH for the map. Analysis gives the same results in numbers. It declares that the apex of solar motion is in the right ascension 260° and in declination 36° north, which defines the point in Flammarion's map marked by the figure like the sun; and analysis further declares that the amount of the solar motion in

one hundred years, if viewed from a point at the average distance of the 3222 Bradley stars, would be  $5.05^\circ$ .

If we know this average distance in miles, we can assign our own velocity in miles. With our best present knowledge, it follows that the sun, the earth, and the whole solar system are moving through space at the rate of

586,000,000	miles	per year.
1,600,000	"	" day.
67,000	"	" hour.
$18\frac{1}{2}$	"	" second.

The earth moves about the sun in its own orbit at about the same rate of 19 miles per second, while sun, earth, and orbit move along in space another 19 miles.

We can now go back to the stars themselves, and subtract from the observed proper motion of each star that portion (*motus parallacticus*) which is due to the motion of the solar system, and leave that portion which is due to the star's own motion (*motus peculiaris*).

Is there anything common to the truly proper motions of the stars? In the first place, it may be said that, so far as we know up to this time, these motions are, in general, not curved. They are practically straight lines. They have no common center. There is no great central body around which revolve the suns of all other systems. If there be such a body it will be many centuries before we shall know it; and we may say that, so far as our knowledge goes, there is none.

#### SYSTEMATIC MOTIONS OF THE FIXED STARS PARALLEL TO THE MILKY WAY.

BUT if we are obliged to consider the motions of all the stars to be practically in right lines, and not in closed orbits, there is no reason why we should not examine the question of whether the stars as a whole do not have some systematic motion—whether there is not among this variety some unity. The most natural hypothesis to start with is that the stars have a vast rotation in planes parallel to the Milky Way. We already have good data for examining this, and in a few years, when the zones of the *Astronomische Gesellschaft* are complete, much material will be added. Without some assumption of the sort, that the stars rotate in planes parallel to the Milky Way, it is hardly possible to explain the existence of the Milky Way itself. It would necessarily disintegrate more and more with the lapse of time, and it would be a pure accident that we happen to live at a time when this disintegration has not been accomplished. The investigation of this possible rotation has been carried out by two

pupils of Professor Gylden and of Professor Schoenfeld respectively. While the result in one case is fairly against the hypothesis of such a rotation, in the other it is somewhat in its favor. The doubt in the matter arises solely from the deficiency of the data, and this will soon be supplied. In the mean time it should be an answer to those objectors who ask what is the use of another new catalogue of stars, that this catalogue, and every other catalogue, goes a certain way towards providing the means for solving the very greatest problem that can be presented to the human mind by natural objects.

Look at the Milky Way stretching across the summer sky with the bright star Vega burning near it. Think that the few proper motions laboriously determined by Halley and Maskelyne enabled Herschel to announce that the sun, the earth, and every planet is moving towards a spot—near Vega—which he could point out. Think, too, that the smallest efforts of every faithful observer, the world over, go to the solution of the question, How do all these thousands of stars that I see move in space? Are they bound up with that Milky Way in one fate? Or is that permanent shining track, which seems unchanged since Job and the patriarchs looked upon it—is that doomed to destruction? The finger of analysis can point out the fate of those myriads of shining stars, and man becomes fit to live under their influence when his mind adds the beauty of law to the wayward beauty of their shining.

#### SPECTROSCOPIC PROPER MOTIONS—MOTIONS IN THE LINE OF SIGHT.

THE observation of a star's position is really nothing but the determination of the place where the line joining eye and star pierces the celestial sphere. The determination of its proper motion is nothing but the determination of the rate at which its apparent position changes. If a star is moving directly towards us, or directly away from us, its apparent place in the sky will remain unchanged. But we have in the spectroscope a means of measuring the motion of a star in the line of sight. The principle of the method is simple. The application of it is most difficult. Every one has noticed, in traveling upon an express train, the sudden clang of the bell of a train passing in the contrary direction; and how the note, the pitch, of the sound of this bell rapidly changes from high back to low again. Nothing is more certain than that the bell has but one essential pitch. Why, then, does it change? The engineer of the passing train hears his own bell giving always the same note, and this note is determined by the length of the

sound waves that reach his ear. Suppose them to come at the rate of about 500 per second to him. He is always moving at the same rate as his bell. But to us in the other train the case is different. When the bell is just opposite us 500 waves come to us per second; when we are approaching the passing train more than 500 come to us (not only the 500 sent out by the bell, but those others which we meet by our velocity); as we leave the passing train, less than 500 waves overtake us per second. Hence the pitch (the number of waves per second) varies. The same thing happens in the case of light. In the spectrum of a star there are certain dark lines the presence of which is due to hydrogen in the star's atmosphere. If the star is at rest with respect to us, these lines are not displaced in its spectrum; a definite number of waves per second (say  $A$ ) come to us from the spectrum on both sides of these lines. If the star is approaching us, more waves than  $A$  reach us; if the star is receding, fewer waves reach us. The pitch of the line, so to say, is altered; and the spectroscope can measure this change of pitch.

When this is done with respect to the principal stars the most interesting results follow.

Vega (Lyrae) is found to be approaching us at the rate of 75 kilometers per second, Pollux is approaching us at 67 kilometers, Arcturus at 70 kilometers, etc.; while Castor is receding from us 44 kilometers per second, Regulus is receding 33 kilometers, Procyon 74 kilometers, and so on. After years the aspect of our sky will change. We shall have new glories in the galaxy, and after thousands of years these again will leave us. There is ceaseless change here as everywhere.

No adequate idea of the delicacy of the measures upon which these results depend can be briefly given; but delicate and difficult as they are, we have evidence that they are to be trusted. The independent observations of Dr. Huggins, Dr. Vogel, and Mr. Maunder of Greenwich show a good agreement. It is hoped that the Princeton telescope in the skillful hands of Professor Young may contribute to our knowledge of stellar motions in the line of sight; and this is a research to which the large refractor of the Lick Observatory will be especially devoted. The consistency of the results reached by the three observers named above for the stars observed in common by them makes the one exceptional case extremely interesting.

Sirius, the brightest star in the sky, was naturally among the first to be observed. It has been followed from 1875 to 1885, ten years, with the results given below:

Year.	No. of measures.	Motion, per second.
1875-77.....	8 ..	21.1 miles receding.
1877-78.....	8 ..	23.0 " "
1879-80.....	10 ..	15.1 " "
1880-81.....	4 ..	11.3 " "
1881-82.....	22 ..	2.1 " "
1882-83.....	18 ..	4.7 " approaching.
1883-84.....	43 ..	19.4 " "
1884-85.....	8 ..	21.5 " "

Here we have well-marked evidence of a real change in the direction of the motion of Sirius, with respect to the earth, and it is based on spectroscopic observations alone. It happens also that it was known, from observations with the telescope, that Sirius was moving in an elliptic orbit, and hence necessarily approaching us at times, and at times receding from us. It will not require many more years to determine all the circumstances of this motion, of which we unexpectedly have a double proof.

#### PARALLAXES OF THE STARS.

THE ancients placed all the fixed stars on the inner surface of a vast sphere which turned about the earth's center once each day. They had absolutely no way of even guessing how far off this sphere might be. In 1618 Kepler's guess was 4,000,000 times as far as the sun; in 1698, Huyghens placed Sirius 28,000 times as far as the sun; in 1741, Picard showed that the errors of observation with the instruments of his time were as great as the parallaxes of the stars themselves, and that therefore the problem was indeterminate to him; in 1806, Delambre concluded that the same thing remained true, notwithstanding the improvements of the instruments in the meanwhile. It was not till 1836 that W. Struve and Bessel really determined the parallax, and hence the distance of two different stars  $\alpha$  Lyrae and  $\beta$  Cygni.

It is familiar to all that the distances of even the nearest stars are not to be conceived when they are expressed in miles or familiar units. No star is so near to us as 200,000 times 93,000,000 of miles. We have to express these distances in terms of the time required for light to pass from star to earth. For  $\beta$  Cygni that time is 2377 days, or  $6\frac{1}{2}$  years. It was the elder Herschel who put these immense distances before us in the true light, by showing that if to-day the star were blotted out of existence its mild light would shine on for years, until the last ray that left it had finally ended its long journey and reached the earth, more than six years afterwards.

But all stars are not equally distant. The light from one star may be 10, from another 100, from another 1000 years old when it reaches us. We must no longer regard the study of the stars as a study of their contem-

poraneous existence. It is rather the ancient history of the universe which is exhibited to us by the vault of heaven. Assiduous observers have determined the parallaxes of about a score of stars. The first stars to be examined were either the brightest (as in the case of Vega), or those of large proper motion (as 61 Cygni). In general, the brightest stars should be the nearest, one would think, and yet the very largest parallaxes belong to the fainter stars. Similarly the star with the greatest proper motion has a very small parallax.

By treating all the certain data in various ways, Professor Gylden has come to the conclusion that the average parallax of a star of the first magnitude is about  $0.084''$ , or that the average distance of our brightest star is 160,000,000,000,000,000 miles. But to make further steps in the problem of the "construction of the heavens," we must know more than the average parallax of the brightest stars. We must be able to assign the average parallax of stars of each order of magnitude, and this in both hemispheres.

This task is now undertaken for stars down to the fourth magnitude by two observers who have already distinguished themselves in this field—Dr. Gill, Royal Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, and Dr. Elkin, now at Yale University Observatory. These gentlemen have devoted their energies to this one problem, which will require perhaps ten years for its solution in the form that they have chosen for it. Dr. Ball, Royal Astronomer for Ireland, is systematically searching for stars of large parallax and incidentally proving many stars to have small parallax—a fact which it is just as important to know as its converse.

The next dozen years will show immense strides in our knowledge of the stellar distances of individual stars, and it may well be that some general relation between distance, brightness, and proper motion of situation in the sky will result from the great increase of data.

#### DISTANCES OF STARS OF EACH MAGNITUDE.

THE golden time for astronomers will come when the parallaxes of enough stars have been determined for them to be able to say that the distance of an average third, fourth, sixth, or tenth magnitude star is so many, or so many, times the sun's distance. That time has not yet come, nor will it have come even when the great work undertaken by Messrs. Gill and Elkin has been ended. There is no certain way of assigning the stellar distances but by measurements such as they are making. But it is a fair procedure to make certain assumptions as to stellar distances, to work out the logical consequences of these assumptions,

and to compare these consequences with known facts. An agreement with the facts will, in some degree, support the assumptions. If we assume the stars to be of equal brilliancy one with another, we have one basis of computation. If we suppose them, further, to be equally distributed in space on the average, we have another basis. These conditions lead at once to the following table:

Magnitudes.	Relative Distances.
1 .....	1.00
2 .....	1.54
3 .....	2.36
4 .....	3.64
5 .....	5.59
6 .....	8.61
7 .....	13.23
8 .....	20.35

We can test these assumptions to some extent. If they are true, then the ratio of the actual number of stars of any brightness to the actual number of stars of the next lower grade of brightness, raised to the two-thirds power, should be 0.400. Using the stars of the sixth and seventh magnitudes, this number results 0.426; of the seventh and eighth, it results 0.4003, etc. The two hypotheses are in the main not far from correct, and therefore the relative distances above given are not very far wrong for stars down to the eighth magnitude. There is strong reason to believe that the fainter stars, from eleventh to fifteenth magnitudes, do not follow the same law. We have seen that the average distance of a first magnitude star is 160,000,000,000,000,000 miles. Multiply this by 20.35 and you have the best estimate now available of the distance of an eighth-magnitude star. It is inconceivable, but no more so than the first number. Light would require 600 years and more to reach us from such stars.

#### DISTRIBUTION OF THE STARS OVER THE SURFACE OF THE CELESTIAL SPHERE.

THE real question to be solved is, How are the stars distributed throughout solid space itself? To solve this question completely the distance of every star from the earth must be measured (which is a simple impossibility), or else we must find some law which connects the brightness, or the proper motion, or the position of a star with its distance. Suppose that 10 stars of each magnitude from the brightest down to the faintest are selected—say 150 or 160 in all—and that the parallax of each individual star is determined. This would be a tremendous labor in itself, and would require the work of several observers for a score of years. But suppose this work done. Suppose that the average distances of the ten stars of each group resulting from the measures were I, II, III, IV, V ———— XIII,



XIV, XV, XVI. Would any general relation exist between the magnitudes I — — — — 16 and the corresponding distances I — — — — XVI? From those measures that we already possess this is by no means sure. In fact, the evidence seems to be directly opposed to this conclusion. The average measured parallax of 5 first-magnitude stars is about  $0.27''$ ; of 3 fourth-magnitude stars about  $0.13''$ ; of 3 fifth-magnitude stars about  $0.31''$ ; of 7 sixth-magnitude stars about  $0.21''$ . That is, the parallax does not seem materially to decrease as the brilliancy diminishes from the first to the sixth magnitude. If, instead of comparing the magnitudes with the distances, we compare the proper motions, there seems to be no evident agreement. The stars with the largest proper motions do not in general have the largest parallaxes (and hence the smallest distances). We have not enough determinations of parallax to decide whether the region of the sky in which a star is situated has any relation to its distance; so that for the present we are not sure that a series of measures so extensive even as the one we have imagined would solve the question of the relation between magnitude, or proper motion, and parallax. Such a series would go a great way towards deciding whether the question was solvable or not. It would add enormously to the very small number of certain facts bearing on the subject of the constitution of the stellar system. And it is to the great credit of this generation of astronomers that such a series has actually been begun (for stars of from first to fourth magnitudes) by Messrs. Gill and Elkin at the Cape of Good Hope and New Haven respectively, as has been mentioned already.

In the absence of real knowledge with regard to the distribution of the stars in space, much labor has been expended on the study of what we may call stellar statistics — the statistics of the distribution of the stars on the surface of the celestial vault. This distribution of the stars is known when once we have a map of their positions, which it is comparatively easy to make. Or a more rapid method of studying this distribution may be employed — that of *star gauging*, so called by Herschel, its inventor. This consists essentially in counting the number of stars visible in the field of the telescope as it is directed to various known portions of the sky. The mere number of stars visible at each pointing may be laid down on a map, like the soundings on a hydrographic chart. The data are easily gathered. How are they to be interpreted? We may briefly indicate one obvious method. Suppose that we have made such star gauges with telescopes of five different powers over the same areas in the sky. The

largest telescope will show all the stars say down to and including the fifteenth magnitude; the next smaller those to the fourteenth; the next to the thirteenth, the twelfth, the eleventh (the actual distribution of the individual stars from first to tenth magnitudes is known by the *Durchmusterungen*). In any area the difference between all the *Durchmusterung* stars (from one to tenth magnitude) and the number seen in telescope I (the smallest of the five supposed) will give the number of the eleventh-magnitude stars in that region.

The difference between the counts by telescope I (which shows all stars down to and including the eleventh magnitude) and telescope II (which shows all to twelfth magnitude) will give the actual number of twelfth-magnitude stars. Combining the results of the telescopes II and III we should have the number of thirteenth-magnitude stars for this region, and so on for the fourteenth and fifteenth magnitudes. Thus the actual number of the stars of each magnitude in this area (and similarly for other areas) will be known. We may interpret these figures somewhat in this way. Take a map which shall have spaces on it for the whole sky, and devote this map to exhibiting the results of our gauges for the fifteenth-magnitude stars. Wherever there are 100 of these to the square degree lay on one tint of color; wherever there are 200, two tints; 300, three tints, and so on. The final map will exhibit to the eye the results of our gauges for the fifteenth-magnitude stars. Where the tint is deep, there are more stars; where it is light, fewer. Another such map must be made for the fourteenth-magnitude stars; another for the thirteenth, and so on. Now place these fifteen maps side by side before you, and it will be possible to obtain at once a number of definite conclusions. Here the stars that we call fifteenth and those that we call fourteenth are really connected together in space. Why? Because this long ray of many fifteenth-magnitude stars on one map is matched by this other long ray of just the same position and shape of the fourteenth-magnitude stars. The thirteenth, too, we will say, is similar. But the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth do not in their distribution at all resemble the fainter stars in this region, but they do resemble each other. In this way, passing from region to region, the general peculiarities of each region may be made out, and much light may be thrown on the vital question, How many magnitudes of stars exist at the same distance from us? Are the stars of the so-called ninth, tenth, eleventh magnitudes all really at the same distance from us, and are their differences in brightness simply due to differences in size, or are they really at different distances?

A large amount of evidence upon these fundamental points already exists, and more is being accumulated, and it appears possible that a skillful use of it may throw much light on the real question. The new photographic processes will be of immense importance for this investigation. We have not the space to go farther into this method of research, but we may just refer in passing to one interesting form of it. We have already elaborate maps of certain portions of the sky showing the position and magnitude of every star down to the thirteenth. These are the maps used for the discovery of asteroids. From each of these maps we can make thirteen others, each of which latter shall show the stars of one magnitude only. Now compare these thirteen derived maps, and see what the evidence is that the stars of any two magnitudes are connected or independent. This method is capable of bringing out most interesting conclusions when it is thoroughly carried out, as it has not yet been to any large degree. The local arrangements of stars can be adequately studied in this way; and it is not too much to expect that the typical forms of stellar systems—distorted by perspective, of course—may be exhibited here.

Suppose one typical form to be a circular ring, as it appears to be. The apparent dimensions of these rings may well give us a clue to the relative distances of the stars of which they are composed. The preliminary work of this kind which has been done at the Washburn Observatory appears to promise some definite results in this direction.

#### MASSES OF BINARY AND OTHER STARS.

THE binary systems are those composed of two stars which are connected with each other by a mutual gravitation. They revolve about a common center of gravity in orbits which can be calculated. In some few cases the parallax of these stars is known; and in every such case the sum of the masses of the two stars becomes known in terms of the mass of our own sun. It is especially noteworthy that in every known case the mass of the binary system is not very different from the mass of our own sun. That is to say, all the stars whose masses are known at all are such bodies as our sun is: they shine with light like his; they are of the same order of magnitude mass.

The term "hypothetical parallax" is applied to a parallax computed for a binary star on the supposition that the mass of the binary, although unknown, may be hypothetically assumed to be the same as the sun's mass. So far as we can judge, these hypothet-

ical parallaxes must be provisionally accepted as essentially correct.

If we can assume that the intrinsic brilliancy of the fixed stars is the same for each star, which does not seem to be a very violent supposition, several interesting conclusions follow which can only be stated here.

If it be true that for the stars, taken one with another, a square mile of surface shines with an equal light for each star, then among stars of known distances some must be at least 270 times as great in diameter as others. This is about the proportion of the sun to Mercury. Also it follows that binary stars whose colors are alike must be composed of stars of like size; and also, that on the average the brightest star of any cluster is about four times as large as the smallest star of the cluster. No star is more than 200,000 times farther than the nearest fixed star. Other assumptions which might serve as a basis for computation will give other results; but for the present we have to content ourselves with some such assumption, and in the infinite variety of circumstances among the fixed stars choose that one as general which seems to be the most likely *a priori*, and which leads to results which agree with the facts of actual observation.

#### THE CLUSTER OF STARS TO WHICH OUR SUN BELONGS.

THE *Uranometria Nova* of Argelander gave the positions of the lucid stars of the northern sky, and it has been supplemented by the *Uranometria Argentina* of Dr. Gould, which covers the southern sky. With the stellar statistics of the whole sky before him Dr. Gould was in a position to draw some extremely interesting conclusions with respect to the arrangement of the brighter stars in space, and to the situation of our solar system in relation to them. The outline of his reasoning can be given here, but the numerical evidence upon which his conclusions are founded must be omitted. In the first place, it is fairly proved that in general the stars that are visible to the naked eye (the lucid stars) are distributed at approximately equal distances one from another, and that on the average they are of approximately equal brilliancy. If we make a table of the number of stars of each separate magnitude in the whole sky we shall find that there are proportionately many more of the brighter ones (from first to fourth magnitudes) than of the fainter (from fourth to seventh magnitudes). That is, there is an "unfailing and systematic excess of the observed number of the brighter stars." We cannot suppose, taking one star with another, that the difference between their apparent brightness arises simply

from real difference in size, but we must conclude that the stars from the first to fourth magnitudes (some 500) are really nearer to us than the fainter stars. It therefore follows that these brighter stars form a system whose separation from that of those of the fainter stars is marked by the change of relative numerical frequency.

What, then, is the shape of this system? and have we any independent proof of its existence? Sir John Herschel and Dr. Gould have pointed out that there is in the sky a belt of brighter stars which is very nearly a great circle of the sphere. This belt is plainly marked, and it is inclined about  $80^\circ$  to the Milky Way, which it crosses near Cassiopea and the Southern Cross. Taking all the stars down to 4.0 magnitude Dr. Gould shows that they are more symmetrically arranged with reference to this belt than they are with reference to the Milky Way. In fact, the belt has 264 stars on one side of it and 263 on the other, while the corresponding numbers for the Milky Way are 245 and 282. From this and other reasons it is concluded that this belt contains brighter stars because it contains the nearest stars, and that this set of nearer and brighter stars is distinctively the cluster to which our sun belongs. Leaving out the brighter stars which may be accidentally projected among the true stars belonging to this cluster, Dr. Gould concludes that our sun belongs to a cluster of about 400 stars; that it lies in the principal plane of the cluster (since the belt of bright stars is a great, not a small circle); and that this solar cluster is independent of the vast congeries of stars which we call the Milky Way.

We know that the sun is moving in space. It becomes a question whether this motion is one common to the solar cluster and to the sun, or only the motion of the sun in the solar cluster. The motion has been determined on the supposition that the sun is moving and that its motion is not systematically shared by the stars which Dr. Gould assigns to the solar cluster. But a very im-

portant research will be to investigate the solar motion without employing these 400 stars as data.

In what has gone before I have tried to exhibit some of the main questions in purely Sidereal Astronomy; to show some of the more important results already reached, and especially to indicate the directions along which present researches are tending. It is impossible to give a complete view in this or in any other single branch of astronomy, for they are all indissolubly bound together.

The methods of the new astronomy have taught us that in the condition of the variable stars, where the intense glow has cooled to a red heat, we can see the future of our own sun as well as its past in the brilliant white and violet of the brightest and youngest stars. It requires the profound mathematical analysis of Gylden to interpret his equations so as to explain to the new astronomy exactly how the phenomena of the rotation of variable stars produce the effects which are observed by its methods.

Professor Langley measures the light and heat of the moon by the new methods; Professor Darwin interprets the mathematical theory of the tides so as to trace back the origin of that heat to the remote time when the earth and moon formed one mass, and rotated in less than an eighth part of our present day. All the parts of the complex science are intimately connected, and no one can be separately treated without losing sight of many lines of research of the greatest promise and importance.

But I hope that enough has been said to show that the old astronomy is not idle; that it has its new side; and that its energies are addressed to the solution of tremendous problems of the highest significance. In broad terms, it seems to me to be the noble aim of the new astronomy to trace the life-history of an individual star, and of the old to show how all these single stars are bound together to make a universe. There is no antagonism in their objects. Each is incomplete without the other.

*Edward S. Holden.*



#### WAVES AND MIST.

THIS is the fancy that thrills through me  
Like light through an open scroll:  
The waves are the heart-throbs of the sea,  
And the white mist is her soul.

*William H. Hayne.*

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Modern Collegiate Education.

THIS month will witness the annually recurring revival of the general educational system of the country. The machinery of public schools, private schools, colleges, and universities will begin to move again after the summer vacation; and men and women who have for weeks been thinking only of recreation will turn their thoughts again to the great questions which come up in the process of education. The season, then, seems an appropriate one at which to call attention to one of these questions, primarily affecting our modern development of collegiate education, but touching very many other phases of the whole educational system.

One can hardly look at the schedule of studies in the better equipped American colleges without a special wonder at the magnitude and completeness of its machinery, surpassing anything that our forefathers could have considered possible. In some institutions two hundred courses or more are offered to the academic undergraduate students, covering every variety of topic, from Pali to Political Economy. The work of instruction in every department and sub-department is coming more and more to be done by men specially trained, and often distinguished, in their own lines of study, to whom the body of facts in those lines is almost as ready as instinct itself, and who pour out those facts upon their pupils as if from an ever-swelling fountain. In the logical outcome of the American college curriculum the whole body of human knowledge seems to be gathered together and laid before students for their consideration and appropriation. One cannot help feeling a certain further satisfaction as he marks the development of a new and indigenous type of university life, a natural outgrowth of the American college system, as it bursts beyond its original limits.

We are apt to think of the former American college as differing from the present type only in degree, in its smaller number of professors and students, and in its smaller facilities for work. The absolute meagerness of the college curriculum of a hundred years ago needs to be seen in order to point the contrast with the radically different spirit of its modern successor. The materials for such a contrast are easily accessible; and, as a type of the higher education of the time, we may take the four-years' course at Yale, towards the end of the last century, as given by President Dwight. *Freshman Year:* Græca Minora; six books of the Iliad; five books of Livy; Cicero de Oratore; Adam's Roman Antiquities; Morse's Geography; Webber's Mathematics. *Sophomore Year:* Horace; Græca Majora; Morse's Geography; Webber's Mathematics; Euclid's Elements; English Grammar; Tytler's Elements of History. *Junior Year:* Tacitus; Græca Majora; Enfield's Natural Philosophy and Astronomy; Chemistry; Vince's Fluxions. *Senior Year:* Logic; Chemistry; Natural Philosophy and Astronomy; Locke on the Human Understanding; Paley's Moral

Philosophy; Theology. If this course differed from those of other colleges of the time, it was only in its greater completeness and in the thoroughness with which it was given.

And yet it was from such institutions and courses of study as this that the country received its great men of the past—men to whose work not only the students but the instructors of the present still look for guidance. The case is strongest with regard to public men, for the lack of law-schools and of any higher phase of education then made the meager undergraduate curriculum practically the only basis for the future statesman's training. With little or no historical or political instruction colleges then sent out men whose treatment of difficult problems of law and government must still command our admiration and respect. Omitting lesser lights, there were in public life or in training, in the latter part of the last century, from Harvard, the Adamses, Bowdoin, Dexter, Eustis, Gerry, John Hancock, Rufus King, Lowell, Otis, Parsons, the Quincys, and Strong; from Yale, Joel Barlow, Silas Deane, Griswold, Hillhouse, the Ingersolls, Tracy, the Trumbulls, and Wolcott; from Princeton, Ellsworth, Luther Martin, Pierrepoint Edwards, Madison, Bradford, Lee, Burr, Morgan Lewis, Brockholst and Edward Livingston, Dayton, Giles, Bayard, Harper, Mahlon Dickerson, Berrien, Rush, Forsyth, and Sergeant; and from Columbia, Hamilton, Jay, Robert R. Livingston, and Gouverneur Morris. Are the institutions named as well represented in public life now? If we leave out of account those men now in public life who represent only the law-schools of Harvard, Yale, and Columbia, and not their undergraduate departments, the contrast would be most striking; and we might almost conclude that the influence of these four institutions on public life had decreased in direct proportion to the increase of their undergraduate curriculum.

The case is much the same in literature. Bowdoin's class of 1825, trained under the old meager system, gave more names to American literature than most of our departments of English Literature have yet succeeded in adding. Similar contrasts might be brought out in other directions; but the rule is sufficiently well established to call for explanation. Medicine and science, however, may fairly claim to have held their own; and perhaps an explanation may be found in this exception to the general rule.

The wonderful development of modern science has been rather one of principle and methods than of mere facts: the accumulation of fact has been a consequence of the change in method, though it in turn has often developed unsuspected principles, or forced a new change of methods. Is it not possible that the modern development of the college curriculum in other respects has as yet gone too largely to the mere presentation of facts? The instructor, tending constantly to specialism, is as naturally tempted to gauge the success of his work by the greater breadth and completeness with which he states the facts embraced within his subject.



If this is the principle which guides or controls him, the increased number of courses will mean merely that facts which were only suggested or were entirely ignored under the old system are now stated in full. That would mean that the student has his mental food chewed and almost digested for him, and may go through a four-years' course in college without thinking ten thoughts of his own from first to last; while the student under the old régime, compelled to do his own thinking on a great variety of subjects, developed principles and methods for himself, and then accumulated facts during the years in which the modern student is engaged in forgetting them.

The contrast already alluded to is perhaps more suggestive in the case of Princeton than in that of the other three colleges. The list of her alumni who became distinguished in public life is quite a long one; but it is noteworthy that it is almost literally limited to the years between the inauguration of President Witherspoon and the graduation of the last class which he can be supposed to have influenced (1768-97). During those years there is scarcely a class without the names of one, two, or more men who became distinguished more or less in public life; after the last-named date, such names become far more sporadic. In this case, at least, it was a matter of more serious import that the *man* had died than that the curriculum should be widened.

If there be any element of truth in the explanation here suggested rather than worked out, there is not the slightest necessity for destroying any of our college buildings, for stopping or limiting the development of elective courses, or for reverting in any point to the meager curriculum of the past. All that is necessary is that the college should see to it that the instructor should not convert the elective course into a machine for "cramming" the student within narrower lines as he never was crammed under the old system; and that the student shall not, under the guise of a wider freedom, be deprived of the license and encouragement to think for himself which the old system gave him. After all, it is from the two or three men out of a hundred who think for themselves, and think correctly, that a college must expect to obtain the reputation which comes from a line of alumni distinguished in public life, in literature, and in all forms of human activity.

#### Individuality in Teaching.

THE criticism that sees danger to the schools in the elaboration of systems and puts forth even the faintest plea for individuality in teaching must meet the counter-criticism of those who point out that genius keeps to the mountains and only mediocrity finds its way to the school-room.

How easily can the names of the great teachers of youth be counted upon the fingers of one hand! Of the great teachers of the common-schools we have almost no traditions. Pestalozzi and Froebel made it possible for mediocrity to reach a child's mind; but without well-learned guiding-lines, the average instructor makes the school-room a chaos where ignorance becomes its own law and shuts out knowledge.

In some such manner the pleader for system might argue. But the great difficulty is that we have not yet

learned the relative meaning of ignorance and knowledge. We do not teach the right things and we do not get the best results. We use examinations as gauging-lines, but our percentages do not show true values. We get bits of information and progressive series of bits, but we have flooded the child's mind, not developed it. Our school-room work too often runs along the line of mere suppression — suppression of teacher, suppression of pupil, suppression of individuality; the apotheosis of ruts. We build up elaborate school systems in our great cities, bind all the schools together in a series of grades, apportion the hours for all work,—indeed, the very minutes,—set a thousand machine-moved teachers in the schools, and then pour in an overcrowded throng of children and begin to examine them. The children are of all sorts and nationalities: some well fed, well cared for, and well loved; some almost barbaric, with generations of ignorance and poverty and indifference to education behind them. But our education of all lies chiefly in our examinations, in which the teachers are examined with them, for upon the results depend the teachers' fortunes. This is one of our proud methods of building up the state. Of instruction, of character-forming, of mental growth, there is scarcely a thought. Often it seems but a great and complex system for wasting the formative years of childhood.

Now it is certain that we must have system and method, but we must have something besides. Train our teachers well, but allow them a certain liberty to work out results. It is not information that we should ask of school-children so much as it is character and mental life. What are values? — that should be a child's first lesson. Make a boy feel the worth of a thing, and the hard road becomes a pathway to the stars. He feels his share in the future; he knows his place in the universe, and is its heir. Character, right ambition, character — get the value of these in a boy's mind, and your road becomes easy.

The power to think for one's self has too little standing in the schools; and we do not insist enough upon the appreciation of the worth of the school work. Too often we try to wheedle our children into knowledge. We disguise the name of work, mask thought, and invent schemes for making education easy and pleasant. We give fanciful names to branches of study, make play with object-lessons, and illustrate all things. To make education amusing, an easy road without toil, is to train up a race of men and women who will shun what is displeasing to them. But there is no substitute for hard work in school if we are to have a properly trained people; we must teach the value of work and overcome the indifference of children to ignorance.

No one ever came nearer to success of this sort than the Rev. Edward Thring,\* who for thirty-four years was head-master of the grammar-school at Uppingham, England. What his methods were, this is not the place to state; but he insisted upon nothing more strongly than upon this, that it was not enough for the teacher to know the subject taught and why it should be taught, but that the child too should feel its value for him and be assured of his ability to absorb the knowledge. He always insisted upon preparing the child's mind for the knowledge to be implanted. The

\* See article on "Uppingham" in this number of THE CENTURY.

mind itself was his chief care; of mere information he had slight respect. He worked for a strong mind, not a full one; for mental life, mental activity, and power.

In America, Frederick W. Gunn,\* working along similar lines, influenced his pupils with such power that his school became a wonderful force for the formation of character. With both these men character was the object sought. With both, education meant character, mental life, and growth, not knowledge-lumps and the accretion of book lore. Both were successful, for they held their own high level, kept faith with their convictions and their duty, and did not attempt impossible things.

#### A Just Employer.

NOT long ago a foreigner shook his head sadly as he wrote about New England. Its stony hills and rocky coast, its glacier-plowed and niggardly soil, its over-hot summers and over-cold winters, were, he deemed, unfavorable for the nurture of men and the development of a great state. The time would come when the New England man would have to yield to the odds against him. This fanciful theory has no warrant.

How New England men get and keep dominion over unkind nature—how they help build the state—may be shown in a notice of one of its good men, Samuel D. Warren, whose body after seventy years of activity was recently laid to rest. The record of his life is uneventful but full of suggestion. He left his birthplace, at Grafton, Massachusetts, to make his way in the world when he was only fourteen years of age. He was not strong in body; his education was necessarily slender; he had no rich kinsmen to lean upon. A good mother and a sound New England religious sentiment had given him something better,—strong principles and high ideals,—and he went cheerfully to the first work he found, to the drudgery and poor pay of an office boy in a Boston paper-selling house. His advancement was slow. Although a junior partner soon after reaching his majority, he was nearly forty years old before he thought himself strong enough to buy and manage unaided a small paper mill in Maine that did not then give work to one hundred hands. But he made

\* See "The Master of The Gunnery" published by The Gunn Memorial Association; see also Dr. J. G. Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle," in which Mr. Bird and the Bird's Nest stand for Mr. Gunn and the Gunny.

it prosperous. In ten years he stood in the front line of American manufacturers, for his paper had earned and kept a world-wide reputation. At the time of his death his Cumberland Mill was the largest paper mill in the world, perfecting forty tons of paper a day and giving direct employment to more than eight hundred persons.

The daily and weekly papers of New England have already chronicled the more important details of his business life, as well as his liberality to churches, hospitals, and asylums. They need not be repeated. That he has acceptably made for many years the paper for THE CENTURY and for "St. Nicholas" calls for at least a passing notice; but evidences of his skill and public spirit seem less deserving of special comment than his efforts in another direction which as yet have not been noticed at all.

In his own way Mr. Warren did much to allay the unjust strife between capital and labor. In every other large manufacturing village strikes and lock-outs were frequent. Some regarded them as unavoidable phases in the relation of masters and workmen. "Offenses must come." But there was never a strike in Cumberland Mills, before which the fowlers of the labor unions spread their nets in vain. This steady resistance of the workmen to snares which elsewhere never missed their object is due to the conscience of Mr. Warren. He did not think his duty done when he paid his workmen agreed wages. He made it his duty to have them live in good homes and enjoy life. He built the houses, and equipped them better than other houses of a similar class, and offered them at lower rent. The church and the school-house were supplemented by a public library, a gymnasium, and a large room for social gatherings. Other manufacturers of New England have done similar work, but few have done it with equal tact. Certainly no one has done it with greater success. Whoever walks around the little village and notes the general tidiness of the place, its neat houses and trim gardens, its cheery and frank-faced men and women, its exemption from beer-gardens and dance-halls and variety shows, and then compares the cleanliness of this with the squalidness of other manufacturing villages that he may have seen, will at once admit that the molding of paper, worthy work as it is, is not so worthy as the molding of the fortunes and the characters of human beings.

## OPEN LETTERS.

### Gettysburg Twenty-five Years After.

THE spectacle exhibited at Gettysburg at the recent meeting of Union and Confederate veterans, twenty-five years after the battle, and the sentiments expressed by such battle-scarred heroes as Slocum, Sickles, and Longstreet, Beaver, Hooker (of Mississippi), Robinson, and Gordon, should swell every American heart with the most legitimate pride. It is well, however, that while indulging in justifiable exultation, we, and especially our descendants, should forever remember the lesson taught by the thorough-hearted reconciliation of those who for four years were such deadly foes. It is well that those who come after us shall understand the *true and rational ground* of the national

pride which they should cherish, chiefly as an incentive to equal nobleness of achievement. Our pride is not based solely upon the unsurpassed valor displayed upon both sides, for other soldiers in many other lands and times have fought as well, though none better. "*Vixit fortis ante Agamemnona.*" It has a nobler and loftier source. It is the unequaled—in fact, the unapproached—generosity and magnanimity of the American character which alone in all history was able to achieve victory without vengeance, and to accept the consequences of defeat without degradation and without rancor. It is this noble trait which places us foremost of all the world.

For, without going back to antiquity, which is full of the massacres and proscriptions of the vanquished,

no such example has ever been seen before among the most enlightened nations. Did Puritans and Cavaliers ever join hands in harmony, or the Jacobites and the followers of the House of Hanover? It was only after the scaffolds and proscriptions of the Restoration, offset later by those which followed the bloody field of Culloden—it was only after generations had passed and death had removed the last of the "Pretenders" that Great Britain ceased to be torn by insurrections and party hatreds. But even at this day, what Irishman can tamely accept the position into which England has forced his country? What Polish patriot has ever acknowledged that Russian conquest was best for his people, though more than half a century has elapsed since its completion?

No nation ever passed through such an internal conflict as ours. The nearest approach to it was the struggle of La Vendée against the French Republic in 1793-98; and after three generations it can hardly be considered as altogether ended, for no Vendéan leader has ever given hearty and complete allegiance to any government that France has had since those days, except to the Bourbon restoration. The descendants of La Rochejaquelein, of Charette, Lescure, and Cathelineau, as well as the sons of the brave and fanatical Vendéan peasantry of '93, are to-day the bitterest foes of the Republic, and proclaim openly, even in the National Assembly, their purpose to destroy it and to reestablish "the throne and the altar" upon its ruins.

Now mark the contrast. We have not had to wait until another generation took the place of the combatants. Less than twenty-five years after the close of our gigantic war the very men who fought it meet spontaneously in fraternal discourse, without the least utilitarian or political purpose, but simply in obedience to the irresistible impulse of their hearts, whose desire for union and harmony amounts to enthusiasm; and the unanimous sentiment of all is one of exulting happiness at the result which has made us one people, more thoroughly united than we ever were before, rallying with boundless devotion around the national flag and Government.

What is the cause of this wonderful contrast?

Respect for each other's valor, though a factor, would not have sufficed to efface animosities. Surely the Russians must have honored the Polish patriots' bravery; and the Blues, who fought for the Republic, could not help respecting the reckless daring of the Whites, who fought for king and altar in La Vendée. But this feeling has failed to allay the rancor and hatred caused by past but still unforgotten cruelties.

Nothing can account for the contrast but the superior intelligence, generosity, and magnanimity of the American people, who even in the heat and violence of conflict never regarded as a crime an honest difference of opinion, even though carried to the extreme of armed resistance. Whatever may be said by those who never realized what war has been and is in other lands, there is no question that, on the whole, our war was the mildest and most humane ever fought, and the freest from those excesses usually considered the inevitable concomitants of war. There were no slaughters of prisoners after surrender, no scaffolds, no *fusillades*, no *noyades* of the vanquished, as in Poland and La Vendée; and never were fewer men executed as spies, or guerrillas (*francs-tireurs*), according to the

recognized code of war. And when, at the final act of the drama, the conqueror had the power to demand unconditional surrender, how generous were the terms offered, how regardful of even the soldierlike honor of the conquered!

Although after the struggle of arms had ceased, some oppressive legislation, which would have better been omitted, prevailed for a short time, yet not one of the so-called rebels was deprived of his life or property, or driven into banishment, for any act done during the war. Years ago even the most prominent supporters of the late Confederacy were readmitted to all the privileges of American citizenship. As said Governor Beaver the other day, "You are our equals in courage, perseverance, and intelligence; our equals in all that dignifies and adorns the American character." He might have added also—equals in devotion to our common country.

This is why there are no bitter and revengeful memories of bloodshed, otherwise than on the battle-field in honorable warfare, to perpetuate hatred and animosities between us and our descendants. This is why the Confederate veterans acknowledge in all sincerity of heart that the war ended in the way that was *the best* for the entire country, and why those who wore the blue and the gray can clasp hands with heartfelt sympathy and affection, and all of us, North and South, are ready to shed all our blood, if need be, in defense of our truly reunited country. This is why we have no Poland, no Ireland, no Vendée in our blessed land. This is why we can point all other nations to the unequalled record of American generosity, forgiveness, and magnanimity, far more glorious than the victories of war. Above all, this is why we can leave to our posterity the noblest inheritance and the noblest memories that any people ever had. May they ever remember the grand old maxim: *Noblesse oblige!*

R. E. Colston,  
Formerly Brigadier-General, C. S. A.

#### Is the Siberian Exile System to be at Once Abolished?

I DO not believe that the exile system is upon the eve of abolition, nor that it will be abolished within the next ten years; and I will state, as briefly as I can, some of the reasons for my skepticism.

The number of criminals now sent to Siberia annually, not including innocent wives and children, varies from 10,000 to 13,000. These criminals may be divided, for my present purpose, into five great classes, viz.: First, hard-labor convicts; secondly, compulsory colonists; thirdly, communal exiles (persons banished, on account of their generally bad character, by the village communes to which they belong); fourthly, vagrants; and, fifthly, political and religious exiles. The proportion which each of these classes bears to the whole number of banished may be shown in tabular form as follows, the figures being taken from the report of the Bureau of Exile Administration for the year 1885:

Criminal Class.	Number.	Per cent. of whole number.
Hard-labor convicts.....	3551 ..	35.16
Compulsory colonists.....	2841 ..	27.78
Communal exiles.....	3751 ..	36.66
Vagrants.....	1719 ..	16.80
Political and religious exiles...	368 ..	3.60
Total.....	10,230 ..	100.

When this great body of offenders reaches Siberia it is divided into two penal classes, viz.: First, criminals who are shut up in prisons, and, secondly, criminals who are assigned places of residence and are there liberated to find subsistence for themselves as best they may. The first of these penal classes—that of the imprisoned—comprises all the hard-labor convicts and all of the vagrants, and numbers in the aggregate 3270. The second, or liberated class, includes all of the compulsory colonists, all of the communal exiles, and most of the political and religious offenders, and numbers in the aggregate nearly seven thousand.

It is manifest, I think, that when a flood of ten thousand vagrants, thieves, counterfeiters, burglars, highway robbers, and murderers is poured into a colony, the class most injurious to the welfare of that colony is the liberated class. If a burglar or a thief is sent to Siberia and shut up in prison, he is no more dangerous to society there than he would be if he were imprisoned in European Russia. The place of his confinement is immaterial, because he has no opportunity to do evil. If, however, he is sent to Siberia and there turned loose, he resumes his criminal activity, and becomes at once a menace to social order and security.

For more than half a century the people of Siberia have been groaning under the heavy burden of criminal exile. More than two-thirds of all the crimes committed in the colony are committed by common felons who have been transported thither and then set at liberty, and the peasants everywhere are becoming demoralized by enforced association with thieves, burglars, counterfeiters, and embezzlers from the cities of European Russia. The honest and prosperous inhabitants of the country protest, of course, against a system which liberates every year, at their very doors, an army of seven thousand worthless characters and felons. They do not object to the hard-labor convicts, because the latter are shut up in jails. They do not object to the political and religious exiles, because such offenders frequently make the best of citizens. Their protests are aimed particularly at the compulsory colonists. Half the large towns in Siberia have sent memorials to the Crown asking to be relieved from the burden of communal exile and criminal colonization; nearly all the governors of the Siberian provinces have called attention in their official reports to the disastrous consequences of the exile system as it is now administered; the liberal Siberian newspapers have been hammering at the subject for more than a decade; three or four specially appointed commissions have condemned criminal colonization and have suggested methods of reform—and yet nothing whatever has been done. Every plan of reform submitted to the Tsar's ministers up to the present time has been found by them to be either impracticable or inexpedient, and has finally been put, as the Russians say, "under the table-cloth." Not a single plan, I believe, has ever reached the stage of discussion in the Council of State.

Within the past five years great pressure has been brought to bear upon the Government to induce it so to modify the exile system as to relieve the Siberian people of a part of their heavy burden. Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi, the Chief of the Prison Department, has made a journey of inspection through Siberia, and has become convinced of the necessity for reform; General Ignatieff and Baron Korff—both men of energy and

ability—have been appointed governors-general in eastern Siberia and have insisted pertinaciously upon the abolition of criminal colonization; the liberal Siberian press, encouraged by the support of these high officials, has assailed the exile system with renewed courage and vigor; and the Tsar's ministers have been forced at last to consider once more the expediency, not of abolishing the exile system as a whole, but of so modifying it as to render it less burdensome to the inhabitants of a rich and promising colony. In giving the subject such consideration the Government is not actuated by humane motives—that is, by a desire to lessen the enormous amount of misery which the exile system causes; it wishes merely to put a stop to annoying complaints and protests, and to increase the productiveness and tax-paying capacity of Siberia. In approaching the question from this point of view, the Government sees that the most irritating and burdensome feature of the exile system is the colonization of common criminals in the Siberian towns and villages. It is this against which the Siberian people protest, and it is this which lessens the productive capacity of the colony. Other features of the system are more cruel,—more unjust and disgraceful,—but this is the one which makes most trouble, and which, therefore, must first have attention.

Just before I left St. Petersburg for the United States on my return from Siberia, I took breakfast with Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi, the Chief of the Russian Prison Department, and had a long and interesting conversation with him concerning the exile system and the plan of reform which he was then maturing, and which is now said by the London "Spectator" to involve the entire abolition of exile to Siberia as a method of punishment. The view of the question taken by Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi at that time was precisely the view which I have indicated in the preceding paragraph. He did not expect to bring about the abolition of the exile system as a whole, nor did he intend to recommend such a step to the Tsar's ministers. All that he proposed to do was to restrict and reform the system as to make it more tolerable to the Siberian people. This he expected to accomplish by somewhat limiting communal exile, by abolishing criminal colonization, and by increasing the severity of the punishment for vagrancy. The reform was not intended to change the status of hard-labor convicts, nor of administrative exiles, nor of political; and Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi told me distinctly that for political convicts a new prison was then building at the famous and dreaded mine of Akatui, in the most lonely and desolate part of the Trans-Baikal. Of this fact I was already aware, as I had visited the mine of Akatui, and had seen there the timber prepared for the building. It was the intention of the Government, Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi said, to pump out the abandoned Akatui mine, which was then half full of water, and set the politicals to work in it.

At the time of our conversation Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi did not regard the complete abolition of the exile system as even possible, much less practicable. He estimated that it would cost at least ten million rubles to build in European Russia the prisons which the abolition of the exile system would necessitate, and he did not think that, in the straitened condition of the Russian finances, it would be possible to appropriate such



an amount for such a purpose. Furthermore, the complete abolition of the system would make it necessary to revise and remodel the whole penal code, and to this step objections would probably be raised by the Minister of Justice. Under such circumstances, all that the Prison Department hoped to do was to make such changes in the system as would render it less objectionable to the Siberian people and less burdensome to the commercial interests of an important colony.

Since my interview with Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi, the scheme of reform which he then had under consideration has been completed, and, if it has not been "put under the table-cloth," it is now awaiting the action of the Council of State. I have every reason to believe that no material change has been made in it since I discussed it with its author. Its provisions have been published repeatedly in the Siberian newspapers, and as recently as May of the present year the "Russian Courier" printed an abstract of it by sections. The plan is, in brief:

*First.* To substitute imprisonment in European Russia for forced colonization in Siberia, and to retain the latter form of punishment only "for certain offenses" and "in certain exceptional cases." The "Spectator" may have taken this to mean that the whole exile system is to be abolished; but if so, it misunderstands the words. The meaning is, simply, that one class of exiles—namely, "poselentsc," or compulsory colonists—are hereafter to be shut up in European Russia, unless, "for certain offenses" and "in certain exceptional cases," the Government shall see fit to send them to Siberia as usual. This reform would have affected in the year 1885 only 2841 exiles out of a total number of 10,230.

*Second.* The plan proposes to increase the severity of the punishment for vagrancy by sending all vagrants into hard labor on the island of Saghalien. This section is aimed at runaway convicts, thousands of whom spend every winter in prison and every summer in roaming about the colony.

*Third.* The plan proposes to deprive village communes of the right to banish peasants who return to their homes after serving out a term of imprisonment for crime. This is a limitation of the exile system as it now exists, and in 1885 it would have affected 2651 exiles out of a total of 10,230.

*Fourth.* The plan proposes to retain communal exile, but to compel every commune to support, for a term of two years, the persons whom it exiles. The amount of money to be paid for the support of such persons is fixed at \$18.25 a year per capita, or five cents a day for every exile. To what extent this would, in practice, operate as a restriction of communal exile, I am unable to say. The "Siberian Gazette," in a recent number, expressed the opinion that it would affect it very slightly, and attacked the plan vigorously upon the ground of its inadequacy.

*Fifth.* The plan proposes to modify sections 17 and 20 of the penal code so as to bring them into harmony with the changes in the exile system above provided for.

This is all that there is in the scheme of reform submitted by the Prison Department to the Tsar's ministers. It is, of course, a step in the right direction, but it comes far short of a complete abolition of the exile system, inasmuch as it does not touch the banishment to Siberia of political offenders, nor the transpor-

tation of hard-labor convicts to the mines, nor the deportation of religious dissenters; and it restricts communal exile only to a very limited extent. The plan has been discussed at intervals by the Russian newspaper press ever since the return of Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi from his Siberian journey of inspection, and I have yet to see the first hint or intimation that the Prison Department has even so much as suggested the entire abolition of the exile system. The plan which Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi outlined to me is precisely the plan which, according to the Russian and Siberian newspapers, is now pending.

The only question which remains for consideration is, Will this limited measure of reform be adopted? In my judgment it will not be. Before such a plan as this goes to the Council of State for discussion, it is always submitted to the ministers within whose jurisdiction it falls—in the present case to the Minister of Justice, the Minister of Finance, and the Minister of the Interior. Two of these officers have already disapproved the plan of the Prison Department, in whole or in part, upon the ground that it is impracticable, or that it goes too far. The Minister of Finance opposes it *in toto*, and says that "the reasons assigned by Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi for the proposed changes in the exile system are not sufficiently convincing." I have not space for Mr. Vishnegradski's argument against the reform, but it may be found in the "Siberian Gazette," No. 34, p. 4, May 20, 1888. The Minister of Justice declares that the proposed reform cannot be carried out "without the essential destruction of the whole existing system of punishment for crime"; and that "the substitution of imprisonment in European Russia for colonization in Siberia is impossible." Furthermore, he goes out of his way to say that "exile to Siberia for political and religious offenses must be preserved." ("Eastern Review," p. 11, St. Petersburg, April 22, 1888.)

Of course, the opposition of two powerful ministers is not necessarily fatal to a measure of reform of this kind; but, since in the present case they are the ministers who are most directly interested, their influence is very strong, and if they be supported by the Minister of the Interior they will almost certainly be able to withhold Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi's plan from the Council of State. They will simply "put it under the table-cloth," and report to the Tsar that they find it utterly impracticable.

If this were the first time that the question of Siberian exile had been agitated, and if this were the first measure of reform that had been submitted to the Tsar's ministers, there might be some reason to hope for a change in the existing situation of affairs; but it is an old, old story. Abler men than Galkin-Vrasskoi have condemned the exile system and have submitted plans of reform; stronger governors-general than Ignatiev and Korff have insisted upon the abolition of criminal colonization; but their efforts have always been fruitless, and their plans have always been found "impracticable." After such an investigation of the exile system as I have recently made, I hope with all my heart that it may be abolished, and I shall do all that lies in my power; but I greatly fear, nevertheless, that it will remain, for many years, one of the darkest blots upon the civilization of the nineteenth century.

George Kennan.

## General Grant and Matias Romero.

GENERAL ADAM BADEAU published in *THE CENTURY* for October, 1885, an article entitled "The Last Days of General Grant," in which he said:

"About the same time Mr. Romero, the Mexican minister, who had been a valued friend from the period when the French were driven from Mexico, came on from Washington, and insisted on lending him \$1000. At first the General declined the offer, but Mr. Romero suddenly quitted the room, leaving his check for \$1000 on the table. But for these successors the man who had dined with half the kings of the earth would have wanted money to buy bread for himself and his children."

I presume General Badeau based his statement on an article published by "The Mail and Express" of New York on Saturday, February 7, 1885, which contained, to my knowledge, the first publication of that incident ever made.

Although the statement contained in the preceding quotation is not accurate, I refrained from rectifying it when it was published, mainly because I did not wish to wound any one's susceptibility, and much less that of General Grant's family, as also on account of my natural reluctance to bring myself forward before the public, and because the inaccuracies were only of a secondary character, although reflecting, to a certain degree, on me, since they represented me as forcing General Grant to do a thing which was repugnant to him. But friends of the General and of myself have advised me of the convenience of rectifying the historical facts of this incident, and I have, therefore, determined to make the following statement of what really took place.

The banking house of Grant & Ward of New York, of which General Grant was a partner, failed on the 6th of May, 1884; and believing that said event would place the General under serious embarrassment, I thought that my personal relations with him required my visiting him, and I therefore left Washington on the 9th of that month for New York for the purpose of expressing to him, in person, my sympathy and concern in the difficult circumstances through which he was passing. I had, on the 12th, an interview with General Grant at his residence, No. 3 East 66th street, in the city of New York, and he informed me that all he possessed had been lost in the broken bank; even the interest on a fund of \$200,000 which several New York gentlemen had raised for the purpose of giving him an income which would permit him to live decently had been negotiated previously by Ferdinand Ward, and that six months or a year would elapse before he could rely on the interest of said fund. Mrs. Grant was in the habit, he said, of drawing from the bank, a few days after the first of each month, the necessary amount to pay the house bills for the previous month; but in May, 1884, she had not yet drawn the sum required for that purpose, before the failure of the bank. They found themselves, therefore, without the necessary means to do their own marketing (these were his own words). The only amount they had at the house was, he said, as I recollect, about \$18.

Surprised at hearing the above statement, I told General Grant that he well knew I was not a rich man, but that I could dispose of three or four thousand

dollars, which were at once at his disposal; that I would not need them soon, and that he need, therefore, not be in any hurry concerning the time when he ought to pay them back, and that they of course would draw no interest.

General Grant hesitated somewhat before accepting my offer, for fear, as he said, that this loan would put me to some inconvenience, but told me, at last, that he would borrow one thousand dollars. I asked him whether he wanted said amount in a check drawn by me on the New York bank where I had my funds, or in bank bills; and in the latter case, bills of what denomination he desired. He replied that he preferred ten \$100 bills, and I then drew at once a check (No. 406) to my order for \$1000, which was cashed at the bank of Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co. of the city of New York, with ten \$100 bills; and I returned on the same day to General Grant's house and personally delivered the money to him.

I came back to Washington on the 15th of May, and here a few days later I received from General Grant \$436 in part payment of the loan of \$1000 made to him on the 12th. On the 24th of the following June I received a letter from the General, dated at Long Branch the day before, inclosing a check of Messrs. Hoyt Brothers on the Park National Bank of New York, to the order of Mrs. Grant, for the sum of \$564; so that the loan was fully repaid but a few days after it was made.

Not to wound General Grant's susceptibility, I never breathed a word on this subject to anybody, not even to the most intimate members of my family, and through me nobody would ever have known anything about it.

However great was my desire to help General Grant through the difficult circumstances which he then underwent, I would never have done so against his full consent; and if he had manifested any reluctance to receive the pecuniary aid I offered him I would not have insisted on it, as I did not wish to oppose his will in the least, and much less to force him to accept pecuniary aid.

*M. Romero.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 22, 1888.

## The Canal at Island No. 10.

[THE letters which follow are of interest in connection with the reference to the discussion of the subject by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay on page 659 of the present *CENTURY*.—EDITOR.]

IN *THE CENTURY* for September, 1885, there is an article headed: "Who Projected the Canal at Island Number 10?" by General Schuyler Hamilton, written to establish his claim to the honor of having originated the idea of the canal across the bend at New Madrid, whereby the fortifications on Island No. 10 were cut off, with the result of their capture by General Pope. General Hamilton, writing of Colonel J. W. Bissell's description of the work, in this magazine for August, 1885, says:

To the public this reads as though the plan originated with Colonel Bissell, while I am ready to show that while the colonel directed the work, "some officer," as he says,—or, to be exact, I myself,—was the sole inventor of the project.

The general then quotes further to show that the idea originated or was "advanced" by him March 17, 1862.

Both these gentlemen are in error regarding the fact as to who originated the design of this canal. To divest myself of seeming egotism I will use the general's own words: "To be exact, I myself was the sole inventor of the project," having drawn in detail the plan of this canal and particularly described the *modus operandi* of its construction on the 20th of August, 1861, more than six months before the canal was cut. This description, with the charts, I sent to General Frémont, who was then preparing his campaign down the Mississippi. The following is his appreciative acknowledgment of the reception of my charts:

HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT,  
ST. LOUIS, September 6, 1861.

MR. JOHN BANVARD,  
Cold Spring, Long Island.

SIR: I have received your letter of the 22d ult. with its valuable inclosures. I shall be glad to see your portfolio of drawings, and have no doubt but that I shall find them very useful in my coming campaign down the river.

Accept my thanks for your thoughtful consideration and be assured that it is appreciated by

Yours truly,  
J. C. FRÉMONT,  
Major-General Commanding.

Some years before, I had made, with the idea of publishing them for the use of boatmen, a hydrographic series of charts of the entire river below Cairo, the old ones then in use on the river being very defective. These I also tendered to General Frémont.

It will be remembered that General Frémont was succeeded by General Hunter. Mr. Lossing says in his history: "When General Hunter arrived at headquarters, Frémont, after informing him of the position of affairs, laid before him all his plans." (Lossing's Hist., Vol. II., p. 84.) From this it is evident that my charts and plans were handed over to the new command and eventually utilized at New Madrid, and if there is any honor attached to the originality of the idea, it belongs to your humble servant,

John Banvard.

LAKE KAMPEKA, WATERTOWN, DAKOTA, Sept. 7, 1885.

P. S. As an interesting addendum to this subject of military canals of the Mississippi, I perhaps might say further that I also sent General Grant some useful hints regarding the canal at Vicksburg which he attempted to make. Fearing that through the vicissitudes of camp life he might fail to receive my communications, I sent this to "The New York Times," in which it was printed, the editor calling especial attention to the importance of the article:

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW YORK TIMES":

I see the engineers have failed to cut the canal through the bend at Vicksburg, and that the Southern people are laughing over the event. I have seen just such failures before on the Mississippi. Captain Shrieves, who was employed by Government to improve the navigation, made the same mistake in his attempt to open the Horse Shoe Bend in 1836. I could take a couple hundred of hands and have the old Father of Waters flowing across the bend at Vicksburg in three days. Tell those who have the work in charge to cut through that argillaceous stratum they have come to (I know they have encountered it, although it has not been mentioned).—cut through this until they reach the substratum of sand, and the river will go through, even if the ditch through the clay is not over a foot in width.

The Mississippi "bottom" is formed, first of sand, next of this argillaceous formation, and above, the alluvium. In some places I have seen this argillaceous formation not over a foot thick, and it may be so at Vicksburg; and it is rarely over six feet in thickness. However, cut through it,

and as long as sand possesses its natural capillary attraction, nothing under heaven can stop the river from going through the cut, as the sand will wash out, undermining this superstratum of stiff clay when the superincumbent alluvium falls with it, and within twenty-four hours—mark my words—a steamer can pass through the new channel. In some places this argillaceous formation does not exist at all, as the case at Bunches's Bend, where the bend was opened in the morning by a mere ditch and steamers passed through by night, so rapidly did the banks wash away.

Yours, JOHN BANVARD.

Mr. Banvard's letter to the Editor of THE CENTURY having been submitted to General Frémont, for his comment, he wrote as follows:

NEW YORK, September 28, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR: . . . The plans submitted to me by Mr. Banvard were carefully examined in connection with the Mississippi River campaign upon which we had entered agreeably to the plan submitted by me to President Lincoln under date of September 8, 1861, and, in that part relating to the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, also to General Sherman.

My letter in answer to Mr. Banvard shows that I held his plans to be very important. They were directly in aid to Admiral Foote and the gun-boat work, and fitted into the part I had assigned to General Grant in the plan of campaign I had submitted to the President. In this I had proposed that "General Grant should take possession of the entire Cairo and Fulton railroad, Picketon, New Madrid, and the shore of the Mississippi opposite Hickman and Columbus."

It was in this connection that Mr. Banvard's plans became immediately useful.

These plans are not now in my possession. In obedience to orders from the War Department, directing that all papers concerning the Western Department should be delivered immediately to General Halleck, they were at once turned over to him.

There was no opportunity given to single out and return to their rightful owners documents properly belonging to them.

In this way Mr. Banvard's papers were necessarily left among the memoranda of the proposed campaign, and could not have failed to attract attention in connection with the work of the gun-boats.

Much of interest might be said in connection with this subject. But to avoid delay I have confined myself to a direct reply to your question as to what I "know of the justice of Mr. Banvard's claim to the origination of the canal at Island No. 10."

With my knowledge of the above facts, and the impression remaining on my mind, I have no hesitation in saying that I believe Mr. Banvard's claim to be absolutely just.

Yours truly,

J. C. FRÉMONT.

To the Editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Art Education.

THE most casual education in art will enable any intelligent observer to recognize the wide difference in the qualities of the art of the great revival of the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries and that of to-day, in any school, and of any form. This difference is not merely one of motive—the change from a religious theme to every-day incident is not one which touches the technical side of art at all—nor is it any more in any natural gifts in the painter of the Renaissance not now possessed; not even in profounder religious feeling, which was in the greatest art period as exceptional as it is now, and which was never so potent over the art of the great technicians like Michael Angelo, Veronese, Titian, and Correggio as in that of the weaker men like Fra Angelico and the Mystics. The ascetic spirit characteristic of ecclesiastical art has always been adverse to the highest development of art, which only reached its climax under the freedom induced by a recognition

of the value of pagan liberty. But while music has steadily developed its resources, increased its range and power, retaining and deepening its hold over the human mind, painting has as steadily receded into a position in all respects inferior as art, though in some directions far more influential as the guide, to nature-study.

The exceptional minds of the great Renaissance are exceptional still—for a Michael Angelo we have a Millet; for a Titian we have a Turner; for Giorgione, a Rossetti; for Correggio, a Reynolds and a Gainsborough, inferior in no respect of intellectual power, even in some cases superior. Yet in visiting the great European galleries no one who understands the technical merits of painting or sculpture can fail to be impressed with the number of painters there represented whose names are almost unknown, and whose positions in the great schools were those of a decided and neglected inferiority, but whose work shows power and technical mastery which would now place any man among the first of contemporary painters. The examples which we find in the Italian galleries of pictures of the Venetian and Bolognese schools, whose painters we cannot determine in many cases and in many others only know that they were pupils of well-known masters, are sometimes of such power of drawing and execution that we can only repeat, "There were giants in the earth in those days." The most powerful painter of our day, of any school, when measured by Velasquez, Rubens, Rembrandt, Tintoret, Veronese, Titian, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, or, coming down in the scale, even with the Carracci and Guido Reni, is dwarfed in every technical attainment.

Why is it? It is not from intellectual inferiority—men like Delacroix, Millet, Rossetti, Watts, Burne-Jones, Leys, Turner, Israels do not fall below the average of the mental power of any of the greatest schools. Nor will any lack of moral exaltation explain it, for, with few exceptions, the great painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were not moralists—still less purists. I asked Delacroix one day wherein lay this modern inferiority, and he placed it in the want of executive ability, and prescribed copying the great masters as the remedy, which he himself had tried, but with what success we all know; for with all his great imagination and gifts he fails only a little less than others, and his weakest point, in his best period, is the glibness of too facile touch, the subtlety of which is in no relation to its facility. Millet and Turner alone of moderns have that invariable command of form which makes their quickest work their best, or at least never inferior; but the great Italians were equally sure, whether working with speed or at leisure. It is reserved for modern art-charlatanry to simulate with grievous painstaking the appearance of rapidity. And there is no evidence whatever that the great masters, except in a few cases of the sixteenth century, copied as a means of study. Delacroix's remedy is not deep enough, for it will not account for Titian, Francia, Da Vinci.

The system of art education in the earliest time seems to have been not only more secure but far more comprehensive than ours. The young painters went into the masters' studios at the age of from seven to ten, an age at which we now put children to study who desire to make a profession of music; and the need is as great in one case as in the other, for the flexibility of

hand—and, what is more important, the early habit of the muscles following the volition without laborious or anxious exertion of the will—can only be achieved in one case and in the other by the training begun in extreme youth. Nor was this all: they seem to have been taught modeling or drawing indifferently, architecture, and even in some cases literature (Giotto was set by his master at Latin at once); they drew for years on their masters' pictures, traced, painted unimportant parts, worked together with the unfailing effect of mutually brightening their intellects and widening their mental range. Art was to them, in a larger or lesser sense, their lives and their education: the studio, followed up by the intellectual association with the thinkers and poets their contemporaries, was their university; and what we know of their lives and their works goes to show that they kept abreast of their times, and that their larger art was in great part due to their wider mental development through the only educator—interchange of thought.

What chance have we to compete with men who were trained in such a school? We begin late and pride ourselves in our self-sufficiency and self-taught blundering. Those who can, contrive to get a few lessons, mostly from people knowing little more than themselves—not in the philosophy or scope of art, but in the use of pigments; at most a year or two in a French atelier, where the Bohemian may easily overrun and choke the artist, where any habits except those of intellectual activity and thought are acquired, yet a certain amount of *chic*, and are stamped with the image and superscription of their idol and exemplar of the day, and graduate as soon as they get a picture in the Salon. What is their education in the larger sense—how many of them know the contemporary poets, to say nothing of Plato and the older ones?—what part could they take in the intellectual movement of their day? Is it not, on the other hand, the fact that the majority of them care only for the qualities which catch the eyes of the buying and uneducated public, and which content them to the end of their art, which is almost invariably in a decline towards mere mechanical and exaggeratory personal qualities, vagaries, and eccentricities, brilliant execution, finishing in glittering or morbid mannerisms and inane repetitions of motives which were never serious and are often utterly frivolous? As to the general education, the larger and equal intellectual development which we dispense with in no other profession and in very few trades, there is not only no general tendency to it, but in a majority of cases our modern men pride themselves on the narrowness of their training, and consider that the shallower they are found the broader they really are. Having no knowledge of the greater principles of art, they plume themselves on not working after theories, and more vigorously claim inspiration the less they are capable of using their brains, as if art were a jugglery which was the better the less thought had part in it.

The remedy? Education. Treat art as we treat all other human occupations, and dismiss the idea that a profession which demanded special natural qualification, the most arduous training, and an all-round development in its best days, can be picked up like tricks in cards in these times. Training of the hand alone is futile. For many years I believed that art education was to be looked for from France alone: I have tried



the schools of Paris long enough to see that the system corrupts and makes abortive by far the greater number of those who try it. Its curriculum is too narrow for the intellectual life — too corrupt for the moral. Few men survive its influences, and how can we entertain the idea of exposing to its dangers our daughters who now must learn?

We want an art university in which the purely technical facility of hand and eye, which must be attained in youth, and generally in extreme youth, as in music, is cared for as the specialty of the course; where the intellectual enlargement shall be never lost sight of; where the theory of art, its science, its history, all that is known of its spirit and manipulation, must be carefully studied and appropriated, and at the same time the general influence of the literary life in its subjective aspect — philosophy, poetry, history, all that widens and deepens the character and gives it dignity and that purpose which is one of the most important elements of morality. The deeper in the character art is rooted, and the wider the range of its roots in their reach for sustenance and support, the greater and more durable its fruits. The purely scientific studies I do not believe to be necessary to the artist. Art has to deal with the subjective side of nature, science with its objective. The former sees only what the heart wishes to see, the latter determines to see and know all that is and every phase of it. The highest use of any created thing to the one is its beauty; to the other, its function; and these have nothing in common so far as art is concerned. Pure science, even geology and anatomy, I believe to have a hardening and blinding tendency on the artistic perceptions. All other branches of mental culture have their place in our university course, and even the positive sciences in their moral and greater intellectual relations as part of its supreme philosophy, though not as special study.

I believe too that the importance of masters is greatly overrated. To catch little tricks of execution, methods which shall enable us to begin sooner the manufacture of pictures, the lessons of men who have already developed convenient and expensive conventionalisms may be very useful; and for the learning to draw correctly, an experienced eye and a trained example certainly render great services, which may be, however, exaggerated, as may all employment of methods originated by others. The true style and method for any painter are those which his own thought and mental conformation evolve, and the acquirement of any other is only the retarding of the full use of his proper language. There are no longer any secrets of the studio, to be acquired only of specialists. Hard work and straightforward use of our common materials, as they have always sufficed for the great painters who originated the great schools, so they will suffice for us. I believe that there is more virtue in the association of a number of sympathetic and purposeful students determined to learn, and profiting by the common stock of their knowledge and experience, — helping, criticising, and encouraging each other, — than in the teaching of the cleverest master living; while a merely clever master offers the greatest of dangers — that of injuring or absorbing the individuality of his pupil without imparting any compensating force. The individuality of the artist is the most delicate of all intellectual growths, and can only be perfectly developed in a free all-round light: the shadow of

any protecting greatness makes it one-sided, while the help of associates on an equal footing stimulates a healthy and symmetrical growth. I would not, therefore, put a great painter at the head of the university, but rather a good drawing-master, without great individuality, for the drawing; a good modeler for the school of sculpture; and a sound and careful painter, not a genius or a brilliant specialist, for the instruction in painting — leaving every student free, after acquiring a safe and correct style, in his or her branch, to go on and modify that, and to evolve from it the style or manner which suits his or her social character. Then a supervising faculty of teachers for general intellectual training should hold the reins of the collective government.

A school organized on such a plan would certainly arrive at the highest results our material permits and would not be subject to the fate of all the great schools hitherto — the overshadowing influence of a great master, who absorbs by his magnetic attractions all the artistic life of his followers and reduces them to an assimilated school of imitators, pursuing a vein of art which is not their own. If any future is to be found for American art as opposed to the characterless repetition of foreign thought, I am convinced that it must be got at through this path, followed unflinchingly and as long as need be. Such a school should be established far away from the social attractions and distractions of a great city, and if possible under the shadow of a literary university, where the lectures, library, and general intellectual tone of life may aid in strengthening and keeping up the purpose of life and activity, and where the true purpose of education shall not be interfered with by the premature rushing into notoriety, and where the plaudits of an ignorant public shall not seduce the young artist from the grave and laborious pursuit of excellence founded on the basis of a complete and general education. The people who hope to become artists with a dozen lessons in oils or water color, who want to learn to paint before they know how to draw, whose ambition rests on chair-backs, crewel-work, and the hundred and one forms of amateur art which flood the country to-day, will not profit by our university, nor will they to whom art is but a minister to their vanity; but every one to whom art is a serious thing, something worth giving one's life to in unflinching endeavor, will find my scheme more or less accordant to his or her aspirations.

*W. J. Stillman.*

#### College Fraternities.

OTHERS can give a more accurate opinion than I upon college fraternities elsewhere; but so far as Amherst is concerned, there can be only a favorable judgment concerning them by any one well informed. Without a doubt they exercise here a wholesome energy, both upon their individual members and upon the college. Combination is strength, whether with young men or old; and where men combine for good ends better results may, of course, be looked for than where the same ends are sought by individuals alone.

Now the aim of these societies is certainly good. They are not formed for pleasure simply, though they are one of the most fruitful sources of pleasure in a

student's college life. Their first aim is the improvement of their members—improvement in literary culture and in manly character. They are all of them literary societies. An effort was made not long since to introduce among us a new society, with prominently social rather than literary aims; but it not only failed to receive the requisite assent of the president of the college, but was not favored by any considerable number of the students, many of whom stoutly opposed it.

One of the happiest features of society life at Amherst is connected with the chapter-houses. There are no better residences in the villages than these, and none are better kept. They are not extravagant, but they are neat and tasteful; they have pleasant grounds surrounding them, the cost of rooms in them is not greater than the average cost in other houses, and they not only furnish the students occupying them a pleasant home, but the care of the home and its surroundings is itself a culture.

There need be no objection to these societies on account of their secrecy. The secrecy is largely in name; is, in fact, little more than the privacy proper to the most familiar intercourse of families and friends. Treated as the societies are among us, and occupying the ground they do, no mischief comes from their secrecy. Instead of promoting cliques and cabals, in point of fact we find less of these than the history of the college shows before the societies came. The rivalry between them is a healthy one, and is conducted openly and in a manly way.

The societies must give back to the college the tone they have first received. I am persuaded that in any college where the prevailing life is true and earnest the societies fed by its fountain will send back bright

and quickening streams. They certainly give gladness and refreshment to our whole college life at Amherst.

AMHERST COLLEGE, June, 1888.

*Julius H. Seelye.*

#### Notes on "We-uns" and "You-uns."

IN THE CENTURY for July I notice an article from the pen of L. C. Catlett of Virginia, denying that the people of his State ever made use of the expressions "we-uns" or "you-uns."

During the years 1862 and 1865 I heard these expressions used in almost every section.

At the surrender of General Lee's army, the Fifth Corps was designated by General Grant to receive the arms, flags, etc., and we were the last of the army to fall back to Petersburg, as our regiment (the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry) was detailed to act as provost-guard in Appomattox Court-House.

As we were passing one of the houses on the outskirts of the town, a woman who was standing at the gate made use of the following expression:

"It is no wonder you-uns whipped we-uns. I have been yer three days, and you-uns ain't all gone yet."

QUAKERTOWN, PA.

*George S. Scyres.*

If Mr. Catlett will come to Georgia and go among the "po' whites" and "piney-wood tackeys," he will hear the terms "we-uns" and "you-uns" in every-day use. I have heard them, too, in the Cumberland Valley and other parts of Tennessee, and, unless my memory fails me, in South Carolina. Also, two somewhat similar corruptions, namely, "your-all" and "our-all," implying possession; as, "Your-all's house is better than our-all's."

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

*Val. W. Starnes.*

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### His Mother.

SHE thought about him days and nights,—  
 Her only son,—her sleep oft losing;  
 She viewed him in so many lights  
 The mingled beams became confusing.  
 His budding powers each hour enhanced  
 The fears, her heart forever paining,  
 Lest on mistaken lines advanced  
 His mental and his moral training.

With prescience of his growing need,  
 She pored o'er every scheme presented,  
 And tried, in teaching him to read,  
 Seven several systems late invented.  
 Each game he learned was but a veil  
 For information's introduction;  
 Each seeming-simple fairy-tale  
 She barbed with ethical instruction.

And oft she said, her dear brown eyes  
 With tender terror wide-expanded,  
 "Oh, I must strive to grow more wise!  
 Think, think, what care is here demanded!  
 How dreadful, should my teaching's flaws,  
 My unguessed errors subtly harm him,  
 Or Fortune's arrows wound because  
 His mother failed in proof to arm him!"

And yet, when that young boy,—whose look

Was like some fair boy-prince, as painted  
 By rare Vandyke,—his soul a book

By blot of falsehood quite untainted,  
 Inquired, "Mamma, what 's veal?" with mild  
 Untroubled smile, in accents clearest,  
 She told that little, trusting child,  
 "The woolly, baby sheep, my dearest!"

*Helen Gray Cone.*

### Uncle Essek's Wisdom.

MY friend, if you are happy, don't try to prove it.

THE man who deserves a monument never needs one, while the man who needs one never deserves it.

HE who undertakes to live by his wits will find the best chances already taken.

WIT inclines naturally towards satire, and humor towards pathos.

MUCH as we deplore our condition in life, nothing would make us more satisfied with it than the changing of places, for a few days, with our neighbors.

ALL the nations of the earth praise liberty, and still they seem to be uneasy until they lose it.

How can we ask others to think as we do, when tomorrow we probably shall think differently ourselves?

WITH all her natural modesty, woman has less bashfulness than man.

JUSTICE is every man's due, but would ruin most people.

OPINIONS quite often are a mere compromise between what a man does n't know and what he guesses at.

THERE is nothing that has been praised or abused more than liberty.

THOSE who live to be a century old are generally most remarkable for nothing else.

To be a successful fool, a man must be more wise than foolish.

*Uncle Esch.*

#### A Confession.

Do you remember, little wife,  
How years ago we two together  
Saw naught but love illumine life  
In sunny days or winter weather?

Do you recall in younger years  
To part a day was bitter pain?  
Love's light was hid in clouds of tears  
Till meeting cleared the sky again.

Do you remember how we two  
Would stare into each other's eyes,  
Till all the earth grew heavenly blue  
And speech was lost in happy sighs?

Do you another thing recall,  
That used to happen often then?  
How simply meeting in the hall,  
We'd stop to smile and kiss again?

Do you remember how I sat  
And, reading, held your hand in mine,  
Caressing it with gentle pat—  
One pat for every blessed line?

Do you recall how at the play  
Through hours of agony we tarried?  
The lovers' griefs brought us dismay;  
Oh! we rejoiced when they were married;

And then walked homeward arm in arm,  
Beneath the crescent moonlet new,  
That smiled on us with silent charm;  
So glad that we were married too.

Ah me! 't was years and years ago  
When all this happened that I sing,  
And many a time the winter snow  
Has slipped from olive slopes of spring.

And now—oh, nonsense! let us tell;  
A fig for laugh of maids or men!  
You 'll hide your blushes? I 'll not. Well—  
We're ten times worse than we were then.

*W. J. Henderson.*

#### A Vis-à-Vis.

ACROSS the street I look and see  
A face whose graceful outline  
Makes my poor beating heart to be  
A trout upon love's trout-line.  
The gauzy curtains half eclipse  
This star of girlish creatures,  
Yet oft I catch a smile that slips  
In ripples o'er her features.

And through my window oftentimes,  
While I alone am sitting,  
Lost in a labyrinth of rhymes,  
I find a sunbeam flitting  
Across the sheet whereon I write,  
Like some golden-haloed spirit:  
And though her face is out of sight,  
Her soul, I know, is near it.

Her presence makes the laggard ink  
Run happily to greet her;  
I never have to pause to think  
Of proper rhyme or meter;  
If 't is a word I need, one glance  
At her fair features puts it  
Upon the sheet in rhythmic dance  
Where Fancy lightly foots it.

O charming Vis-à-Vis of mine,  
Who lighten so my labors,  
I would that you might draw the line  
And make us nearer neighbors.  
To keep my simile: the fish  
Would willingly be taken;  
The tempting bait but makes him wish  
To leave his friends forsaken.

Again across the street I look,  
Alas, you've drawn the curtain,  
And I am left upon the hook  
Of sentiment uncertain;  
Compelled to leave my rhyme and live  
In shadow and confusion,  
Until once more you come to give  
The light of a conclusion.

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

#### To a Poet in "Bric-à-Brac."

WHEN we, the ungifted of our time,  
Who dare not up Parnassus climb,  
And cannot even make a rhyme  
"With pen and ink,"  
Take up *THE CENTURY*, fresh from press,  
To what page first—just try to guess—  
Turn we with greatest eagerness?  
What do you think?

Believe me, we completely slight  
The poets of the loftiest flight,  
Whose Pegasus soars out of sight  
Of common eyes:  
The page we turn to is the last;  
Its themes are not too deep and vast;  
Its poets, though they've been surpassed,  
Are not too wise.

So, though your muse is never seen  
"Within the solid magazine,"  
Though on your prayer for loftier theme  
She turns her back,  
Grieve not—more honored poets yet  
May haply wish their verse was set  
Within the dainty cabinet  
Of Bric-à-Brac.

*Annie D. Hanks.*







ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. KURTZ.

*Emma Lagasse.*